Collier's
TEN CENTS
JANUARY 19, 1946

CRISIS IN CLOTHES

By CHESTER BOWLES
OPA ADMINISTRATOR

PAGE 14

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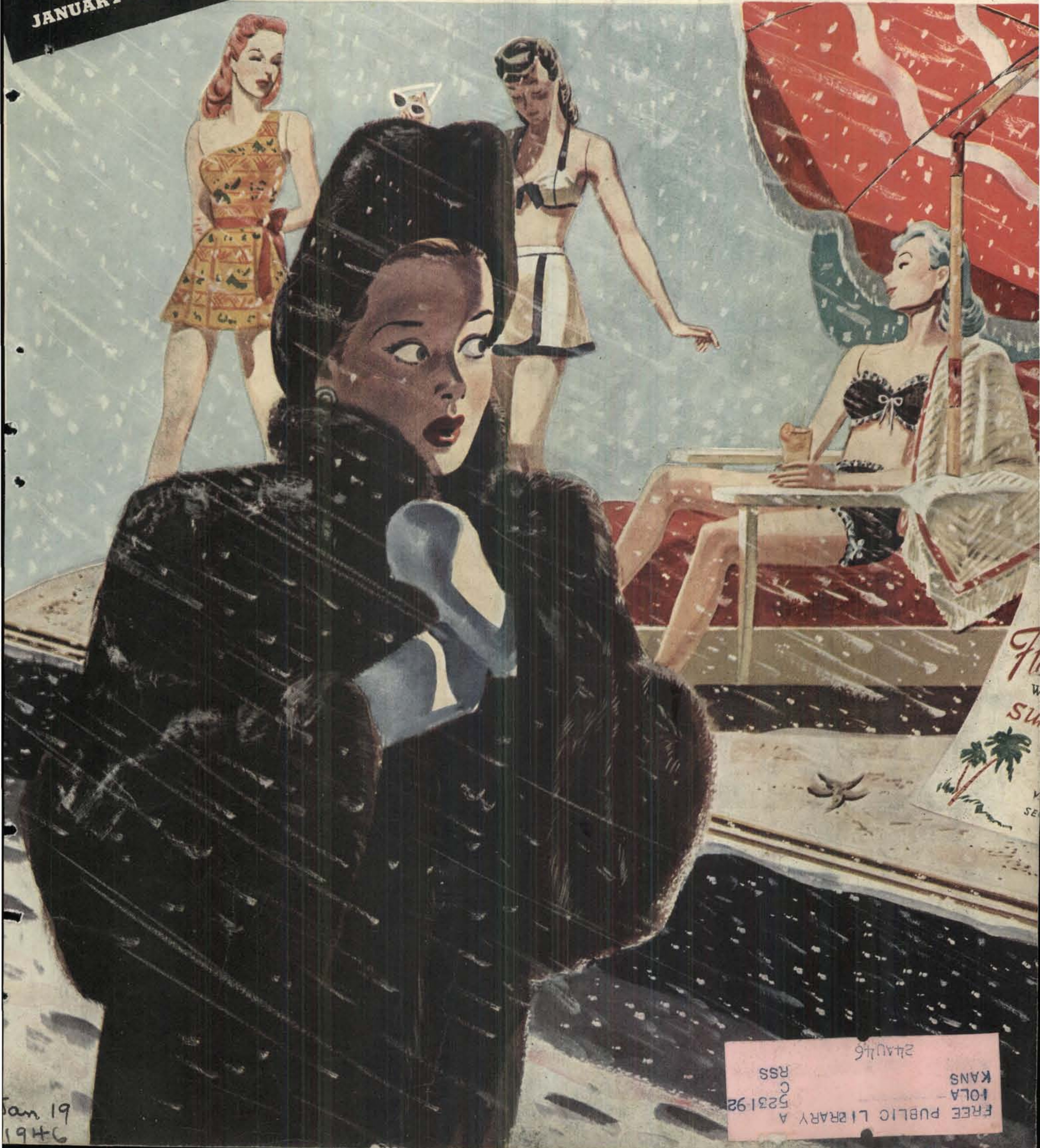

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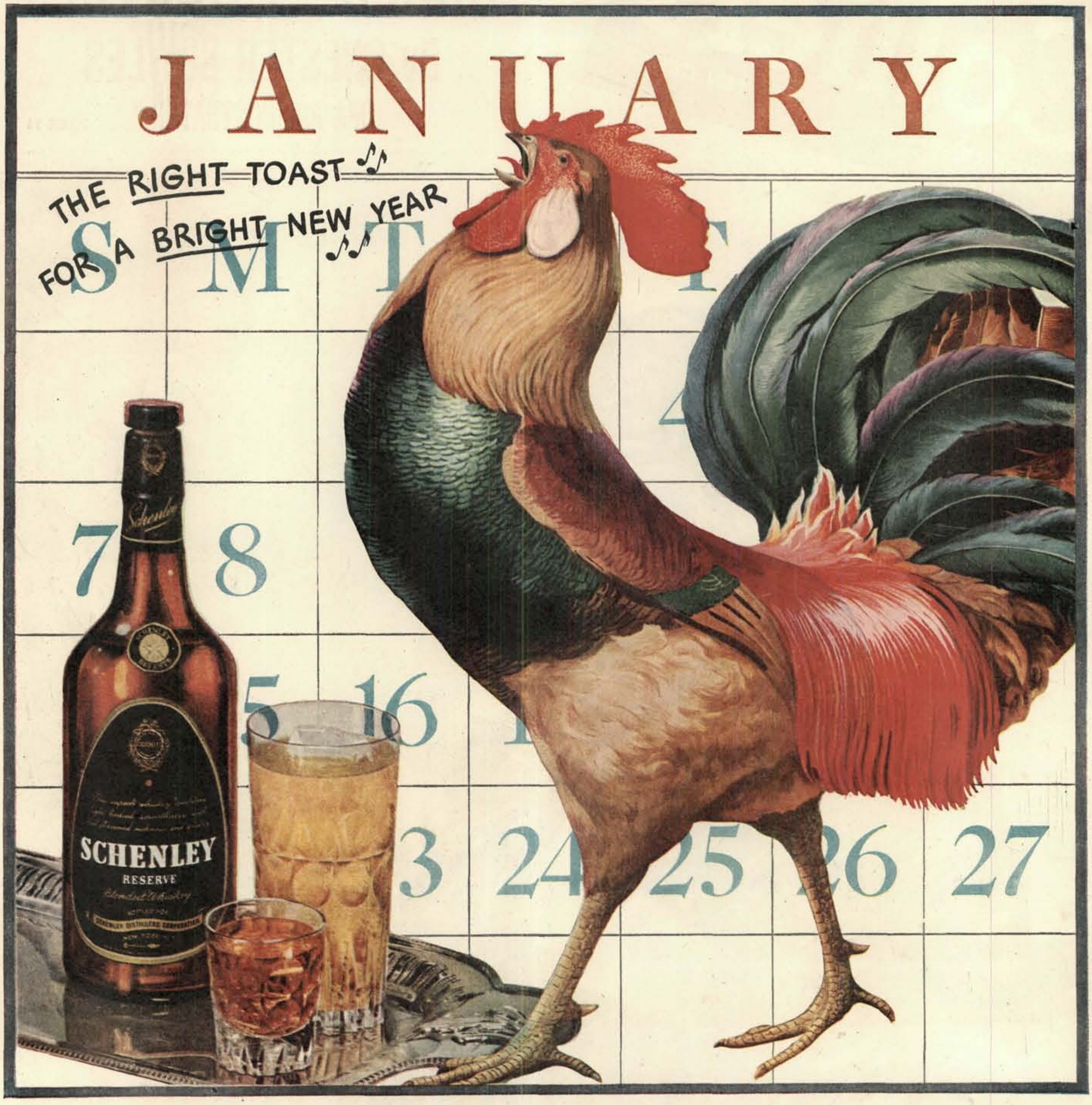
JANUARY
THE RIGHT TOAST
FOR A BRIGHT NEW YEAR
S M T T
7 8
5 16
3 24 25 26 27
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey

MELLOW AND LIGHT AS A PERFECT MORNING!

WHATEVER your toast for '46 . . . you'll enjoy it more with SCHENLEY Reserve. Its satisfying flavor . . . rich and mellow . . . makes SCHENLEY Reserve the *right* whiskey for the New Year.

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C.

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Reserve

BEST RESOLUTION FOR THE NEW YEAR — BUY and HOLD VICTORY BONDS!

A development of
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Trailer built by Rogers Brothers Corp.

$12,000 worth of tires for one 30-mile trip

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in tires

ARMY engineers wanted a secret load moved to the middle of a western desert. It weighed 230 tons. Time was all-important. How to get it there? Build a railroad? That was costly and slow. Move it by truck? No truck or trailer ever built would carry this load.

It was decided to design and build a huge trailer—if tires could be found to carry the load. And the trailer had to be built in 30 days. Engineers came to B. F. Goodrich with their tire problem—found just what they were looking for. B. F. Goodrich built special truck tires based on the desert tire principle developed previously by the company. These are wide-bottomed tires that don't sink into soft sand. Tires that can carry a terrific load.

Sixty-four big B. F. Goodrich tires, each weighing 220 pounds, were mounted on the trailer—eight rows of tires, eight in each row. The trailer was more than 39 feet long, nearly 17 feet wide, and weighed 73 tons. It was built to carry a total load of 300 tons—the heaviest load ever hauled on pneumatic tires.

Army tanks pushed and pulled the loaded trailer from the railroad siding to the desert. The load arrived safely and on schedule. Twelve thousand dollars' worth of tires, still usable on other vehicles but primarily made for this one trip that may have shortened the war.

This example of B. F. Goodrich ability to meet an unusual transportation problem is typical of the research and development carried on constantly by the company. One improvement leads to another. Improvements which mean better tires for trucks, cars, airplanes, farm vehicles, and industrial equipment. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

Truck Tires BY

B. F. Goodrich

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

Clark Greer
GABLE • GARSON
in VICTOR FLEMING'S PRODUCTION *of*
"ADVENTURE"
with
Joan BLONDELL • Thomas MITCHELL
Tom Tully • John Qualen • Richard Haydn
Lina Romay • Harry Davenport

Screen Play by FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN and VINCENT LAWRENCE • Adaptation by Anthony Veiller and William H. Wright • Based on a Novel by Clyde Brion Davis

Directed by................VICTOR FLEMING
Produced by..................SAM ZIMBALIST

If we sound a little breathless today, it's because we've lost our breath and our heart to a devastating romantic thriller—*Adventure*—which brings Clark Gable back to the screen, introduces Greer Garson into his arms, and then gives Greer the chance to sock Clark over the head with a platter, simply because she's afraid she's falling in love with him! It's just such things that make us love this picture.

Yes, *Adventure* is the most exciting, thoroughly enjoyable screen *Adventure* we've been on, in many a season of movie reviewing.

After all, when an irresistible force (that's Gable!) meets a beautiful and immovable object (that's Garson!), interesting and decidedly romantic things are bound to happen.

A synopsis serves only to beggar a great story, but here's a hint: Gable is a tough, swaggering, romantic bos'n who has made love and trouble in every port on the seven seas. Garson's a girl whose greatest *Adventure* is a picnic on Sunday. Then—*wham!* They meet. It's lightning and thunder . . . it's sound and fury . . . it's wind and flame . . . it's heaven and some of the other! It's love on every note of the keyboard—laughing, lilting love . . . roaring, raging love. It's the screen's most exciting *Adventure!*

And while we're passing out the plaudits (and *Adventure* rates the most of the best!) let's pay high honor to Joan Blondell and Thomas Mitchell, who turn in such standout performances. Add long paeans of praise for the excellent supporting cast, for fine, fine direction by Victor Fleming, and production by Sam Zimbalist.

And a lusty "Thanks!" to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for this swaggering, salty, robust romance that marks the return of our favorite swell guy, Clark Gable—and the advent of Greer Garson in a zestfully different role that reaffirms her right to the title of First Lady of the Screen.

Collier's
FOR JANUARY 19, 1946

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GEORGE CREEL	*San Francisco*					JOHN SCHAFFNER	*Fiction*

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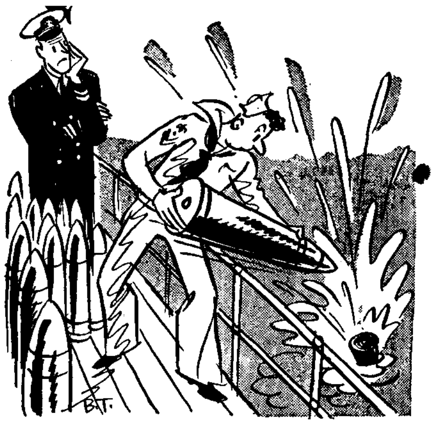
COVER *By VANCE LOCKE*

any week

HE'S quite a young Navy lieutenant and he's just got back from Europe on a freighter on which he commanded the armed guard. In mid-Atlantic he received a radiogram from the Department ordering him to throw all ammunition overboard. Fearing there must be some mistake because there was $150,000 worth aboard, he radioed for verification. It came. So over went $150,000 worth of your ammunition, you tough old taxpayer you. Presently, as ships will do, the craft docked in Norfolk. Whereat the receiving officer said to the young lieutenant: "And now, sir, we shall make a careful inventory of your ammunition." They haven't straightened it out yet and the young lieutenant is sitting there across from us wondering whether he had better go into hiding.



AS USUAL we have several important things to say. But first we dispose of a few routine affairs. Here, for example, is a letter from a lady who writes: "I am enclosing another of my masterpieces which I have been sending you since 1930. You never paid me for any of them though I know you took ideas from all of them, even from the ones I never mailed to you. Please attend to this matter as soon as possible." Not only does the lady fail to enclose her current masterpiece but she overlooked giving her name and address. We sternly ordered our secretary to look into this at once, and she reports that "while there are a number of vagrant masterpieces in our files none is in verse."

THEREFORE, we're somewhat up against it. Or perhaps she has been using the same method as Mr. Charrel Dowst of Carmel, California. Mr. Dowst says that he edits us by remote control. "For two years," says Mr. Dowst, "I concentrate on an idea for your magazine. I close my eyes tight. I lay down on the bed, my face in the pillow. I say to myself do it, do it, do it, five hundred times. And in a little while I pick

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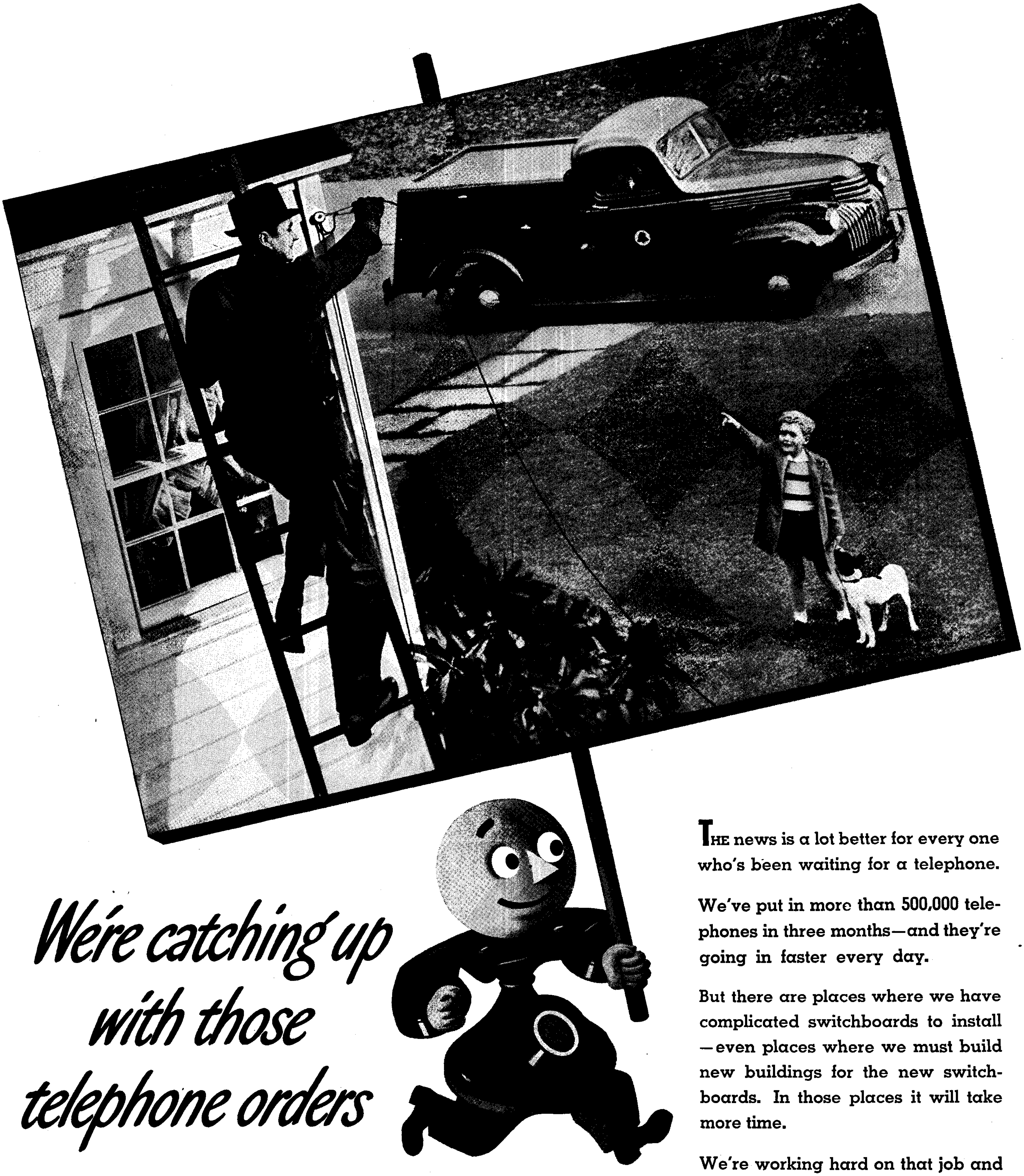
Vol. 117, No. 3. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, A. H. Motley, Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Copyright, 1946, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.



We're catching up with those telephone orders

THE news is a lot better for every one who's been waiting for a telephone.

We've put in more than 500,000 telephones in three months—and they're going in faster every day.

But there are places where we have complicated switchboards to install—even places where we must build new buildings for the new switchboards. In those places it will take more time.

We're working hard on that job and aiming to give everybody quicker and better service than ever before.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

There's Good Music on **The Telephone Hour** . . . every Monday evening over NBC

DON'T BE OLD FASHIONED, MOM! PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC PROLON IS BETTER THAN PIG BRISTLES!
PROLON
Pro-phy-lac-tic Prolon
A PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC EXCLUSIVE
ROUND-END PROLON BRISTLES

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*

Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

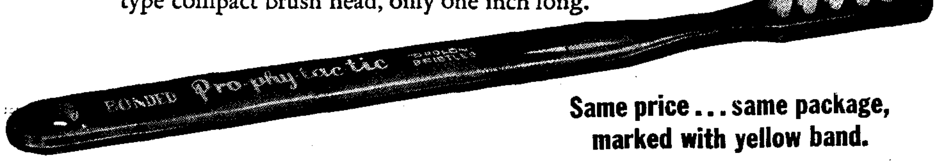
In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-ROW PROFESSIONAL has Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.



Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.

MICHAEL BERRY

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The blackface minstrel show and the strip tease, act of burlesque in which a girl disrobes piece by piece, are the only forms of theatrical entertainment that originated in the United States.

On the grounds that a state of war did not exist between the United States and Japan until Congress issued its declaration of war on December 8, 1941, two federal and two state courts have recently ruled that persons killed in the attack on Pearl Harbor were victims of murder, not casualties of war, and that their life insurance, therefore, had to be paid, despite the fact that the policy contained a clause releasing the insurance company if death was "due to war or incidents thereof."

Of the five kinds of skiing contests, the most dangerous is not the Jump but the Flying Kilometer, the object of which is to attain the highest rate of speed between two points on a steep hill usually iced for the event. Wearing especially built skis, extra wide and loaded with 20 pounds of lead to accelerate descent, the contestants race in a crouched position, steering themselves with handles attached to their skis.

Although there are more than 13,000,000 Americans with defective speech, the only hospital in this country devoted exclusively to the treatment of persons who stutter, lisp or suffer from some other abnormal condition of the vocal organs is the National Hospital for Speech Defects in New York City.

During the 16th century in Europe, the public demand for realism in both religious and secular drama became so great that those staging plays sometimes employed as many as eight technicians to create special automatic devices and mechanical figures for a single production. As late as 1647, a Passion Play presented at Valenciennes, France, still used a number of life-sized angels which flew about over the stage, flapping their wings and blowing their trumpets.

In some Latin-American countries, orchids are so plentiful and cheap, seldom costing more than two or three cents a blossom, that few fashionable women ever wear them. . . . Although Irish-Gaelic has been the official language of Ireland since 1922, three quarters of the population still cannot speak it.

Russia still suffers from the thousands of derogatory newspaper stories which her enemies concocted and managed to have published during 1917 and 1918. Shortly afterward, an American newspaper syndicate, the United Press, suspecting that it had been tricked into releasing anti-Russian propaganda, made a secret investigation and discovered that 95 per cent of the shocking stories which were supposed to have come from Moscow correspondents during this two-year period had originated in such countries as Finland, Latvia, Poland and Rumania.

Owing to prudery and ignorance, no male physician was allowed to attend a woman in childbirth anywhere in Europe during the first 16 centuries of the Christian era. Only midwives, with no knowledge of medicine or hygiene, assisted and the mortality among mothers and infants was incredibly high.

So powerful is the current of the River Main in Germany that even steam vessels have never been able to make headway against it. Therefore, all water craft that plies between Aschaffenburg and Bamberg has to be towed by a *kette boot,* or chain boat, that makes periodical trips up this swift stream by pulling itself along a giant chain for the entire distance of 180 miles.

Two thirds of the 35,000,000 Americans owning a driver's license have never undergone an examination to prove their fitness to operate a motor vehicle. Furthermore, according to various reports, at least 12,000,000 of them today would not be able to pass tests covering vision, knowledge of traffic rules and road signs, and even ability to drive safely.

While many people still believe that virtually no life exists in Death Valley because it is the hottest and most arid region in the United States, this desert is the permanent habitat of more than 15 species of birds, 40 species of mammals, 44 kinds of reptiles, 12 kinds of amphibians, 13 species of fishes and 545 varieties of flowering plants and ferns.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

Ounce for ounce, there's no other basic food that equals

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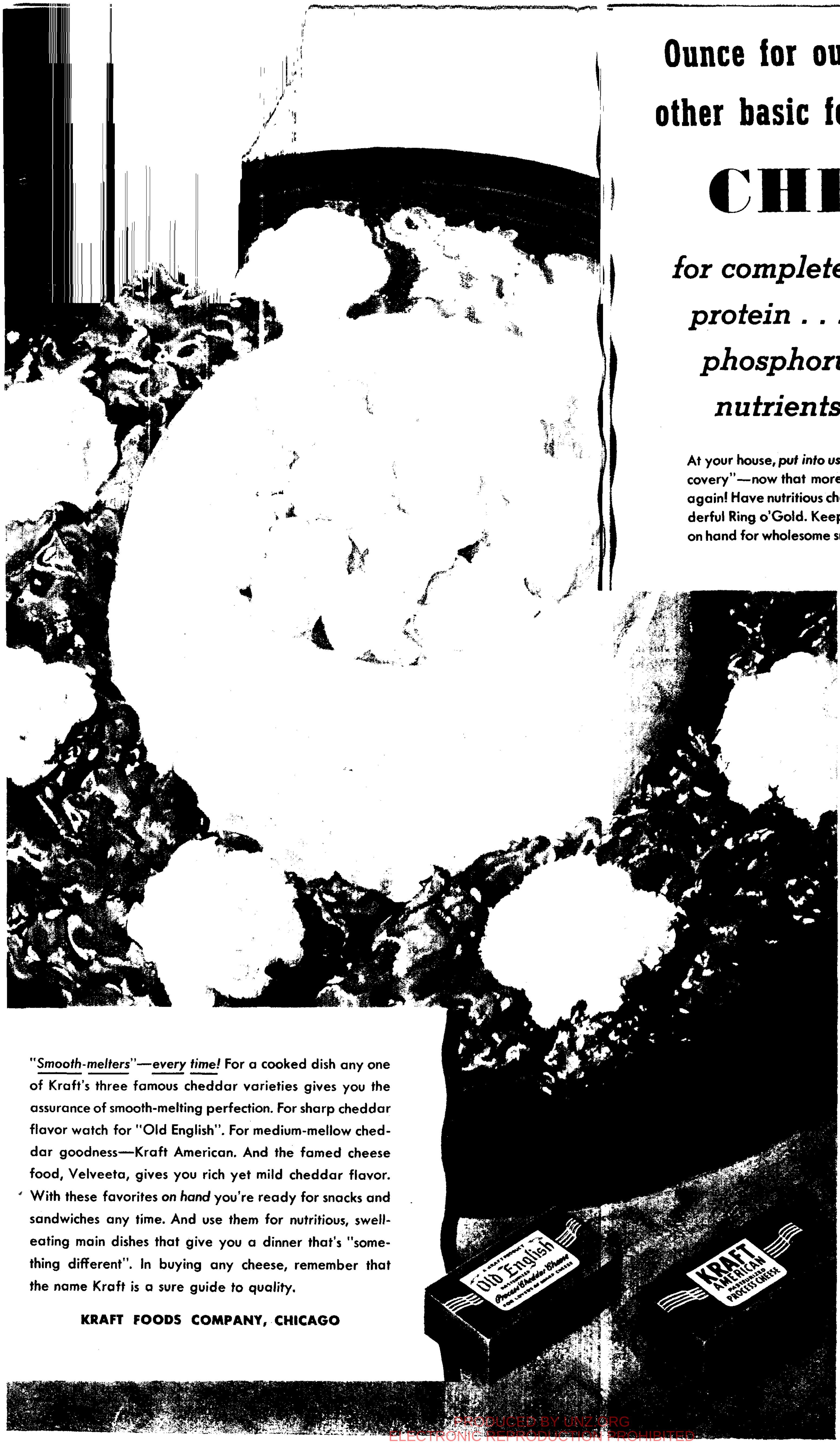
for complete, high quality protein . . . for calcium, phosphorus and other nutrients from milk.

At your house, *put into use* this important "wartime discovery"—now that more cheese is at your food store again! Have nutritious cheese main dishes like this wonderful Ring o'Gold. Keep your folks' favorite varieties on hand for wholesome snacks and hearty sandwiches.



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Old English
PASTEURIZED
Process Cheddar Cheese
FOR LOVERS OF SHARP CHEESE
KRAFT
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PROCESS CHEESE

RING O'GOLD

with cauliflower and tomato sauce

Make a cream sauce with 2 tablespoons butter or Parkay Margarine, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk. When thickened and smooth, add ½ lb. Kraft American or "Old English", shredded, and stir until cheese is melted. Add ½ teaspoon salt and a dash of cayenne. Add 4 eggs, one at a time, beating well as each egg is added. Pour into well-greased 6½-inch ring mold, place in pan of hot water and bake in very moderate (325°) oven 40 minutes or until firm.

For sauce, cook 2 cups canned tomatoes until thick. Season well with salt and pepper.

Unmold ring on a round chop plate, surround it with hot tomato sauce, and serve with hot cauliflower that has been well-seasoned with melted butter or margarine.

"*Smooth-melters*"—*every time!* For a cooked dish any one of Kraft's three famous cheddar varieties gives you the assurance of smooth-melting perfection. For sharp cheddar flavor watch for "Old English". For medium-mellow cheddar goodness—Kraft American. And the famed cheese food, Velveeta, gives you rich yet mild cheddar flavor. With these favorites *on hand* you're ready for snacks and sandwiches any time. And use them for nutritious, swell-eating main dishes that give you a dinner that's "something different". In buying any cheese, remember that the name Kraft is a sure guide to quality.

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PASTEURIZED
DELICIOUS CHEESE FOOD

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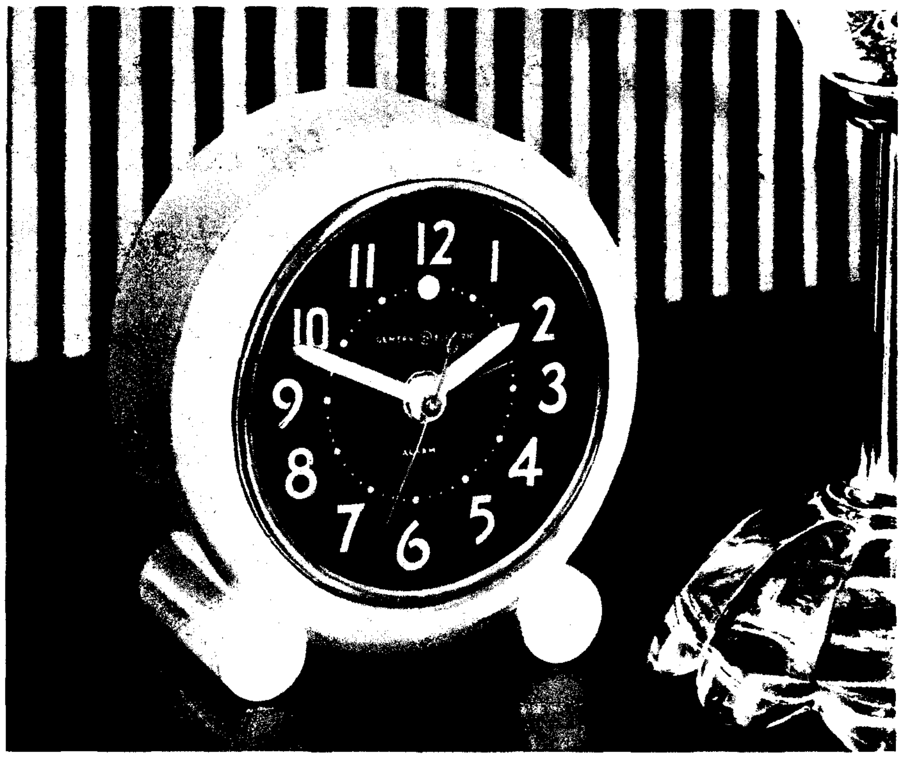

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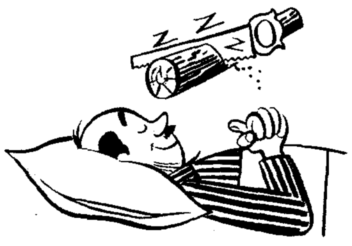
Select-A-Larm will wake you with a gentle murmur.



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And it's a *swell* alarm clock, the "Heralder," with all the features that have made G-E Electric Clocks the standard of quality.

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- Dependable mechanism, split-second accuracy.
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- Extremely quiet, no annoying "ticktock."

For pleasanter waking, for long accurate service, and for a sensational value, choose the "Heralder" with Select-A-Larm—your *personal* alarm clock. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

General Electric Clocks

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

Bell aircraft's Experimental P-83 is powered by General Electric's 1-40 Super G-E jet, which, at 550 mph, delivers the equivalent of 5,350 hp

A QUARTER of a century ago, when the renowned Major R. W. (Shorty) Schroeder was pioneering flights into the stratosphere in a stick-and-wire biplane, he discovered that the speed of his airplane at those heights was nearly twice as great as near the earth. This knowledge, long known theoretically but confirmed by him almost at the cost of his life*, opened the upper air for further exploration, and it became an accepted fact that the higher you go the faster you fly, provided, of course, you take along a supercharger to enable your engine to breathe at those altitudes.

Now jet-propulsion aircraft, with speeds approaching that of sound, are reversing this fundamental fact, so that for the time being *the higher you go the slower you fly.* However, the Schroeder discovery still stands for aircraft flying at 500 miles an hour or more. This was substantiated when an experimental Republic P-47 Thunderbolt, with conventional engine and propeller, did 507 miles an hour at 34,500 feet over Farmingdale, New York, on August 4, 1944. The best speed of this model on the deck was well below the 500 figure.

While our aircraft industry was producing faster aircraft at higher altitudes with improved engines and propellers, our scientists in the wind tunnels were peering into that mysterious and unexplored field that lies at and beyond the speed of sound. They did it with tiny wing models in the 800-mile-an-hour wind tunnel of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, which is our government agency charged with investigating the fundamental problems of flight. And they came up with answers that are hard to believe *but must be accepted until faster tunnels,* holding larger models—full-size airplanes if possible—can be built.

One of their findings was that the conventional airplane, approaching the speed of sound, runs into a condition known in the trade as compressibility, which slows down and kicks hell out of the ship. And the higher you fly, the quicker you encounter that unseen hand that seems to be pushing against the nose of your airplane.

The scientists explain it this way: Sound travels at 760 miles an hour at sea level at a temperature of 59 degrees Fahrenheit, the accepted standard for figuring things like this. (Temperature is important because sound travels faster through hot air than cold.) At 10,000 feet it is colder, so the speed of sound is cut back to 734 mph. At 20,000 it is still colder and the speed is 706. At 30,000 feet, speed has dropped to 678, and at 40,000 it is only 662 miles an hour, or nearly 100 miles an hour slower than at sea level.

The jet-propulsion airplanes now produced can rack up a higher speed close to the ground than they can at extreme heights because they are delayed in reaching the speed of sound at low altitudes. They meet it sooner at high altitudes, and that's when they hit compressibility.

The British Gloster twin-jet Meteor flew 606 miles an hour close to the ground, and according to general belief, its speed would be much higher at 30,000 feet. But the N.A.C.A. scientists say no. By way of proof, they threw into a pot a batch of temperatures, densities, compressibilities, pressure distribution on wings, regular and irregular air flow and power output and cooked up a curve that showed:

Assuming the Meteor was capable of flying at 606 in air at a temperature of 59 degrees, if the temperature had been 100 degrees, the speed record would have been upped to 630. If it had been as cold as 30 degrees, the mark would have been down to 587. At 10,000 feet the Meteor would have made 584; at 20,000, 566; at 30,000, 540, and at 40,000 feet the plane would have made only 526 miles an hour.

Doubling the present power of jet-powered planes won't double their speed and get them through compressibility because the conventional wings of those airplanes are believed *not suitable for flight at the speed of sound.* What is then?

It will stun you to learn that you had figured it out as a child when you took a square piece of paper, folded it down the middle, refolded both sides a couple of times and had what you called an airplane that darted across the room at the snap of your wrist.

It's not too much of an exaggeration to say that the airplane of the future—particularly one specially built to shatter all known records for piloted aircraft speed—will look like that. A swept-back wing, thin and knife-edged, appears to be the answer to cutting through that sluggish air condition that is developed by the conventional wing at those high speeds. When that is definitely proved, the Schroeder law of higher speeds at higher altitudes will again become valid. The Nazis came pretty close to showing us what we mean, with their Messerschmitt-163 rocket plane. It had a bullet-shaped fuselage with *swept-back wings and it looked like an arrowhead.*

The design and construction of these sweep-back types is pretty well along over here. It's too early to make predictions, but construction of a wing that will stand up under sonic speed performance and still give the airplane a reasonable take-off run and landing speed is a job that will take years of *development before a plane embodying all* the requirements of speed-of-sound flight will be ready for the commercial air lines.

POWER was once the primary need for increasing the speed of an airplane, but it is no longer the dominant factor as the speed of sound is approached. We've got lots of power now in the new jet engines. General Electric's I-40 Super G-E jet, which blows the Lockheed P-80 and the Bell Experimental P-83 through the air, develops 4,000 pounds of thrust (they don't use the term horsepower with jet engines), and in a plane flying at 550 miles an hour it has a power output relative to 5,350 horsepower.

General Electric says the Super G-E jet is "the world's most powerful aircraft engine now in production," and Pratt & Whitney says its 28-cylinder conventional reciprocating Wasp Major is "the most powerful aircraft engine developed and in production anywhere in the world." It delivers "in excess of 3,650 combat horsepower" and it is going in the Douglas DC-7 Globemaster; the Boeing Stratocruiser, commercial version of the B-29; the Martin Mars flying boat; the Republic Rainbow airliner and Howard Hughes' monster 8-engined all-wood flying boat. ★★★

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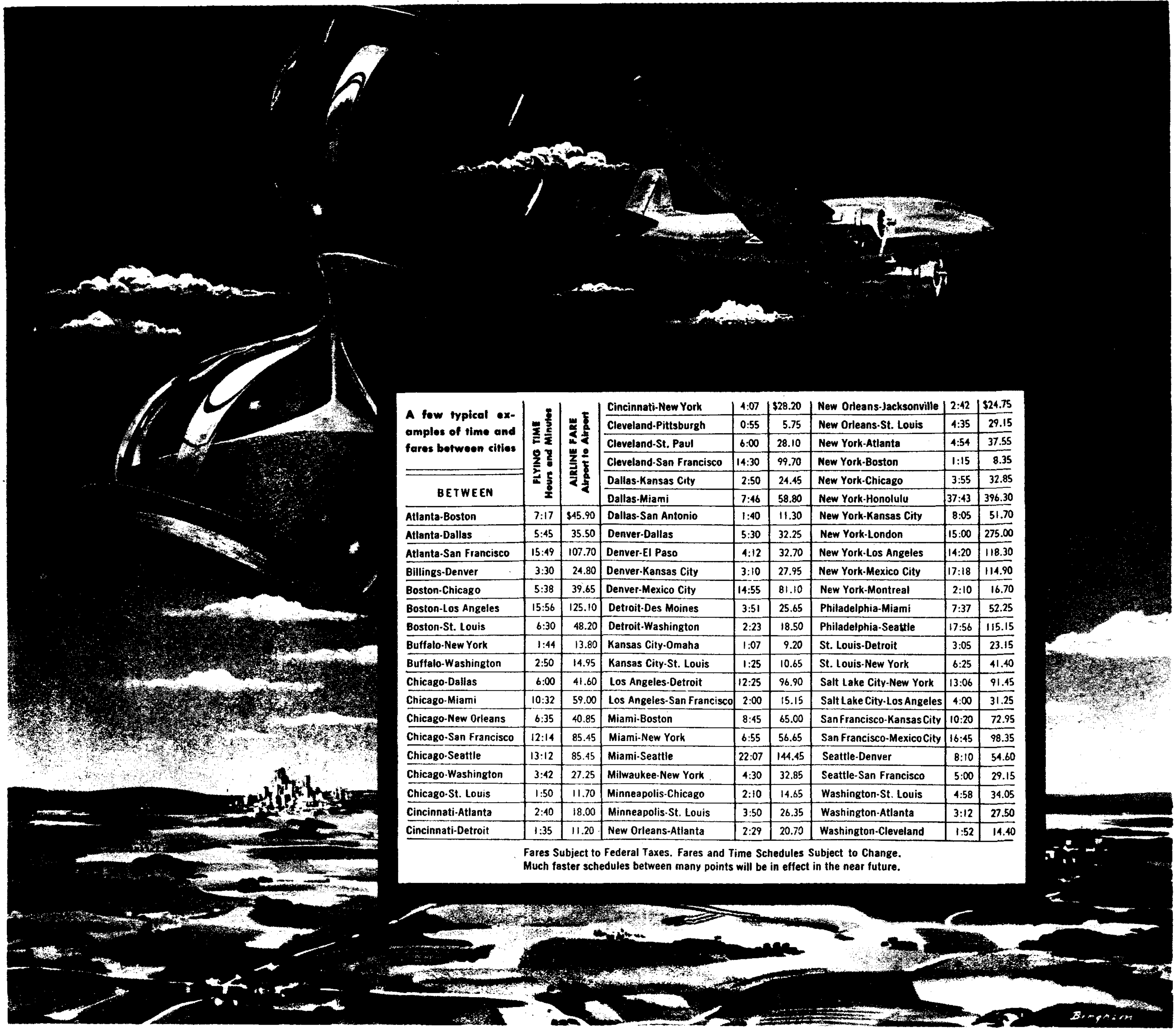
* *See Wing Talk, September 1, 1945*



A few typical examples of time and fares between cities

BETWEEN	FLYING TIME Hours and Minutes	AIRLINE FARE Airport to Airport						
			Cincinnati-New York	4:07	$28.20	New Orleans-Jacksonville	2:42	$24.75
			Cleveland-Pittsburgh	0:55	5.75	New Orleans-St. Louis	4:35	29.15
			Cleveland-St. Paul	6:00	28.10	New York-Atlanta	4:54	37.55
			Cleveland-San Francisco	14:30	99.70	New York-Boston	1:15	8.35
			Dallas-Kansas City	2:50	24.45	New York-Chicago	3:55	32.85
			Dallas-Miami	7:46	58.80	New York-Honolulu	37:43	396.30
Atlanta-Boston	7:17	$45.90	Dallas-San Antonio	1:40	11.30	New York-Kansas City	8:05	51.70
Atlanta-Dallas	5:45	35.50	Denver-Dallas	5:30	32.25	New York-London	15:00	275.00
Atlanta-San Francisco	15:49	107.70	Denver-El Paso	4:12	32.70	New York-Los Angeles	14:20	118.30
Billings-Denver	3:30	24.80	Denver-Kansas City	3:10	27.95	New York-Mexico City	17:18	114.90
Boston-Chicago	5:38	39.65	Denver-Mexico City	14:55	81.10	New York-Montreal	2:10	16.70
Boston-Los Angeles	15:56	125.10	Detroit-Des Moines	3:51	25.65	Philadelphia-Miami	7:37	52.25
Boston-St. Louis	6:30	48.20	Detroit-Washington	2:23	18.50	Philadelphia-Seattle	17:56	115.15
Buffalo-New York	1:44	13.80	Kansas City-Omaha	1:07	9.20	St. Louis-Detroit	3:05	23.15
Buffalo-Washington	2:50	14.95	Kansas City-St. Louis	1:25	10.65	St. Louis-New York	6:25	41.40
Chicago-Dallas	6:00	41.60	Los Angeles-Detroit	12:25	96.90	Salt Lake City-New York	13:06	91.45
Chicago-Miami	10:32	59.00	Los Angeles-San Francisco	2:00	15.15	Salt Lake City-Los Angeles	4:00	31.25
Chicago-New Orleans	6:35	40.85	Miami-Boston	8:45	65.00	San Francisco-Kansas City	10:20	72.95
Chicago-San Francisco	12:14	85.45	Miami-New York	6:55	56.65	San Francisco-Mexico City	16:45	98.35
Chicago-Seattle	13:12	85.45	Miami-Seattle	22:07	144.45	Seattle-Denver	8:10	54.60
Chicago-Washington	3:42	27.25	Milwaukee-New York	4:30	32.85	Seattle-San Francisco	5:00	29.15
Chicago-St. Louis	1:50	11.70	Minneapolis-Chicago	2:10	14.65	Washington-St. Louis	4:58	34.05
Cincinnati-Atlanta	2:40	18.00	Minneapolis-St. Louis	3:50	26.35	Washington-Atlanta	3:12	27.50
Cincinnati-Detroit	1:35	11.20	New Orleans-Atlanta	2:29	20.70	Washington-Cleveland	1:52	14.40

Fares Subject to Federal Taxes. Fares and Time Schedules Subject to Change.
Much faster schedules between many points will be in effect in the near future.

It Pays to Fly

AIR TRAVEL offers more advantages than any other form of transportation, not only to business people but to every traveler regardless of the distance he has to go.

First off, air fares have been so drastically reduced that in many cases your ticket actually costs *less* when you take a plane than when you ride first class on the ground. In addition, delicious full-course meals are served at no extra cost when you fly.

Examine the table of air fares on this page. Compare them with the all-over cost of other travel—and see how much you save!

What's more, you save an enormous amount of time in luxury skyliners—not to mention the comfort, convenience, cleanliness and the famous courtesy of Airline service.

Yes, when you travel by air, you spend far less time on the road. You have far more hours and days for profitable work and well-earned leisure. Every way you figure, it certainly pays to fly!

Reservations are easy to make, and a seat in your name assured. Just phone the nearest Airline office, travel agent or hotel transportation desk. In case your plans change, be sure to phone back and cancel. In doing so, your coöperation helps keep seats filled—the most important factor in reducing the cost of air travel still further. Air Transport Association, 1515 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

* * *

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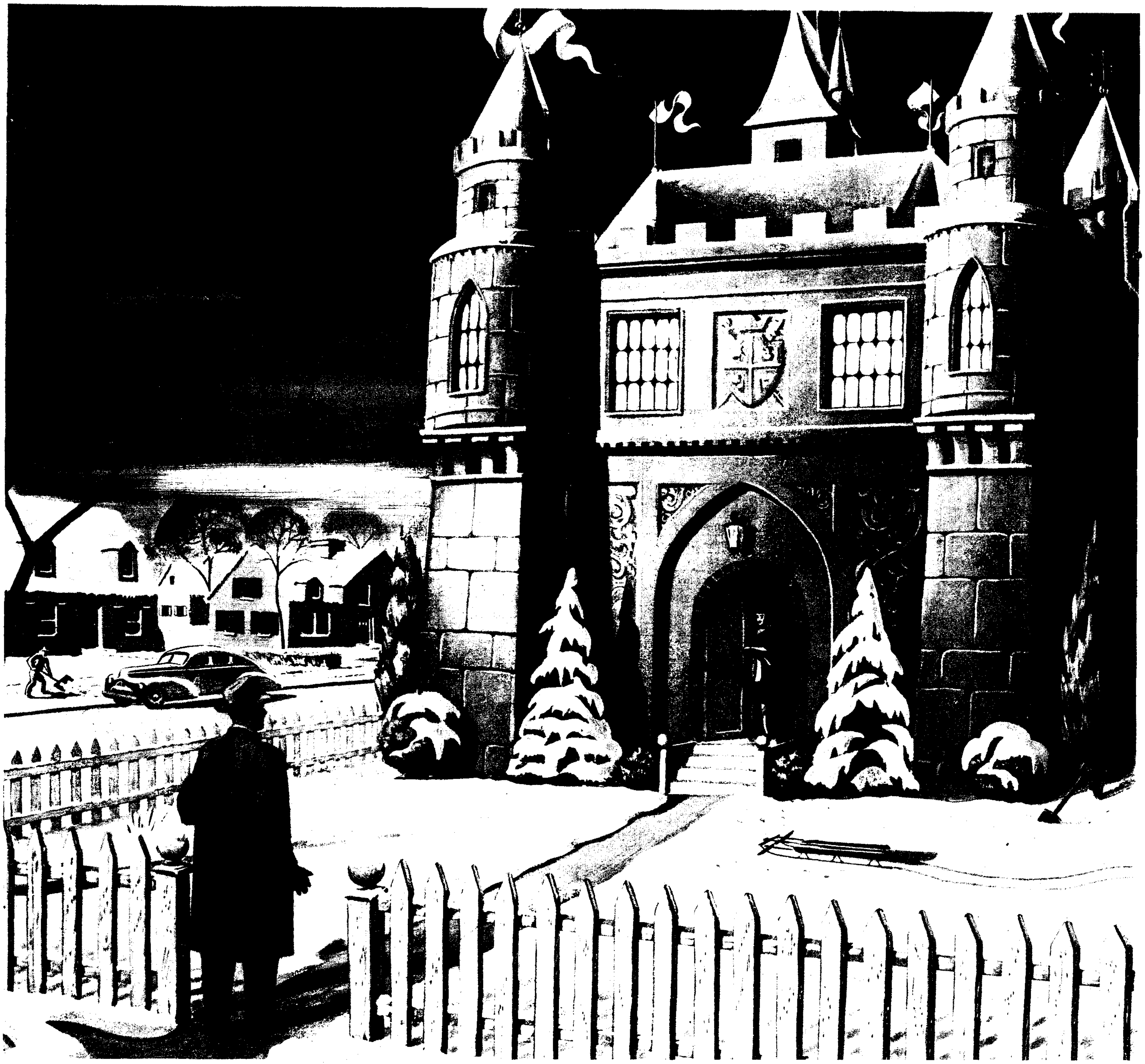
THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES
LEADING THE WORLD IN AIR TRANSPORT



Do you realize what's happened to your house?

SOMETHING wonderful has happened to your house.

Our artist, an imaginative fellow, pictures it like this . . .

You're swinging down your home block along about sundown. Everything seems familiar. There is the scrape of a shovel as Neighbor Jones finishes cleaning his sidewalk. You cross the same driveways, leading into the same homes, that were there in the morning.

Then, suddenly, you see it. There—in the spot in your lawn that used to be occupied by *your* house—stands a modest little 21-room story-book castle.

Waving banners. Crystal windows. Half a dozen golden towers, gleaming in the setting sun.

A pretty flight of fancy? Yes. But it's more than that.

Of course, your house hasn't actually turned into a castle.

But if you're like most homeowners, your home has gone up in value just as surely as if it had started sprouting golden towers.

It's considerably more valuable than before the war.

What's more, replacement costs of furnishings and personal belongings are higher. And you've no doubt added to your possessions, too, since taking out fire, burglary, and possibly other forms of insurance.

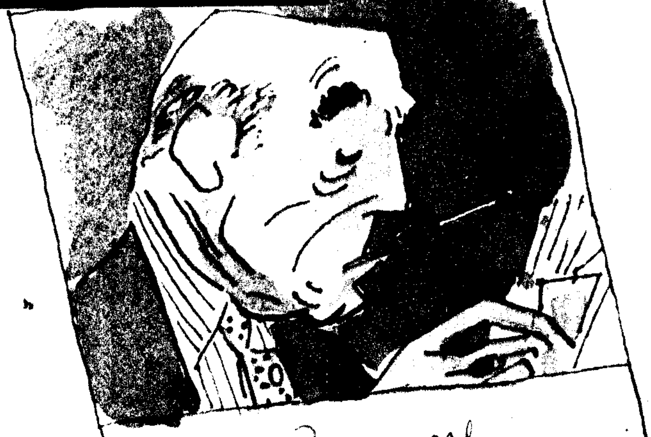
Has your insurance been increased accordingly? It should have been.

But if not, a phone call to your local Travelers agent or your broker will be to your advantage. He knows local values.

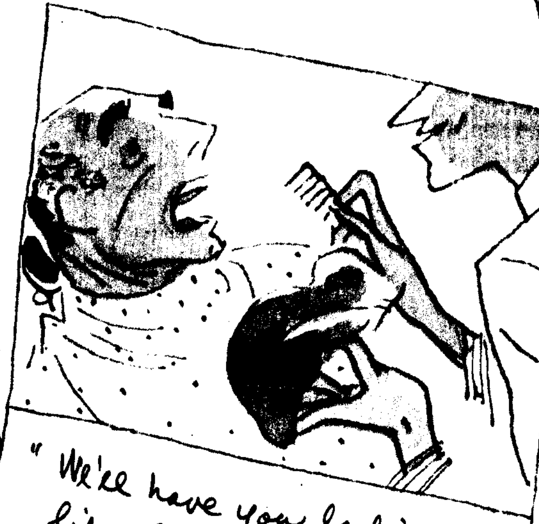
Being a local man, The Travelers representative is in a position to check from time to time and make sure that your insurance is kept up to date.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn.

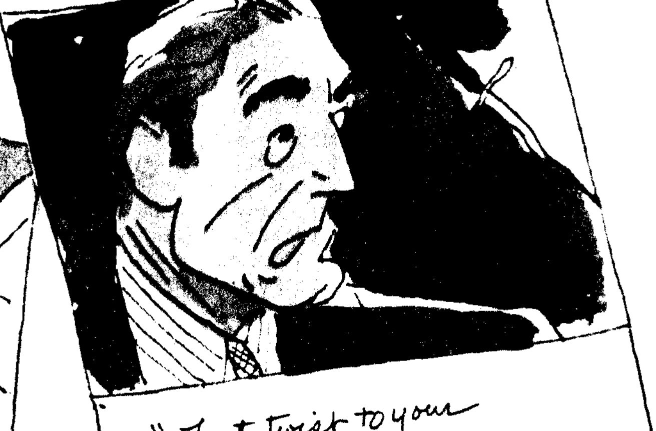
OLLIER'S
HE NATIONAL WEEKLY
OR JANUARY 19, 1946



Morgan Beauregard was a middle-aged actor



"We'll have you looking like God's gift to women"



"That twist to your face - it's colossal"

THE WAY TO THE HEART

BY ELIZABETH BORTON DE TREVINO

Morgan was an honest stage villain who had hissed his way to success and certainly never expected to be called upon to play the role of Great Lover

MR. MORGAN BEAUREGARD was a middle-aged actor. He was well-trained by years in stock and had achieved a comfortable contract with a motion-picture company, making Grade B pictures in which he generally played the slick gambler, the tramp, or the mad scientist, or some other role requiring the deliberately malevolent cast of countenance which was his.

He had hissed his way through five years of his contract, always falling dead in the third reel, or getting justice done him, when Hollywood suddenly discovered that the Army, the Navy and the Marines had accounted for most of its handsome young juveniles. Morgan's studio, desperate, jerked him into a sympathetic part—that of an elderly lover, with hair white at the edges, who loses the lovely girl to a better man, and walks off, lonely, into the sunset.

Morgan's slight facial tic, so in character as a dopey or a gangster or the maniacal doctor, gave the touch of uncontrollable emotion to his role as the lover, and his dry delivery was interpreted as iron restraint.

To the studio's delight and amazement, and to Morgan's complete bewilderment and consternation, all the women in the United States instantly fell in love with him. He woke up deluged with mash notes, and began receiving daily presents of hand-knitted ties and hemstitched handkerchiefs. Within ten days his agent was on the doorstep with a new contract to sign.

Morgan was no fool, and he had occasionally found himself, between engagements, with not even enough money for coffee and sinkers, so he signed without a murmur.

"Jerry," he said to his agent, "I feel like somebody that died too soon and got to heaven before he had finished sinning all he wanted to on earth. I feel like a damn' phony."

"The dough," Jerry pointed out, "is not phony. And I suggest we sink at least half of it in annuities. And maybe a little chicken ranch . . ."

"Okay, okay. Anything you say. But, Jerry," said Morgan with tears in his eyes, "do you know what? The studio says I have to wear a toupee." And the wretched man sat down and clasped his head, on which the hairline had been retreating in good order for several years.

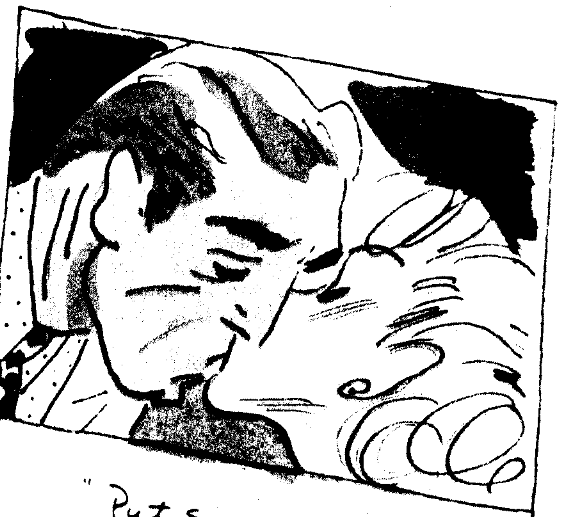
"In your next picture," said Jerry, "you have the part of a famous surgeon who goes blind."

"Uh-huh," groaned Morg.

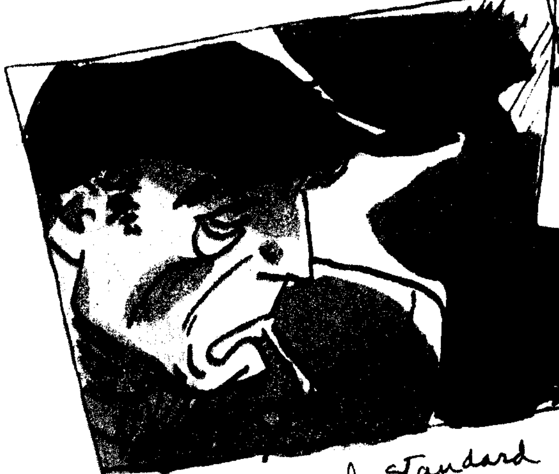
"And your sight is restored by a marvelous operation made by the very woman doctor you had kept off the hospital staff. She is a beautiful creature, and . . ."

"Uh-huh."

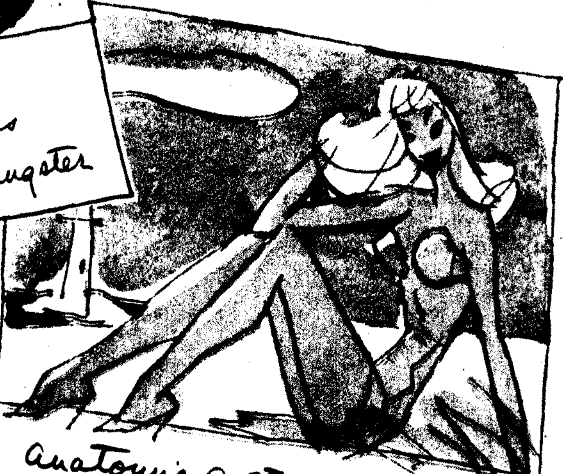
"Well," said Jerry, with a deep sigh, "I wish I had your luck. To play opposite Cherry Lamartine . . ." He dissolved into a hopeless,



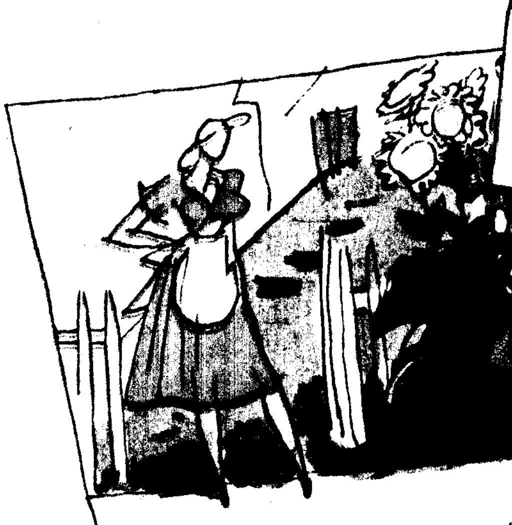
"Put some schmaltz into it."



One of his old standard glossies, in which he was made up as a dopey gangster



anatomical studies of Miss Lamartine accompanied the article



"Are you a real mother?"

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

quivering sigh. "Just to have her in my arms—just to kiss her once . . ."

"Great Jumping Judas! Do I have to kiss that woman?" yelled Morgan.

"The salary," reminded Jerry, "begins at a thousand a week."

Morgan Beauregard bowed his head to fate. Gone was the old carefree life as a middle-aged villain. Gone forevermore.

THE next day he found his familiar cell in actor's row inhabited by Hogan, an old crony with whom he had often had a hot game of pitching horseshoes, out back of stage 4. Hogan, who specialized in rat roles, bared his long yellow fangs at Morg and bowed low with oily obsequiousness.

"Great Lover Beauregard, I presume?" he purred. "You no longer lodge here; you are lodging in the star bungalow now, Mr. Beauregard, sir. I understand that your chin strap, toupee and girdle are all laid out for you by your dresser, Mr. Beauregard, sir."

"Aw, shuddup," mumbled Morg, and stumbled incredulously toward the bungalow. To his fury, Jack Moss, the studio make-up man who put the false eyelashes, crackproof complexion masks and jacket crowns on the beauties of the cinema, was awaiting him.

"Just sit down here in this nice make-up chair, Mr. Beauregard," crooned Moss, "and we will soon have you looking like God's gift to women, which you are." He effectively muffled Morg's heartfelt answer to this by filling his mouth and the rest of his face with shaving lather. . . .

Morg was shaved, his eyebrows were shaped into sardonic peaks, his toupee was adjusted, a bit of mortician's paste was added to one side of his nose to bring it into line. Morg needed no girdle, he was thin and fit. But they did bring out an odd pair of shoes for him.

"What in time are these?" he demanded. "I feel like a ballet dancer . . . on the points."

"These are built-up shoes, Mr. Beauregard. Miss Lamartine is a tall girl, five-eight, and in your scenes together you have to be taller. It's traditional."

"Why can't she take her shoes off?"

"Tradition, tradition, Mr. Beauregard. The public expects glamor. Just a moment . . . A touch more shading there, by the eyes. You shouldn't stay up so late, Mr. Beauregard. And no more drinking. It shows up right away."

Mr. Beauregard, saddened and humiliated, lurched toward stage 2, where the sets for Passion's Embers were ready. Stinky Strobolov, the studio's fattest and most successful director, was sitting in a canvas chair, staring at his watch.

"A fine time to get here," grumbled Strobolov. "And where is Lamartine? I wanted the love scenes done before lunch; they give me an appetite. And here it is after ten already."

A tall and thin young woman came onto the set, wearing pajamas and a flowing robe.

"Here I am, Stinky."

Morg turned, startled. The woman had a voice like a foghorn. She was made up very *femme fatale,* but he could see that she was young, probably not more than nineteen. She had an apologetic, childlike smile. Her long eyes were a candid blue, and her yellow hair fell in shimmering waves below her shoulders. Morg did not care for children.

"You're on the couch, Cherry," explained Stinky. "One arm is trailing down, limplike—like spaghetti. You are starting to reach for the phone, without getting up. Then the door opens, and in comes your husband. You look ashamed and also guilty—like caught stealing cookies. Nothing has been said, but you both know you were going to call your sweetheart. Your husband just stands there looking down at you, and all his emotions go through his head."

"Uh-huh," said Morg. "My gamut, I get you."

"Try it," said Stinky. "There are no lines in this bit, and we can get started. Lights!"

Cherry went over to the couch and with some assistance was draped into an appropriate position, combining lure with languor.

"Roll 'em," ordered Stinky, and a prop boy jumped in front of the camera holding up a sign which said, "Strobolov's Embers" and then jumped away.

A camera on a truck began moving slowly and steadily down upon Cherry and she reached a limp and lovely arm toward the little telephone on the couch. The door opened and her startled eyes switched to Morg, who had entered, breathing hard. His tic took him, and there was a momentary grimace.

"Cut!" yelled Stinky.

Morg was, after all, an actor. "Sorry," he mumbled. "Did I louse it up some way?"

"It's that twist to your face. It's colossal. How do you do it?"

"Oh, that. It's a tic. I can't help it. It just comes."

"It's terrific. Print that take," ordered Stinky. "And tell me every time you feel that tic coming on. I think we can work it into some special scenes."

"Write in a part for it," murmured Morg.

"It's wonderful," boomed Cherry. "I wish I could tic."

"Now, children, take it from there. We'll go on with the scene. You go over to the couch, Mr. Beauregard, and the public thinks you intend to kill her—tic again, if you can. But instead you fall on your knees and take her in your arms and kiss her, a long one. Your profile front, Cherry. By the way, you know each other? Miss Lamartine, Mr. Beauregard."

"Pleased to meet you," said Cherry and Morg, in unison.

Morg made his entrance. He ticked. He dropped to his knees, gathered in Cherry, and did a careful stage kiss.

"Nope," said Stinky. "I didn't feel a thing. Take it again, and put some schmaltz into it. You are mad about this woman, see, and half the time you want to kill her and half the time cover her with caresses. She has your number, she is playing you like a fish on a line. . . ."

"He's hungry already," whispered Cherry. "When he starts getting food into the conversation, he'll soon give the lunch break."

"Shut up when I'm explaining," ordered Stinky. "And, Cherry, when he kisses you, you should roll your eyes up like a herring. A pickled herring." He glanced at his watch, and sighed. "Go ahead. Roll 'em."

They rolled 'em and Morg kissed Cherry, close-up, still shots and panning in, until noon.

AT THE stroke of twelve, Stinky yelled "Lunch!" and he charged for the studio commissary as if shot from a bazooka.

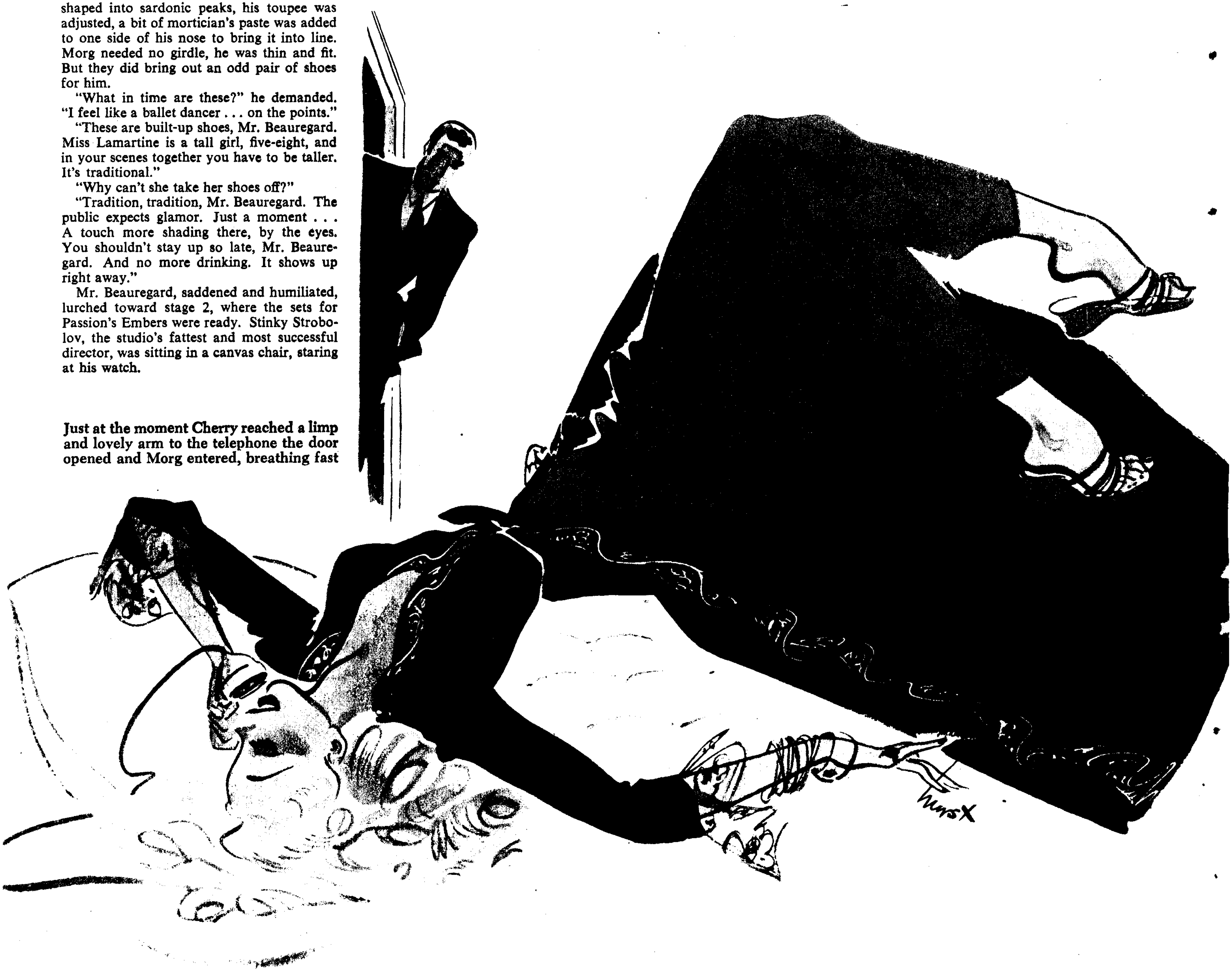
Morg rose from his knees, sighed and helped Cherry up off the couch. "My mouth is sore," she said.

"This is a hell of a business for big grown-up men and women to be in," muttered Morg. "If it wasn't for the pay, and for the fact that I dislike work in any form, I would tear up my contract."

He started toward his old cell, then remembered Rat Hogan, and turned sadly toward his bungalow. A middle-aged woman, in bobby socks, a collegiate sweater, and hair down to her shoulders in a long bob, was sitting on his couch, smoking.

"Hello," said Morg, uncertainly.

(Continued on page 48)

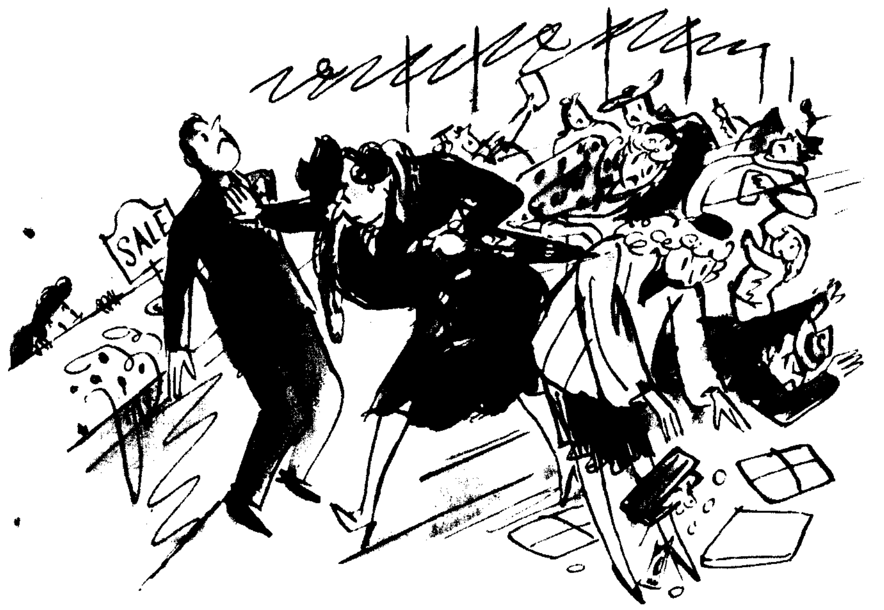


Just at the moment Cherry reached a limp and lovely arm to the telephone the door opened and Morg entered, breathing fast

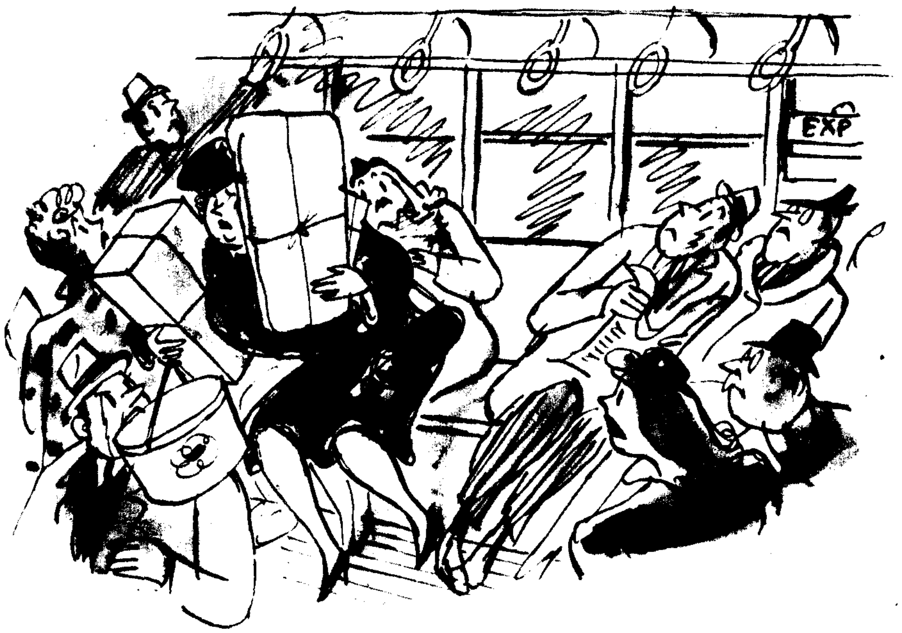
[redacted] HAVE NO MANNERS

BY PAUL GALLICO

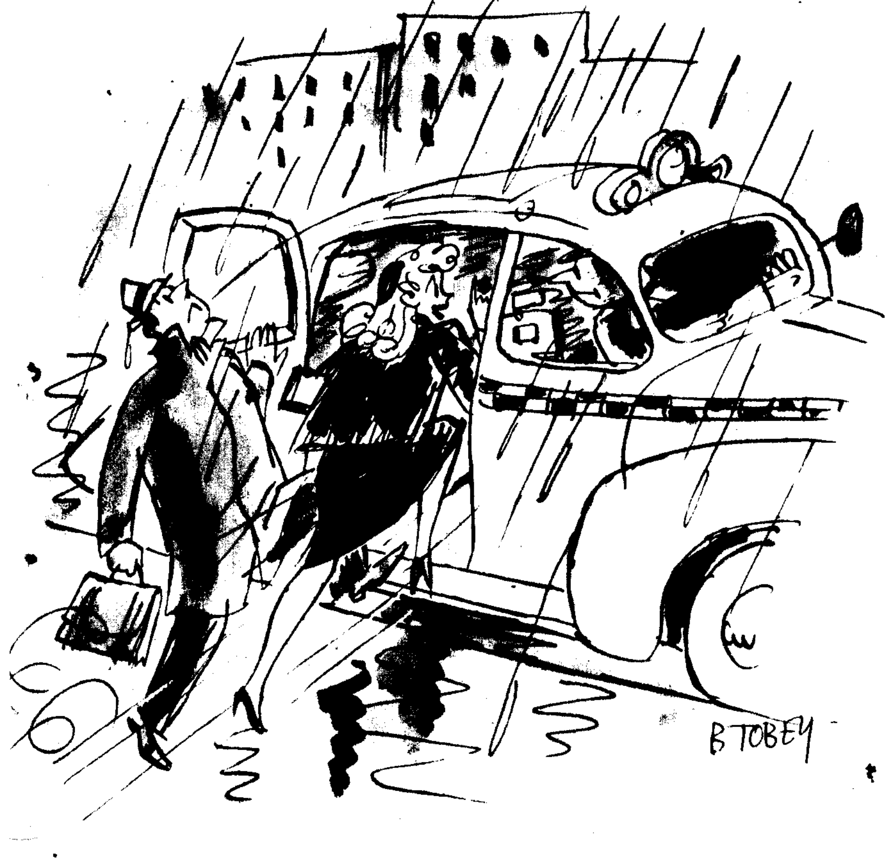
A brash author offers a few suggestions to the gentle sex. It's a labor of love but he's all set to dodge



THE BARGER



BLIND-FLYING-CARGO-CARRYING SEAT GRABBER



TAXICAB HIGHJACKER

ILLUSTRATED BY BARNEY TOBEY

THAT'S what I said, and in four words, for the sake of title brevity. What I mean is that for sheer, unadulterated boorishness and total lack of gentle comportment, sweet demeanor and human consideration which we lump under the word "manners," the average American woman takes the jelly roll.

To straighten you out on who I am and how I get this way, bawling out females, I wish to state that it is a pure labor of love with me. I do it every so often for their own good. I have been a great influence for our girls. From time to time, in various publications, I have straightened them out on their characters, their lack of clothes sense, their wretched attempts at make-up and their lack of grace and femininity in the field of sports.

Each time I have given testimony, there has been an immediate and noticeable improvement in American womanhood. My mailbox is filled with grateful little notes beginning, "You bum, sir," and thanking me for my efforts.

Politeness! The Standard Dictionary defines the word "polite" as follows: "Exhibiting in manner or speech, a kindly regard for the comfort or happiness of others; polished and courteous in behavior, kindly, civil."

Now. Can you name me one urban community in these United States where women en masse or individually in their public behavior exhibit in manner or speech a kindly regard for the comfort or happiness of others? I thought not. The country gal still retains a smidgen of something known as "neighborliness," which assays 90 per cent snooping, and 10 per cent desire to be helpful. But my most recent observation of the female city dweller leads me with deepest regret to suggest that she is threatening to become a boorish, ill-tempered, thoughtless, bad-mannered virago, a complete self-centered world-unto-herself.

And I do not intend, in this educational thesis, to harp so much upon woman's inhumanity to man, but rather her dreadful lack of graciousness and consideration to her *own sex.* We have willy-nilly yielded to a matriarchy in these United States where a woman per se arrogates peculiar rights and sanctities to herself merely through being born a woman, whether she be a dream-pippin with a magazine-cover kisser, or a blowzy termagant with a fishwife's vocabulary, and it is probably too late to do anything about THAT. But I do feel that this might be a pleasanter place if one could persuade the ladies at least to conduct themselves in a proper manner toward one another.

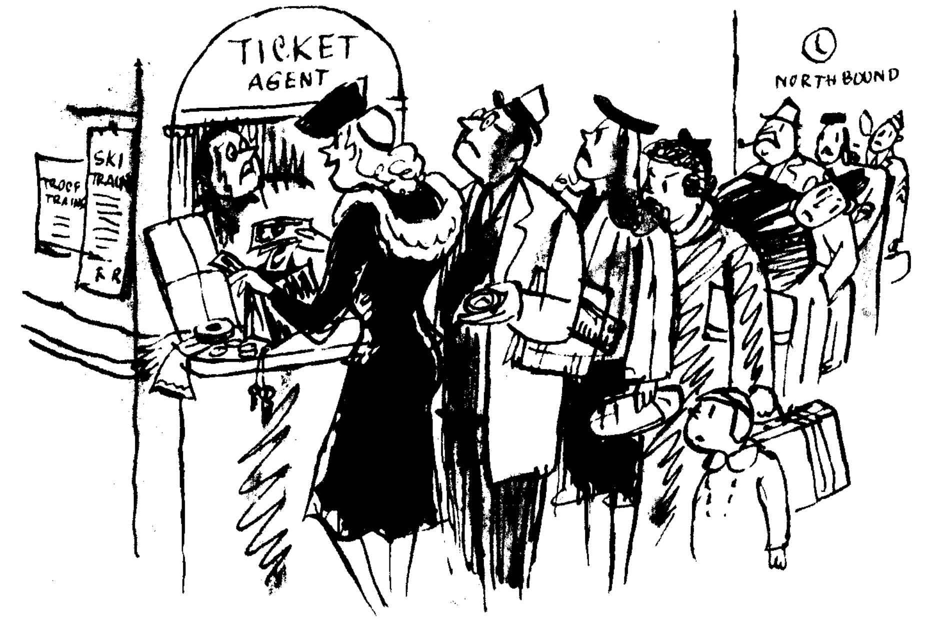
I have of late taken to observing ladies (sic) in department stores, elevators, movie houses, theaters, suburban trains, taxicabs, on the street, in night clubs and am forced at this juncture to write them off as a pack of shouting, pushing, overbearing, sour-faced, bad-tempered vixens who push, shove, barge and kick their way through town, batting their sisters out of their paths with elbow, straight-arm, shoulder and that most potent of all weapons in a crowd, the fatfanny.

I have yet to see any woman large or small with so much as a ghost of a smile or a friendly glance for a fellow female in a crowded place. Every expression and attitude bristles with hatred, suspicion and arrogant self-assertion.

I have yet to see a woman entering or leaving a store or restaurant pause to hold open the door for one who might be laden with packages, or stoop to retrieve an object dropped by another in the wild scramble to get nowhere. I am still waiting to see a young woman perform an act of kindness or graciousness to an older woman, or an older woman behave pleasantly to *anyone.*

This general misbehavior is of course not confined to women vs. women but is carried into mixed company as well, the females apparently caring not one whit about the spectacles they make of themselves in front of, through, over and around males, since officially the male does not exist anyway. In the mass mind of the American woman, he is the Thing That Does Not Count.

(Continued on page 57)



THE-HEAD-OF-THE-LINE SMALL TALKER

HOW ENGLAND DOES IT

By HENRY L. JACKSON

CLOTHING scarcities were a serious matter in England during the war and still pose a problem, with all clothing but hats rationed. The civilian receives 24 clothing coupons, and they must last for a period from six to eight months; all of them together won't get a suit, which requires 26 coupons. Tailors in England require from 8 to 12 months to make a suit, and most ready clothes are not available in retail stocks.

The government has established a plan to provide every British serviceman with a complete outfit. All manufacturers of wearing apparel and textiles take part. In addition, the soldier receives 92 clothing coupons for linens and accessories, plus his gratuity pay.

The discharged soldier whom we have followed about is Ernest William Hayden, resident of Grimsby, Lincolnshire, who was in the army for six years. The entire process of clothing him took 22 minutes.

1

Our demobilized soldier is home from Germany, ready for a civilian outfit

SERVE YOURSELF
1..SHOES
2...SOCKS
1 SHIRT
2 COLLARS
1 TIE
1 SUIT
1 RAINCOAT
1 HAT

2

Private Ernest William Hayden waits to be fitted. He will receive one of everything a civilian needs

CRISIS IN CLOTHES

BY CHESTER BOWLES

OPA ADMINISTRATOR

The head of the OPA tells how the clothing situation grew into its present proportions and what-and-who are to blame. Something is now being done about it, and conditions will improve. But not soon

HUNDREDS of letters pour into my office every week from distressed consumers who want to know: Why haven't clothing prices been held down? A good job has been done in food prices and rents. Why can't we buy good clothing reasonably? Why can't we buy any clothing? What—or who—is responsible? What's being done about it?

There are answers to these questions. Some of them don't make pleasant reading. None are as simple as you expect. Basic to them all, of course, is the war. With some 15 million men and women to be clothed and equipped for that war, civilian shortages were inevitable—and lasting. And since inflation flared in every country with the first shot fired in Europe, it was also inevitable that prices should rise here before price controls were set up—over 2½ years later.

But it is also clear that in planning our original attack on wartime apparel shortages and rising prices, we—and I mean both government and industry—did not do a good job. By failing to take vigorous action early in the war, we allowed unnecessary shortages of essential low-priced clothes to develop, and failed to prevent an unnecessary rise in prices. The strong measures being put into effect today cannot completely overcome these early errors.

It is true that the price record is far better than that of the first World War, when clothing prices tripled. And it is true that America has been better clothed than any other nation at war. But that knowledge is sometimes scant comfort to a woman who has had to pay twice as much for a house dress—when she could find one.

Shortages, particularly in cottons and rayons, will continue for much of 1946, largely because of present factors beyond our control but again too because of some which should have been controlled long ago and weren't. Military buying of textiles and clothing continues, though on a much reduced scale. Incomes are still large, which means that more people have more money to spend for clothes. Millions of returning soldiers and sailors, requiring complete new outfits immediately, put a strain on men's clothing supplies which would disrupt even a normal market. In addition, production of almost all types of apparel is far below what it should be. This is almost entirely a problem in textiles, rather than in garment manufacturing, and is largely due to the fact that workers who left the textile mills for war plants have hesitated to return to the low wages which are still general throughout the cotton textile industry. Incidentally, it is my personal belief that a 65-cent minimum wage law would attract enough capable workers to raise textile production to necessary levels with comparatively little increase in retail prices.

12

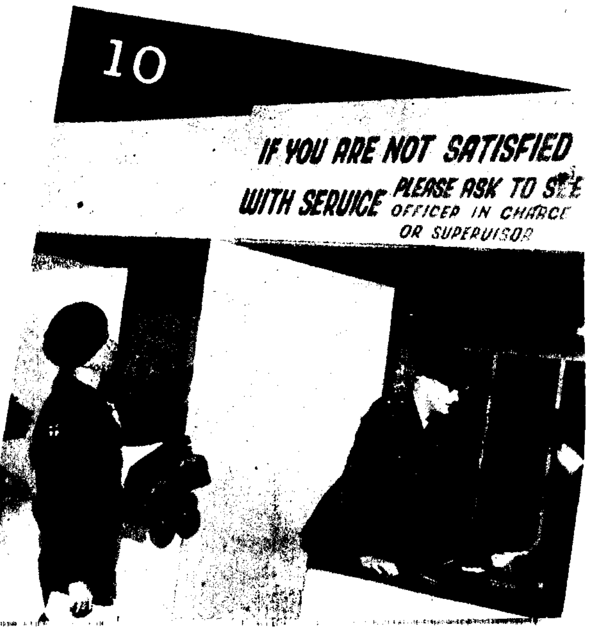
Out of the Army at last! With his old uniform and other spare clothing in the bundle, and 92 extra coupons in his pocket for linens and accessories, the soldier is now ready for life as a civilian

The discarded uniform is given to the soldier—it will be useful as a working outfit

SMOKING PROHIBITED

11

The soldier has now received a complete outfit. He may complain if dissatisfied


IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WITH SERVICE PLEASE ASK TO SEE OFFICER IN CHARGE OR SUPERVISOR

10

3

After a wait in line Private Hayden reaches a tailor who then measures him for shirt and collar sizes

4

Here Hayden is fitted for a suit. In civil life the fitter was an expert tailor

5

Raincoat fitting is also done by experts. All garments must fit well

Despite these continuing difficulties, to some of which there seems to be no immediate solution, the picture is by no means all black.

A vigorous clothing program has been launched by OPA, together with WPB, within the past year and is gradually becoming more fully effective. Although shortages mean continued pressure toward higher prices, the rise in clothing prices which has been in progress throughout the war is being brought to a stop. Urgently needed clothing is gradually coming back into the low- and medium-priced fields, much of it marked with fixed OPA dollar-and-cent ceiling prices just as groceries are, and representing sounder values for the money than have been available for the past two years. Moreover, enforcement against black marketeers and price violators has been greatly strengthened. Of the whole series of strong price and supply measures, most of which are of too technical a nature to be discussed here, three—especially OPA's dollar-and-cent prices on clothes—are important for consumers to understand. I want to discuss them with you in detail later.

This reinforced attack on shortages and high prices will give the consumer some assurance of getting better values at reasonable cost. But frankly it will provide only a partial solution to the clothing and textile problems brought on by war. No program coming so late could hope to correct the mistakes made early in the war by both government and industry.

What were these mistakes? Who was responsible for them? I would like to give you the whole, frank story. In doing so, I am bound to step on many toes—some of them important toes in both industry and government. I shall probably make some people mad. Nonetheless, I intend to name the facts as I see them because I believe that you are entitled to them.

The story has its beginning in the extreme complexity of the apparel industry. Women's clothing, in particular, is sold in an almost endless variety of fabrics, colors and styles, all constantly changing with the seasons. There are 3,500 mills producing cotton textiles, rayons and woolens. There are 18,000 apparel manufacturers making items that range from lace handkerchiefs to men's overcoats. There are 3,400 wholesalers, and 200,000 retailers, which distribute this enormous quantity of goods to the public.

Before the war, manufacturers made a wide variety of price lines. For example, rayon dresses were made to sell from $1.98 to $198 and up. But the big volume of business was in low- and medium-priced clothing. In 1942, 75 per cent of all women's rayon dresses retailed for under $7.95; 65 per cent of all women's blouses sold for under $2.50; and 75 per cent of all women's wool suits sold for less than $25. The margin of profit on all apparel items varied largely both at the factories and the stores. But by and large the industry took big profits on high-priced goods which sold slowly and in smaller quantities, and smaller profits on low- and medium-priced clothing which sold rapidly and in huge volume.

When the war came late in 1941, the whole apparel pricing situation began to change. More and more items moved into the high-price, high-profit lines. Such items as $1.98 rayon dresses and 29-cent cotton shorts disappeared entirely. Now just why did that happen? In the first place, the demands of all-out war inevitably created a shortage of civilian textiles and clothing. The armed forces necessarily put in immense orders for tents, parachutes, camouflage nets and other equipment, in addition to the tens of millions of articles of clothing. These orders reduced by billions of yards the quantity of fabrics—above all, of cotton fabrics—available for civilian use. Moreover, much of the best qualities of cloth went to the Army and Navy and other war uses. In 1944, almost half of the good denim, poplin, broadcloth and percale was taken for military purposes. The Navy alone took two thirds of all the work-shirt chambray. Furthermore, the mills were asked to weave

(Continued on page 63)

6

The soldier chooses his own necktie from a wide variety of styles

Private Hayden will receive two pairs of socks—his own choice from several types

9

Personal preference also guides the fitting of shoes. He may select from several styles

8

7

He may select his own hat from three colors—blue, green and gray-brown

American Cover-Up Girl

By Amy Porter

FASHION operates, as you know, with a pendulum motion: skirts up, skirts down; skirts up, skirts down. In the same way, with bathing suits, it's cover up, uncover; cover up, uncover.

Obviously, after what we all saw on the beaches last summer, there is now only one way for the pendulum to swing. And that's the way it's going. For now and next summer the smart-fashion money is on a return to the cover-up technique.

In the Walter Klett painting at the left you see the pleasing results of the trend as displayed on the practically perfect bathing suit form of Sono Osato, dancing star of a succession of Broadway hit shows. Miss Osato probably has less reason than anybody you know for hiding behind excess material, but she likes the soft dignity of this sort of suit. Like her dancing, it has grace and movement. For most women, it has an additional charm. It is flattering to a less-than-perfect figure.

This suit has behind it the authority of a top sports designer. It was created by Claire McCardell, one of the shining young lights of American fashion. Miss McCardell was a pioneer in reducing the number of square inches per bathing suit. She was first with the diaper suit, and for years she has cut her two-piece suits almost to postage stamp size. But Miss McCardell believes it is time now for a return to easier, softer, more wearable bathing suit styles. Even two-pieces take pleasantly to the addition of a modest little skirt. And stores report that style-setting women are buying these cover-up suits for resort wear.

Miss McCardell came to the top as a designer during the war. Before that, the luster of Parisian names kept her and other promising young Americans in second place. Her forte is informal clothes with a recognizable American flavor. There isn't a trace of Paris about her work. Instead she seems to draw ideas from American factories, American comic strips, American sports, American schools, American kitchens and gardens and motorcars. Her designs are timed to the lives of busy young women, single or married. When servants faded from the American scene, she launched her "popover"—a big bulky wrap-around work costume of blue denim, loose-sleeved, big-pocketed and somehow full of style. It was just right for house cleaning and gardening and sold for only $6.95. It was the ancestor of a series of McCardell work clothes for women who like to look decent while scrubbing the front porch.

Her kitchen dinner dress for hostess-cooks is exactly what the girls were waiting for. In wintertime, it's of wool; in summer, of cotton. It is low-necked for prettiness, but with sleeves and a short full skirt. It's partified, but not so fancy as to look silly in a kitchen. The exercise suit she made for dancer Zorina started a trend to ballerina bathing suits. Her Superman hood, lifted off the head of that comic-strip character, turned out to be the most practical of winter ear-warmers and is still going strong in all colors. Her pedal-pusher costume for cold-weather bicycling is really warm, with red wool pants, short wrap-around skirt split for leg freedom (the pants are supposed to show) and high-necked sweater plus hood. Designing as she does so many things for more or less violent activity—skiing, tennis, clam digging, bowling—Miss McCardell has found that the very same sort of costumes adapt nicely to somewhat milder activity, such as weeding the garden and washing the dog.

Comfort rates high with Claire. Her beach things are as carefully cut for soft flattery as evening clothes, but she wouldn't have them in her line if they didn't stand up under action. To make the one in the picture safe for action, you fasten concealed straps in place. Meantime it is held up by elastic. For the sake of comfort, and long before it was a trend, she cut dress armholes deep for easy movement. She has discarded shoulder pads in most of her things as uncomfortable and unnatural.

Such originality as Miss McCardell's was slow to sell at first. She was a small-town girl trying to make good in the big city and not eating too well for several years before she got anywhere. After two years of a home-making course at Hood College in her native state of Maryland, she studied art in New York and Paris. She did the usual things students do to make money—tracing fashion sketches, painting lamp shades, modeling and a short, unhappy spell of machine sewing in a factory. Then a series of jobs under established designers, studying and sweating and getting fired and trying again. Finally she became a full-fledged fashion designer and won enough reputation to be hired by Hattie Carnegie to create the fabulously expensive Carnegie custom-made clothes.

But Claire wasn't happy doing rich, formal clothes for rich, formal women. She went back to Seventh Avenue to design the kind of clothes she liked herself—inexpensive but with some spark to them.

Claire says she doesn't set out to, but she can't help designing clothes for women who live more or less the way she does. You can see what she means about action if you'll consider that she has a husband and two stepsons, an apartment in town and a farm in New Jersey, a habit of spending week ends skiing or playing tennis or swimming, and a job besides. ★★★

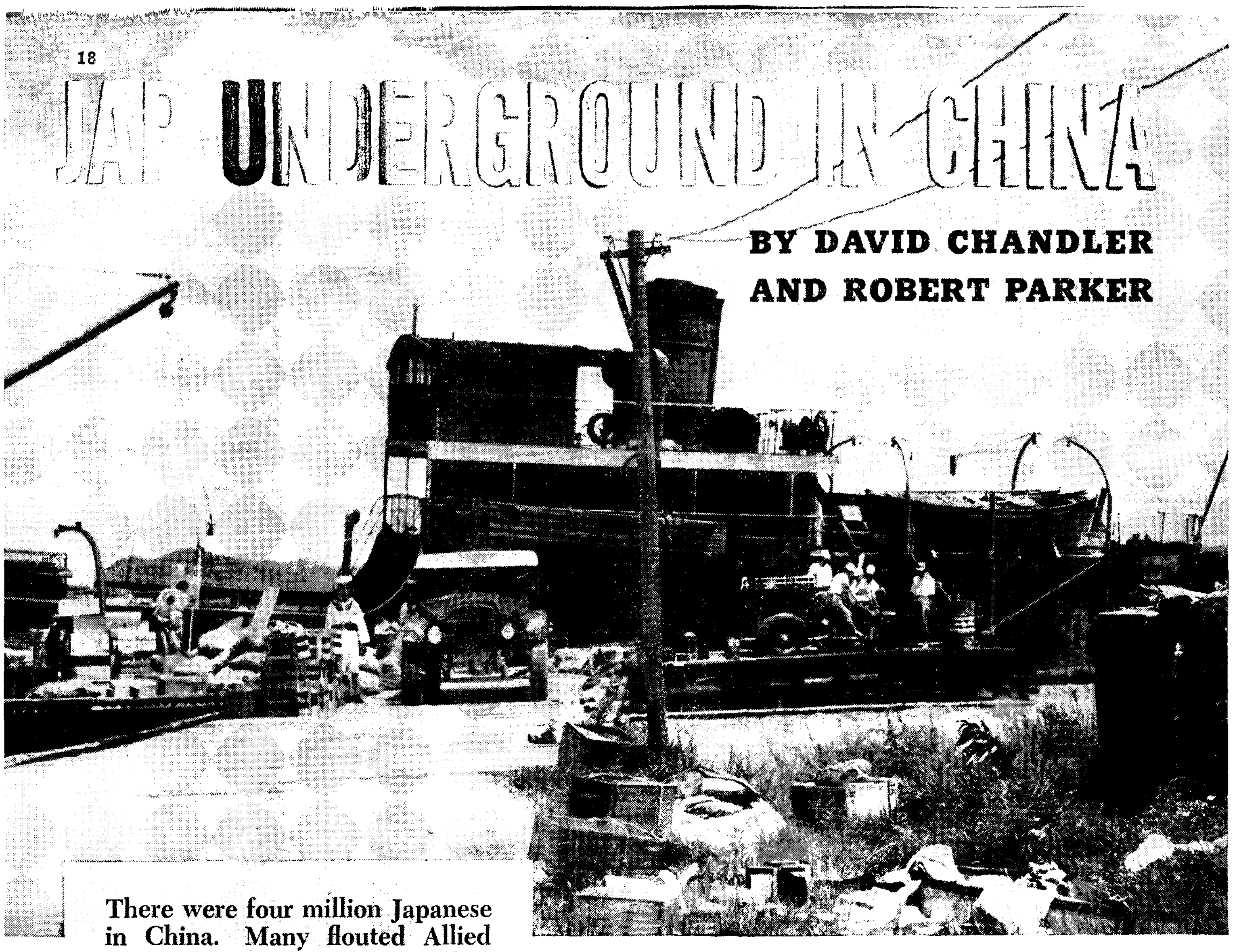
Sono Osato, the girl whose dancing helped to make ballet popular, models one of Claire McCardell's cover-up bathing suits. Osato was born in Omaha of an Irish-French mother and Japanese father. Her first big hit was One Touch of Venus. Now she's leaving another hit, On The Town, to rehearse the lead in a musical play, Undine

SONO OSATO ● PAINTED FROM LIFE BY WALTER KLETT

The fourth of a series

JAP UNDERGROUND IN CHINA

BY DAVID CHANDLER AND ROBERT PARKER



Though ordered to move no supplies, Japs put huge stocks aboard luggers at Canton and took them to their internment camps

There were four million Japanese in China. Many flouted Allied surrender terms and went underground in implementing a plan to split the Allies and reconquer China. Here's the story, by two men just back from the Orient

Japs painted red crosses on their trucks in Canton and with armed guards transported food supplies through the city. Meanwhile, Chinese civilians starved

THE day after they knelt before their radios and listened to the Emperor read his Rescript and tell of his profound desire to bring peace to the world, the Japanese in China started systematically breaking the surrender terms.

In China the Japanese have already begun to lay the groundwork for a return to power in Asia. Aided by a deep-seated split in Chinese unity, which they have always done their best to keep alive, some four million Japanese soldiers and civilians are engaged in fighting a war which they do not regard as ended.

At the time of writing there were in China nearly two million Japanese troops, proud and undefeated in battle, confident of the abilities of their leaders and serenely sure Japan would rise again. Tens of thousands are still armed and in some areas they still hold the effective military power. Beside them stand perhaps two million Japanese civilians, most of whom speak the local languages, many of whom have married Chinese and all of whom know the Chinese people better than most Westerners.

In Shanghai and in Canton the Japanese proceeded to break the terms of surrender while their emissaries were still preparing for the final surrender to General MacArthur. Japanese soldiers went into plain clothes as members of an underground. A new propaganda line took form in China. Gone were the boasts about a new prosperity sphere for Greater East Asia. But now they and their Chinese agents were issuing propaganda designed to prolong China's fratricidal agony and to split the unity of the anti-Axis Allies.

In Canton, for instance, the act of surrender did not mean the end of all Japanese plans for China. When the first Americans began to drift into the city from behind the Jap lines where they had been operating, they saw big red crosses freshly painted over the ancient khaki of the Japanese army trucks. The Japs were moving rice, oil, fish and foodstuffs to the areas where they would be interned. No Jap seemed to doubt that their internment camp would be at places they had selected and, as it happened, they were right. After eight years of war, Canton was like a dead city and its population was on the thin edge of starvation. But the Japanese were piling their river luggers with stolen rice for themselves. The same thing was going on in Shanghai and other once-occupied cities.

Americans asked the Japanese chief of staff in the Canton area: "Are you fully acquainted with the preliminary surrender terms which your General Imai has agreed to as deputy commander of all Japanese forces in China?" The chief of staff said yes, he knew them well, including terms for disposition of material and supplies and how nothing was to be moved or touched without Allied permission.

But the Japs in Canton did not stop moving the stolen rice to their camps.

In Shanghai, at the same time, the first Americans arrived with Chinese troops to find the "defeated" Japanese already making a profit out of China's victory. If you wanted to celebrate Japan's defeat in traditional Chinese style, you had to buy your firecrackers, whistles and noisemakers from a Japanese merchant. Shanghai was marked with triumphal arches bearing huge portraits of Truman, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek—all erected by Japanese contractors. Neon signs praising the United Nations, made and peddled by Japanese, blazed in the streets.

In most of the big cities the Japs found no one empowered to accept their surrender. From Chungking they were being enjoined to surrender only to troops of the Central government. But problems of transport and, in one or two cases, of internal Kuomintang politics, delayed the arrival of the liberating armies. In Shanghai, in the first days, there were some 2,000 government troops and about 600 Americans to take over the city from 250,000 heavily-armed Japanese and puppet troops. The Japanese were amused at Allied discomfiture those days and they did nothing to make the huge task easier.

When Brigadier General Boye, the American liaison commander of the Chinese Combat Command, tried to take over Shanghai's luxurious Cathay Hotel, Japanese officers there laughed in his face. Because the Allies were so completely outnumbered and the Japs knew it, General Boye could only order the Japanese locked in the fifth-floor rooms which they occupied. After two days of being without food and guarded by MPs who refused to let them leave their rooms, the Jap officers consented to vacate the hotel.

In Canton, the Japanese prepared for internment by leaving their twenty-room apartments and bidding formal farewells to their staffs of servants "until we meet again." The Japs left some of the paint on the walls and mountainous litters of paper but little else. They removed Bechstein pianos, sofas, dressing tables, couches, beds, wives and children, bird cages, geishas and muscle builder-uppers. They kept saying that "MacAzzar" had said they could keep all their personal belongings.

One G.I. who watched a brace of coolies struggling to load a six-foot blackwood cabinet with stunning brass fittings aboard a Jap truck, turned, asked, "When does stolen property become personal property?" and walked eloquently away.

The Unfolding of a Plan

It was pretty clear that all this movement was part of a larger Japanese plan. The plan emerged more clearly in Shanghai after the surrender. For weeks they balked on giving up their arms to General Tang En-po, the Chinese commander. Instead they were quietly turning over arms to Chinese Communist troops who were eight miles outside the city. They moved boatloads of arms at night along the Whangpoo River. Three times General Tang gathered Allied correspondents for a triumphal inspection of the warehouses where the Japs were to deposit their arms. Three times the correspondents saw nothing but empty, yawning buildings.

The Central government knew that the Japanese hoped to speed civil war in the Shanghai area by these tactics. So they called on the Americans. The Chinese Communists probably were balked from marching on and capturing the great seaport only by the presence of American fighter planes, since they had vast superiority of ground troops and arms.

Where the Japanese could not dispose of their arms, or had equipment they did not wish to fall into Allied hands, they destroyed

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB JONES

both in direct violation of the terms of surrender. On September 2d, for example, Lieutenant C. R. Robinson, of Nashville, Tennessee, a naval officer who had been operating behind the lines with a group of Chinese guerrillas, was on the riverbank at Canton with Marine Lieutenant James Witt, of Galion, Ohio. Suddenly they heard a vast explosion from Honan, across the river. A gigantic plume of white smoke and dust rose skyward. "That," said Robinson, who is a demolitions expert, "is not just one bomb going off by accident."

They tried to go to where the explosion had taken place, but Japanese sentries barred the way. Not "So sorry, please," or anything like that; just a bayonet and a rifle that looked businesslike. The irony of the situation did not escape Jim Witt who called attention to the hour and the date. The formal surrender was just about taking place aboard the Missouri.

Later it was found that the explosion had been the extensive Japanese navy storage dump for the Canton area, also known as the Special Police Commission godown. The Japs had piled up their mines, bombs, ammunition, records and everything they wanted to keep from the Allies and had blown it all sky-high. Their demolition man, incidentally, turned out to be something less than expert. His act cost the lives of six Japanese and thirteen Chinese coolies.

At Chihkiang, in Hunan Province, Chinese and American officers on August 21st told the Japanese surrender emissaries the terms: Don't move a thing. Don't destroy anything of any conceivable military value. Leave untouched and just where they are all your supplies, your records, your warehouses, your vehicles.

Here is how they followed those instructions in the south where it was possible to check at firsthand and to document their activities:

An Expensive Bonfire

On August 23d, in the Changpu area where the Japs were using the Kwang Na Junior College as a storage dump, they took to an empty lot adjoining the school a large number of vehicles, four carloads of bicycles, large quantities of silk and cloth and a number of passenger cars. They poured gasoline over everything and threw in a torch.

On the evening of the next day at an emergency landing strip just behind the famous White Cloud Airfield outside of Canton, the Japs heaped up a mountain of automobiles, tires, bicycles, airplanes, drums of gasoline, airplane repair parts and ammunition and had themselves another bonfire.

The next burning took place the following day, August 25th, at Tung Kow Chan where the Japs had located a big quartermaster depot. More autos went up in flames as well as quantities of hemp, cloth, uniforms, leather goods and the army and police records.

At White Cloud some days later they burned three brand-new airplanes. Having moved their heavy stuff down the river, they sank their river barges, junks and luggers. Meanwhile, up the river, Chinese armies were stalled for lack of any kind of vessels capable of bringing them down to Kowloon and Canton. What the Japs couldn't move, burn or sink, they buried. One American general officer declared he had good reason to believe that the Japanese had buried some 150,000 ounces of gold. If you asked him how he was going to check on the story, he threw up his hands and asked for a suggestion.

All over China the Japanese were carrying on similar activities.

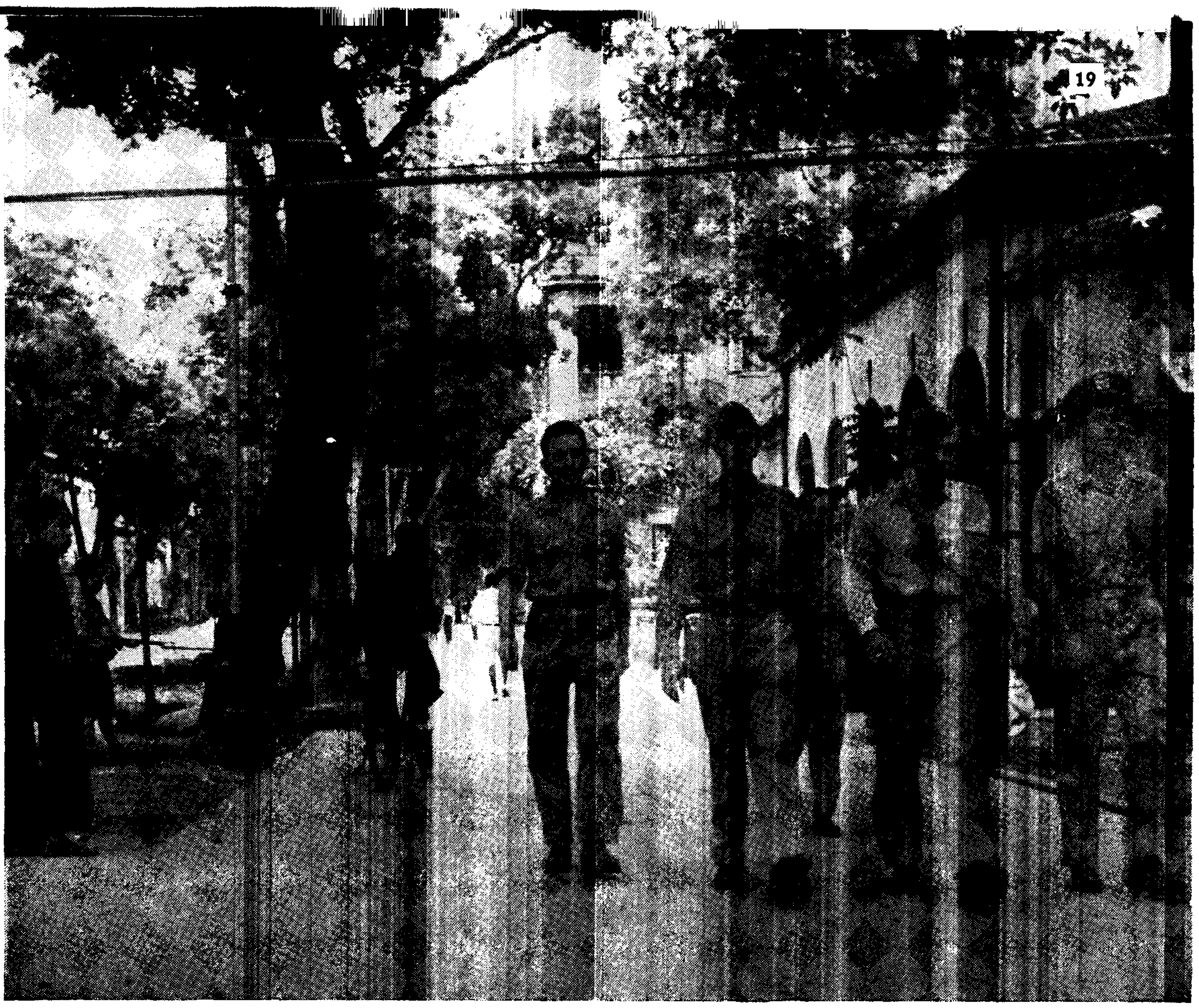
Nor did they limit their destruction to purely military supplies. At the end of September, almost two months after the capitulation, the Central government officially estimated that ninety per cent of Shanghai's industrial establishment was at a standstill because of Japanese sabotage and looting plus a severe coal shortage. Before and for a month after the surrender, Japanese army and navy officers and industrialists were in control of eighty per cent of all of Shanghai's large factories, including thirty-nine cotton mills, arsenals, chemical plants and rice and flour mills.

The Japs couldn't, perhaps, be held entirely responsible for the coal shortage. That had been caused by the disruption of rail and river transport from the mines in Anhwei and Shantung provinces—but sabotage of the rail lines was another part of their program.

The prearranged plan included not only sabotage and a flouting of surrender terms, but also the formation of an underground. In Canton one night an American was feeling his way in the blackness of that power-starved city when a piece of paper was pressed into his hand. The person who had given it melted into the night. It turned out to be a note. This is what it said:

"I am a colored American girl working in a German house No. 8 opposite the international S. bank. Please send some one to investigate as my mistress' daughter came up with two Japs by last night's train and a 3 one is expected tonight. She had helped them to run away from Hong Kong and they are going to Macao in disguise as Chinese one of them has a revolver tied on to his leg coming up. funny thing going on in this house But please don't say a word that I told you or I'll be beaten to death by the woman. Please be quick before they get away Excuse writing.

Chinese military authorities were asked about this. Was this an isolated case? Were Japanese soldiers taking off their uniforms and moving around the country? Some Chinese officers took a complacent attitude. Let them try and get away with it, they said in effect. Others admitted that this was not an unusual case, but pointed to the vast country, to the multitude of Japanese civilians and sympathizers among the Chinese and to the families of the Japs themselves. All made ideal places to which these soldiers could flee.



Unarmed American Navy officers and Marines walked nonchalantly through the streets of Canton while Japanese soldiers kept their guns. Note Jap in rear who has lowered rifle threateningly as Yanks passed

Lieutenant Colonel Tong Pang, Intelligence officer with the Chinese 7th War Zone armies, said that many Japanese troops, from the smaller garrisons especially, were returning in Chinese clothes, seeing their girls, making financial arrangements for the future, getting instructions when possible, and then going underground.

"They are preparing," Colonel Tong said, "to act as a Japanese underground, to corrupt the Chinese people, and to muddy the waters of Allied co-operation."

Did Colonel Tong think these Japs were acting on orders from above?

"The Emperor told them to lay down their arms," he answered. "If they are planning to continue the struggle by other means, they would not do so in disobedience to his orders. Someone, speaking for the Emperor, has given the orders, I believe."

The Search Draws a Blank

Some days later, after the American woman's note had been turned over to the Chinese authorities, inquiry was made about the Japanese in the house at Number 8. The answer was that a routine search of the premises had been made and no Jap fugitives had been found. Dressed in Chinese clothes, the Japs were probably having the time of their lives in Macao at that moment.

Evelyn Wu was asked about this. Evelyn was a beautiful Eurasian with Chinese, Japanese and American blood who could play Hedy Lamarr in a Chinese movie any time. She spoke perfect Japanese, Mandarin and English. Evelyn had been married to a Japanese captain who had died. A beautiful, young, and not unwilling widow, she'd been a great favorite of the Jap officers. After the capitulation there were some on our side who said Evelyn had been a Jap agent, but others said she'd honestly tried to help us. At any rate, Eveyln had a lot on her conscience and she was anxious to talk. She had been close to high Japanese officers, had heard their boasts and, it turned out, they'd even told her what they planned to do now that an era of peace was being ushered into the world by the Emperor.

"Don't worry," one colonel had told her. "We'll be back. We've lived in China so long that it has become our home. Our businesses are here. Many of us have families here and have come to love the land. It may be bad for awhile, but they cannot keep us away."

"In Japan," another officer had (Continued on page 75)

For two weeks after the surrender the Japs forced Chinese to unbury Jap loot hidden during occupation

Japanese soldiers, armed and well-fed, marched in the streets of Canton for weeks after the surrender

THE TRAITOR

BY WALTER DURANTY

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

JULES CREUSOT shrugged his shoulders and threw the letter across the desk to his secretary. "File it for the record," he said. "Is that the fifth or sixth one?" The girl didn't answer as she stared at the paper, the usual postmark, Menilmontant, four lines of print, the letterhead of a man hanging from a gallows:

> "So Perish Traitors to France.
> The Rats Have Grown Fat on Crumbs
> Thrown by Their German Masters;
> Soon They Will Burst In Death.
> You are next, Jules Creusot."
> Signed: Committee of Resistance,
> Section 8."

"Tell me, Mademoiselle, do these things frighten you?"

Almost sorrowfully, then, she looked at him. "This morning . . . did you know . . . they got Guadin."

Creusot jumped to his feet. "What's that you say? De Guadin?"

"Yes, in the courtyard of his home, though he had a bodyguard with him. They didn't catch the assassin. And they won't." Trembling, she paused for breath, steadying herself against the desk.

"And I am here to be shot at," he muttered. "The editor of Laval's mouthpiece is an obvious target for *all* the resistance." Composing himself swiftly, he looked at his watch, "Let me see . . . If anyone calls I shall be on the terrace at Maxim's for an hour or two."

GEORGES JUVENAL was waiting at Maxim's. Creusot sat in a chair opposite him, and rested his eyes on the fountain making a rainbow around the obelisk in the middle of the Place de la Concorde. Nothing was changed except for the patches of black paint over the left breasts of the statues of Metz and Strasbourg. Someone had done that a month ago. The very day, as it happened, of the Anglo-American landing in Normandy, and the Germans hadn't bothered to scrape the stuff away.

"So what's the news today?" Juvenal asked.

"Good and bad, my friend," Creusot replied, remembering his secretary's agitation. She's hysterical, he thought. Does she think I'm a fool? Aloud he continued, "On the good side, the *Kommandantur* told me the American floating port was smashed to bits by the storm . . ." He leaned forward quickly. "You've heard about De Guadin? It's the same as the others, I guess. No clue—no arrest—nothing. And I had another letter today. The usual."

Juvenal looked around, moistened his lips with his tongue. "Yes, I heard." He shivered. "Listen, Jules, I'm nervous. I don't mean only De Guadin. There have been others. I—I'd like to get away . . . what is *your* opinion, Jules, your honest opinion?"

Only for a second did Jules Creusot pause. "Go while the going's good, mon cher, we may have guessed wrong. And the Americans— America has never learned to count the cost. The landing in Normandy rings a bell—perhaps."

Juvenal rose excitedly. "I can leave for Spain any time. You, Jules, will you come with me?"

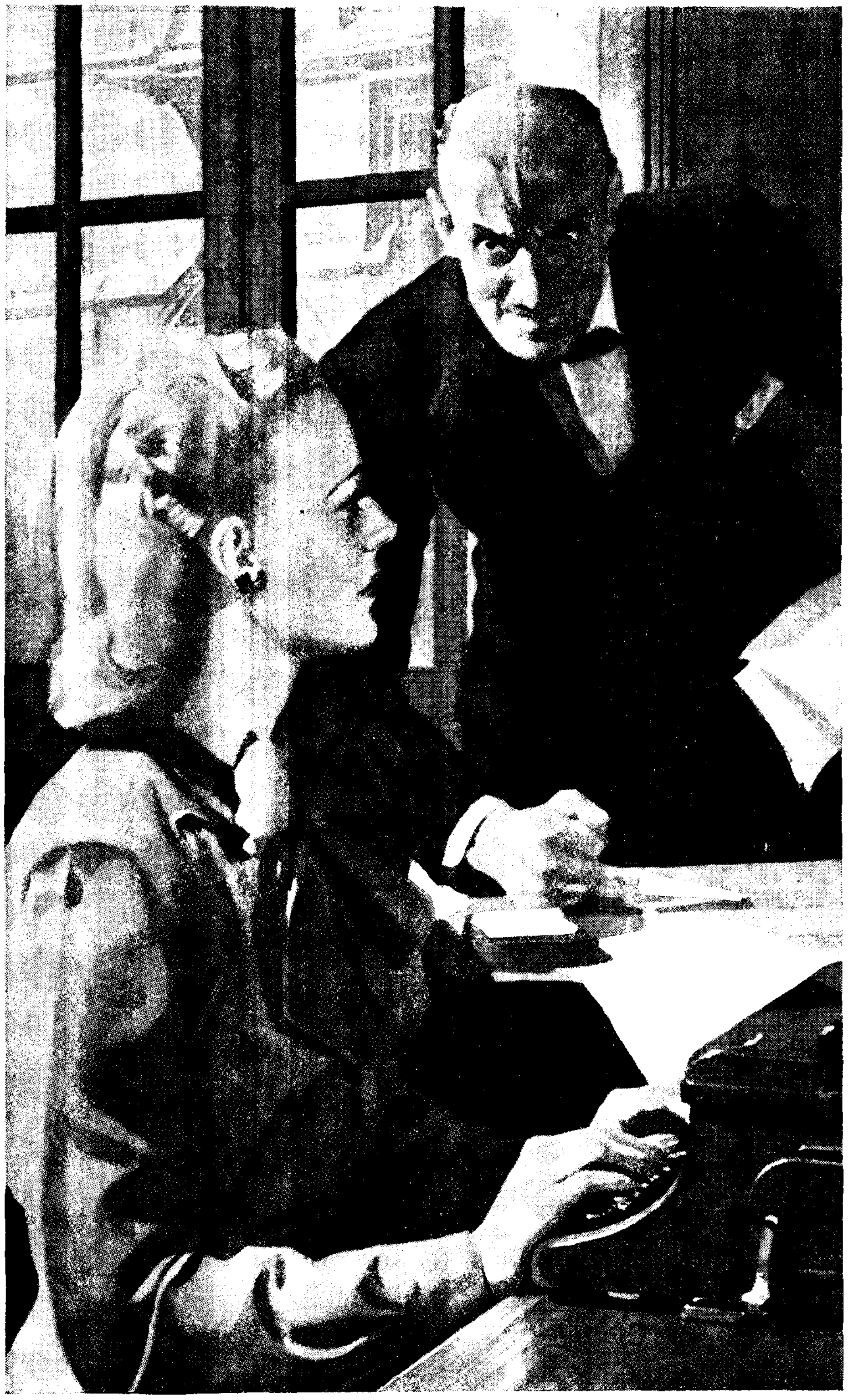
"I'll stay here, Georges, thank you." Juvenal shook hands and went away quickly. Creusot watched the sun slanting across the Place de la Concorde, wondering idly whether his career was like a setting sun. Perhaps the Germans *were* going to lose, perhaps their star, to which he had hitched his wagon, was doomed to defeat. The Americans. . . .

Even when Juvenal actually left for Spain, saying, "Going to stick it out? Or don't you agree with me that a living dog may laugh at a slaughtered lion?" Creusot stayed. He remained through the hot summer feeling like a moth charmed by a candle—unable to break away.

He stayed until August, until one morning when the *Kommandantur* called him: "We're moving out. You must know, Jules, what this means. I'm driving north tomorrow to Nancy. There's a place for you in my car, with a permit. It's all arranged."

"Good God," stammered Creusot . . . "I simply can't believe it . . . you mean . . ."

"I mean, you'll be shot if you stay."



Creusot jumped to his feet. "What's that you say? De Guadin?"

Vacantly Creusot put the telephone down and walked to a heavy oak sideboard. With a jerky movement, he knocked the head off a bottle of brandy and poured a tumbler half full. So it had come to that. What a fool he had been to wait. If they were leaving Paris, running without a fight, that meant everything. The war might end before Christmas. To hell with the *Kommandantur.*

SOCRATES once said that the most exquisite of pleasures is release from pain. That was how Creusot felt as he sat in the parlor behind his Aunt Margot's little store in Montmartre, drinking her last bottle of Calvados.

"After all, my little Julot," she told him, "one thing is certain. We are rid of those dirty Boches. What *you* did with them is your own affair . . . but when you were rich, you helped me."

Gently he laid his hand on her bony shoulder. "No need for thanks between Normans of one blood. While I am here I am a danger to us both. I have money, see what it has brought me." From his pocket he took a tattered document. "Look—Fernando Perez, born in Oviedo, everything in order, especially the photograph."

"But it is you, mon Julot!"

Creusot nodded. "That is the point, my dear. My photograph has been substituted, but no one can tell the difference. With this I get to Spain. From Spain to Argentina——"

Before she could answer there was a knock on the outer door of the shop, and a voice crying, "Mère Tournon, where do you keep yourself?"

She answered loudly, going forward into the store.

"We want to see him, this son of yours," a man's voice rang out. "When did he get back from Germany?"

"Only a week ago. Poor boy. He's not here now. He wanders for hours, sometimes. Why do you want to see him?"

Less assured, the man's voice came again, "There's no hurry, if he's really your son. There was a report that there was a man staying here, and since the Germans went, hundreds of dirty traitors . . ."

"What has that to do with my son?" she interrupted. "If only you could have seen him when he first came; how thin and frightened he was." Her voice failed in a sob.

"Do not distress yourself. A matter of routine. We can come back later."

The door slammed; Madame Tournot came back into the kitchen. "Three of them. One of them knew my son well. He would not be deceived. You have no time to lose."

"I know," Creusot said slowly. Suddenly, then, he embraced her, said, "Thank you, you've been good," and hurried off down the back alley.

BARCELONA looked better than he had expected. On the way down to the port, Creusot stopped at the big Café Franco to order a bottle of beer. He had time.

With the beer cold on his tongue in the warm evening, he smiled as he caught the eye of a slim, fair-haired girl. When she sat down at the table, he greeted her gaily in fluent Catalan Spanish, looked around for the waiter, then frowned and looked again.

Some instinct . . . no, not an instinct . . . that man at the nearby table—surely he'd seen him before, at the frontier station. Creusot began to talk to the girl. They would dine together, yes? and later. . . . Smiling, she nodded assent. Her eyes made Creusot feel good. This was luck indeed. While she went off to borrow clothes for the evening, he idled toward the port to inquire about boats.

Good old Barcelona, he said to himself, I always liked this town. Knowing it well, he took a short cut through a dark, stinking alley. At a corner he almost fell over an ash can that barred the narrow path, and bent forward to remove it. Instantly, silently, he was caught, enveloped in darkness. Inside the sack he flailed fiercely, feeling the handcuffs and rope bite his wrists and ankles; but he was lifted, struggling, carried down a flight of steps, and flung upon a sofa. A knife ripped the sack over his head, gashing his cheek, then someone pulled him upright and he found himself sitting in a windowless room, facing three men. One of them was the man he had seen at the café.

Heavily, with a broad accent, the second man addressed him, "You must know me, Perez, because I am so like my brother. You remember him—Juan Viaz. Viaz, your comrade, whom you betrayed to Franco's murderers."

Creusot's mind was alert. "I don't know you," he said firmly. "And I never knew your brother."

"He's wasting our time, *amigos,*" interrupted the little man from the café. "I saw you at the frontier and caught a glimpse of your passport. You are Perez, beyond a doubt. But anyway, to make sure . . ." He began fumbling in Creusot's pockets, slid his hands down across the Frenchman's body, ripping trousers and shirt, and pulled out the money belt and passport. "Look—thousands of dollars. Money Franco and the Gestapo paid this rat for posing as a Loyalist."

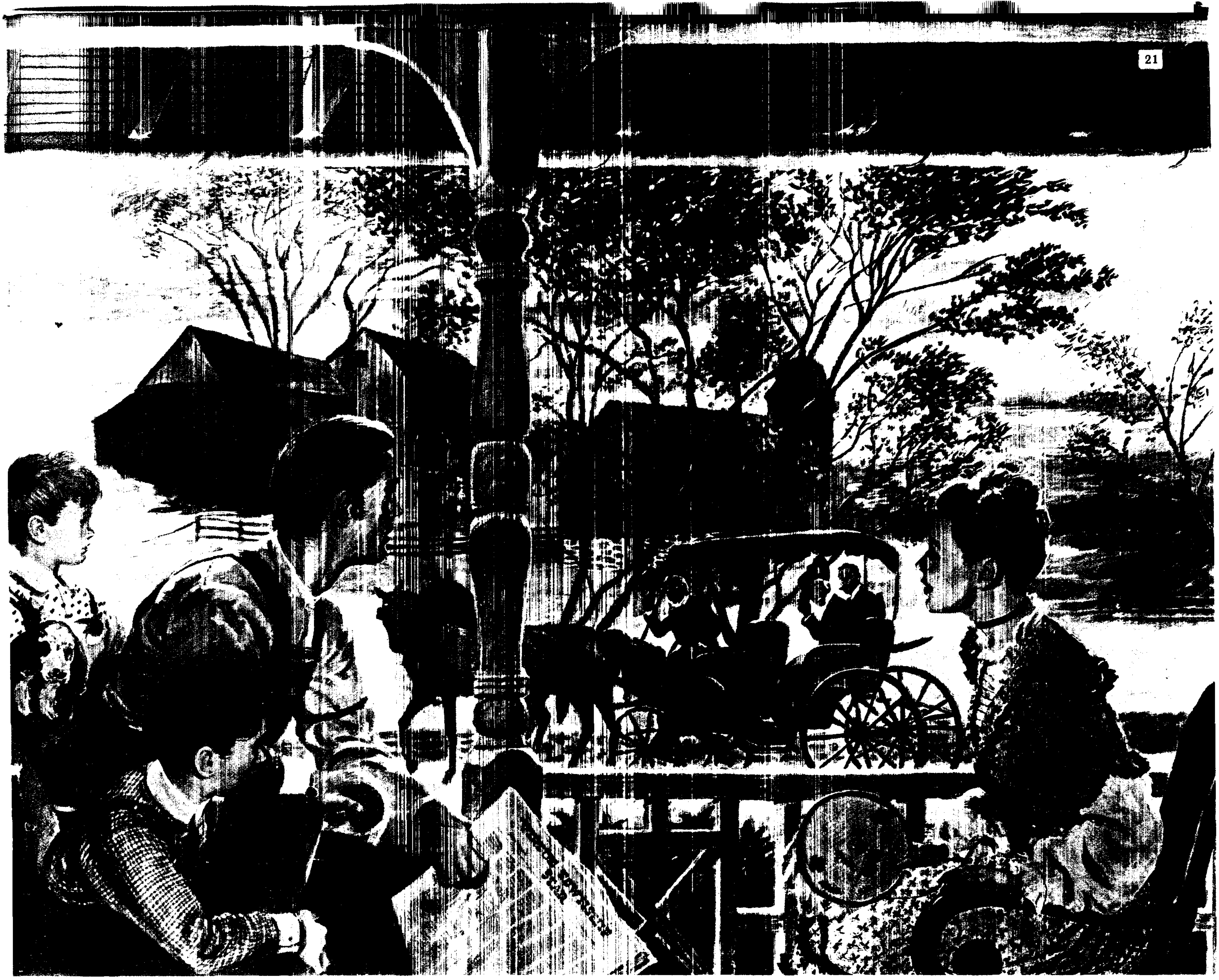
Viaz and the third man bent their heads over the passport and the folded bank notes. "Yes," Viaz answered. "Why waste time. It's his photograph all right." He put his hand on his hip to pull out an automatic and slid the cartridge up into the chamber.

"Wait, you fool," cried Creusot sharply. "You're making a mistake. Of course it's my photograph, but I'm not Perez. Some of you must have seen him. . . ."

"We didn't. Does it matter?"

Creusot wanted to laugh, it was so utterly stupid. It was ludicrous, the whole thing. "You're utterly wrong," he said, smiling. "Wait, I can expl . . ."

a short short story complete on this page



I could see how flustered Mother and Father were by an official visit from the members of the school board, and I wanted to stay

WELCOME, STRANGER

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

Crisis in the affairs of a family, a crooked salesman, and a mongrel dog named Doris

THEY say things happen by threes—bad luck and such, and I believe it. But I believe, too, that you can't always tell good luck from bad, right off. I'm thinking, of course, about Octavius' mongrel dog called Doris, and also about Mr. Mifflin, and what happened the time Mother got appointed to the school board.

I remember it was on a blistering hot day in August—in the last week of August—that Octavius came trudging downhill from the apple orchard with the mongrel wrapped in his arms.

Octavius was seven that year (and I was twelve); Octavius had a small fat face with a daylong expression of wonderment, and the afternoon he brought home the dog you'd have thought only the angels could know such bliss. His face was lit up like a sunrise sky.

"Where'd you find that bag of bones?" I said. "Under a rock?"

It was milking time, and I was leaning on the barnyard fence waiting for Father to turn up. Octavius threw me a look you could brand a pig with. He was about to say something spiteful to me. Just then Father appeared around the barn.

"What on earth," Father asked, "is that?" He pointed a finger at the skinny, mud-colored, toothy creature hugged to Octavius' chest. He wasn't being unkind; he really wanted to know. Octavius said, "It's a dog," and gave a nervous smile. The dog peered at Father with its watery bug-eyes, and at me, and then, twisting its neck, at Octavius. Then it put out about a yard and a half of wet red tongue and licked Octavius from chin to forehead. Splashed would be a better word. Octavius recoiled, but you could see he loved it.

"This here dog," Octavius said, coming down hard on *dog* just to make sure in his mind that everybody had a clear understanding, "was awalking around the orchard eating apples. I found him. I want him." He sniffed coaxingly and backed away a few steps. "Please, Father," he said. "I ain't got a dog."

"Haven't," Father said.

"Haven't," Octavius said, hurried and anxious.

Father looked thoughtful. Octavius' small pink mouth pursed up into an unhappy O, and his eyes were very large and mournful and dark as a shaded well. I thought he was going to cry. I guess Father did too. Father said, "That isn't any great shakes of a dog, boy. I doubt if I've ever seen a sorrier one. But—" Octavius' lower lip had begun to tremble like a new leaf in a springtime breeze "—But I reckon there'd be no harm in keeping him till a better one turns up."

You could see a shiver of joy run right down Octavius' backbone. Father turned toward the barn door. "Milking time," Father said.

Later, when the milking was done and the three cows were bedded down, I walked up behind the barn in the soft, warm evening light, and came on Octavius sitting in the gravel with the mongrel on his lap, feeding it wads of bread. "You, Octavius," I said. "Bread's no good for a dog. He wants bones. Why'n't you ask Mother—" Then I saw the feathers and the scraps of hide and the two yellow chicken feet.

I touched a little heap of feathers with my toe. "What's this?"

"That's feathers," Octavius said. He glanced up at me brightly, with a shine of dusty sweat all over his small round face. "Doris ate a chicken."

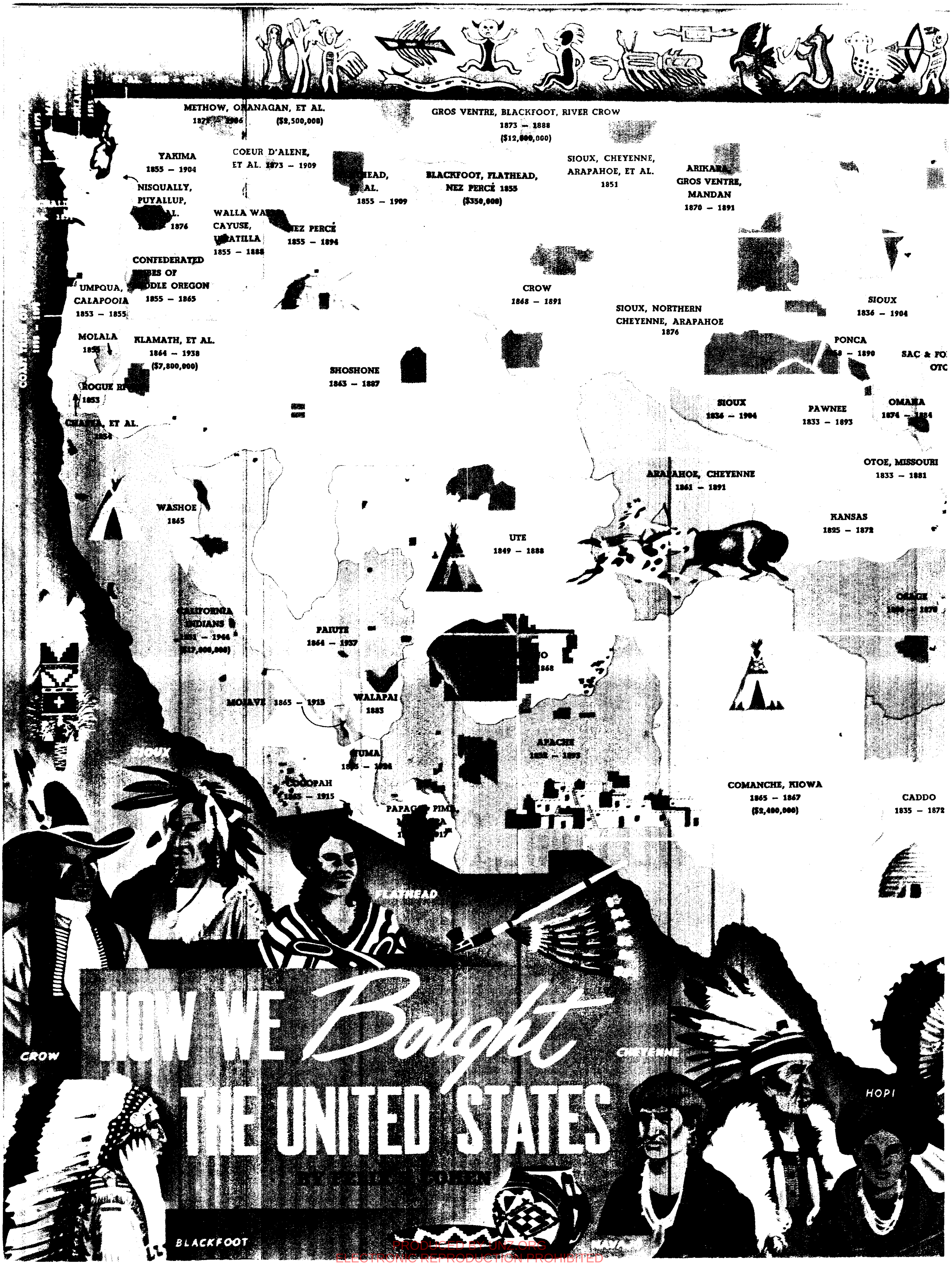
"Thunder!" I said. *"Doris!* Who's Doris? That dog?"

"Yah," Octavius said. He added, "I was going to name him Dor'thy, but Doris is prettier."

I'd never heard anything to equal it! "Doris," I said right slow, "is a girl's name.

(Continued on page 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON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1872 – 1906 ($2,500,000)
GROS VENTRE, BLACKFOOT, RIVER CROW
1873 – 1888
($12,000,000)
YAKIMA
1855 – 1904
COEUR D'ALENE,
ET AL. 1873 – 1909
HEAD,
AL.
1855 – 1909
BLACKFOOT, FLATHEAD,
NEZ PERCÉ 1855
($350,000)
SIOUX, CHEYENNE,
ARAPAHOE, ET AL.
1851
ARIKARA,
GROS VENTRE,
MANDAN
1870 – 1891
NISQUALLY,
PUYALLUP,
AL.
1876
WALLA WA
CAYUSE,
ATILLA
1855 – 1888
EZ PERCÉ
1855 – 1894
CONFEDERATED
BES OF
DDLE OREGON
1855 – 1865
UMPQUA,
CALAPOOIA
1853 – 1855
CROW
1868 – 1891
SIOUX, NORTHERN
CHEYENNE, ARAPAHOE
1876
SIOUX
1836 – 1904
MOLALA
185
KLAMATH, ET AL.
1864 – 1938
($7,800,000)
SHOSHONE
1863 – 1887
PONCA
– 1890
SAC & FO
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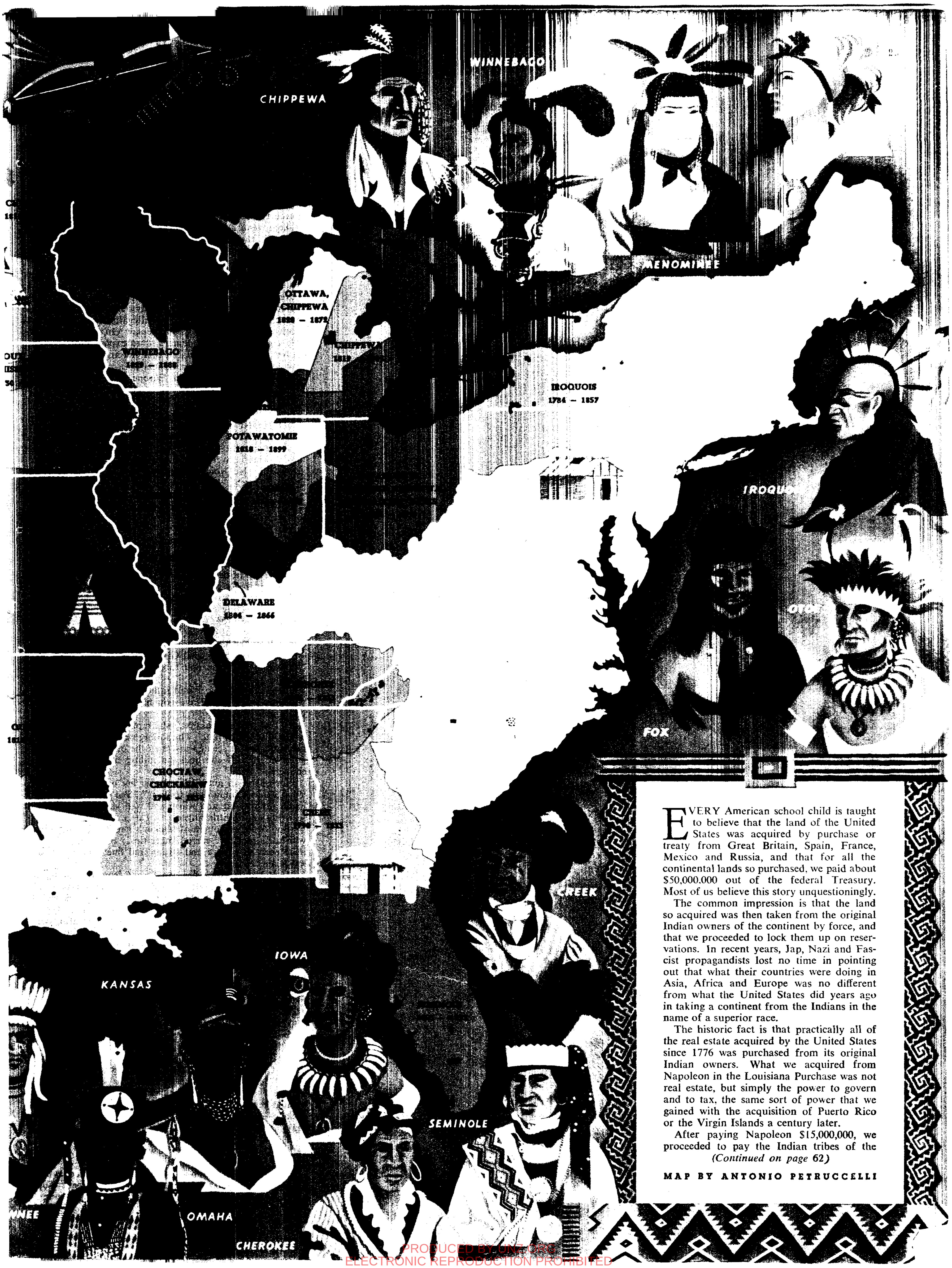
ROGUE R
1853
, ET AL.
1854
SIOUX
1836 – 1904
PAWNEE
1833 – 1893
OMAHA
1874 –
OTOE, MISSOURI
1833 – 1881
ARAPAHOE, CHEYENNE
1861 – 1891
WASHOE
1865
KANSAS
1825 – 1872
UTE
1849 – 1888
OSAGE
CALIFORNIA
INDIANS
– 1944
PAIUTE
1864 – 1937
O
1868
MOJAVE 1865 – 1915
WALAPAI
1883
YUMA
APACHE
COCOPAH
– 1915
PAPAG PIM
17
COMANCHE, KIOWA
1865 – 1867
($2,400,000)
CADDO
1835 – 1872
SIOUX
FLATHEAD
CROW
CHEYENNE
HOPI
BLACKFOOT

HOW WE *Bought* THE UNITED STATES

BY FELIX S. COHEN


CHIPPEWA
WINNEBAGO
MENOMINEE
OTTAWA, CHIPPEWA
1836 – 1872
WINNEBAGO
CHIPPEWA
IROQUOIS
1784 – 1857
POTAWATOMIE
1818 – 1899
DELAWARE
1804 – 1866
CHOCTAW, CHICKASAW
CREEK
IROQUOIS
OTO
FOX
CREEK
IOWA
KANSAS
SEMINOLE
OMAHA
CHEROKEE

EVERY American school child is taught to believe that the land of the United States was acquired by purchase or treaty from Great Britain, Spain, France, Mexico and Russia, and that for all the continental lands so purchased, we paid about $50,000,000 out of the federal Treasury. Most of us believe this story unquestioningly.

The common impression is that the land so acquired was then taken from the original Indian owners of the continent by force, and that we proceeded to lock them up on reservations. In recent years, Jap, Nazi and Fascist propagandists lost no time in pointing out that what their countries were doing in Asia, Africa and Europe was no different from what the United States did years ago in taking a continent from the Indians in the name of a superior race.

The historic fact is that practically all of the real estate acquired by the United States since 1776 was purchased from its original Indian owners. What we acquired from Napoleon in the Louisiana Purchase was not real estate, but simply the power to govern and to tax, the same sort of power that we gained with the acquisition of Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands a century later.

After paying Napoleon $15,000,000, we proceeded to pay the Indian tribes of the

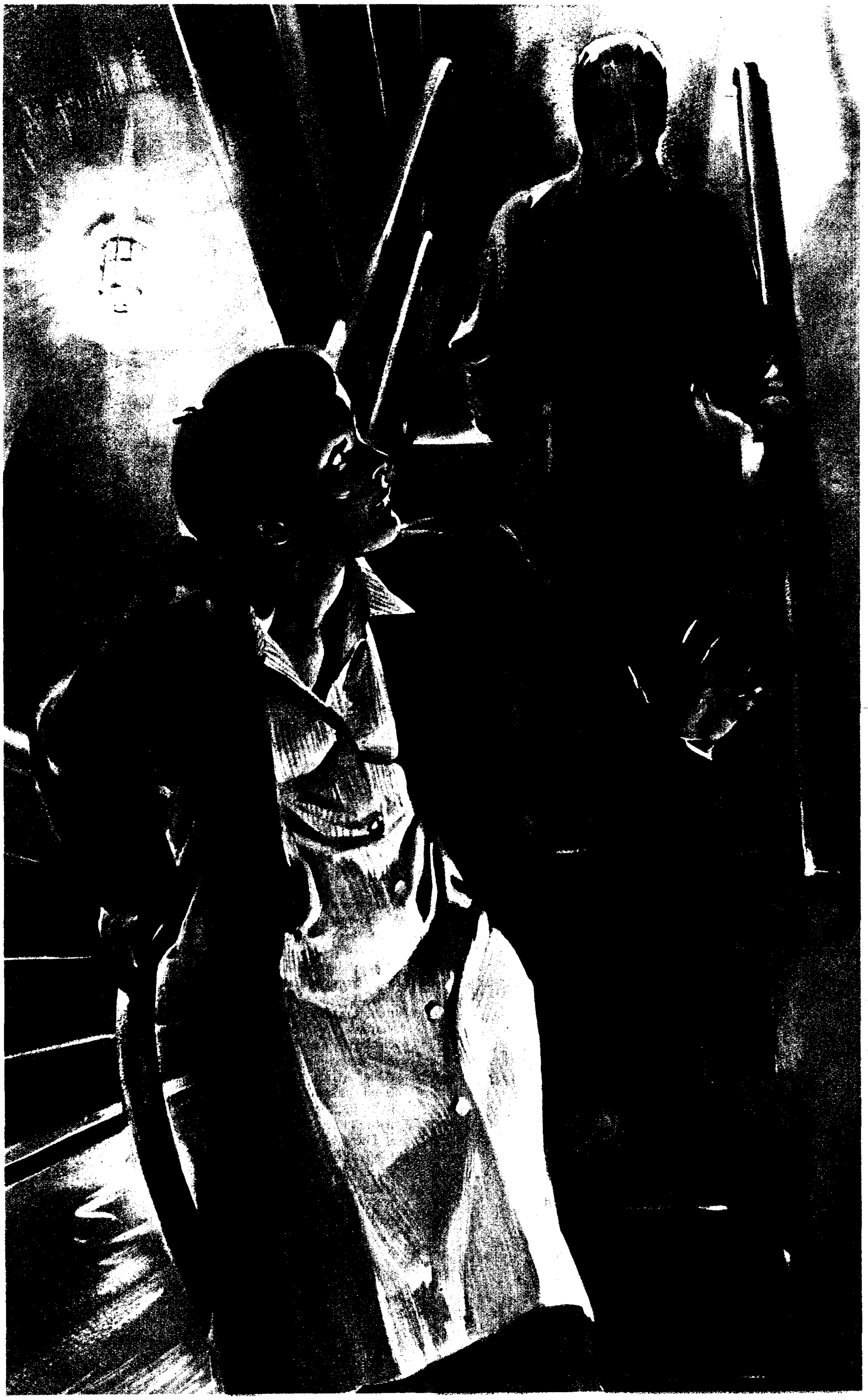
(Continued on page 62)

MAP BY ANTONIO PETRUCCELLI

MURDER HAUNTS THE SHIP

BY MIGNON G. EBERHART

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



Marcia looked up. A man in a red bathrobe was following her. She could see he had no face, only white bandages

The Story:

Although Marcia Colfax and her companions were saved from death in a drifting lifeboat by the American hospital ship, Magnolia, death followed on the heels of their rescue. Once aboard the Magnolia, it appeared that Alfred Castiogne, an officer of the sunken Portuguese cargo ship on which they had set out for Buenos Aires, had been murdered. Questioned by Svendsen, captain of the Magnolia, and by Colonel Josh Morgan, one of the ship's patients, Marcia's first feeling of incredulity became terror when soon afterward an unsuccessful attack was made upon both herself and her fiancé Mickey Banet, young French concert pianist. The murderer was believed to be one of the passengers from the lifeboat, yet aside from two seamen, Manuel Para, and Jose Urdiola, there seemed no reason to suspect any of the others, although blond, aggressive Gili Duvrey hysterically claimed that Daisy Belle Cates and her wealthy husband, Luther, had been affiliated with the Nazis, and that Daisy Belle, fearing blackmail, had killed Castiogne. Afraid to move alone, bewildered by Mickey's strange insistence that she continue to recognize him only as Andre Messac, the man on whose passport he was illegally traveling, Marcia received another shock when she saw Gili using Mickey's gold cigarette case and demanded an explanation. Turning on her angrily, Gili declared that she and Mickey were in love and had been using Marcia as a means of attaining money for their escape from Europe. . . .

III

SOMEONE came rapidly along the deck behind Marcia; she realized that. She heard the quick, hard tread and she saw the flash of relief in Gili's face as she looked beyond Marcia over her shoulder. "Why, Colonel Morgan," cried Gili. Her voice was eager, her face alight—her eyes avoided Marcia. "How nice."

"Hello," he said looking at Marcia, looking at Gili. His coat was faintly beaded with fog; the metal on his cap looked frosted. He seemed very big and substantial, looming up in the gray mist.

Gili said quickly with a nervous sort of giggle, "I'm going inside. The fog is too cold. See you later—" She hunched her coat up around her neck and slid away hurriedly across the wet strip of deck.

"Now what's all that for?" said Josh Morgan. "She's scuttling away like a scared cat. What's she done?"

Marcia's body moved—so she avoided his eyes, so she looked into the fog, so he could not see her face. Actually she was conscious only of a deep inner stillness, as if everything about her had stopped.

But it wasn't true what Gili had said; it couldn't be true! Gili was lying. She had to be lying. Mickey loved her, Marcia.

The man beside her said rather gently, "Come and walk with me, will you? Have you had lunch? It's past time, you know—"

"I had a late breakfast," she replied automatically. She could not look at him. The railing was wet and cold below her hands but it seemed just then the only fixed and certain point in life. If she held the railing tightly enough, long enough—

Josh Morgan put his hand over her own. "Look at me. What's that woman done to you?" She stared down at his hand. It was big and warm and well shaped with a small seal ring on the little finger.

But then she thought of Mickey's hands—fine and square with their pitifully scarred finger tips. Finger tips that had once been so square and strong and fine; the fingers of a musician. . . .

Josh Morgan took her own hands from the railing and tucked one of them under his arm. "I've got to have a walk. Come along." She could feel the texture of his sleeve; the hard warmth of flesh and muscle below it; his overcoat, swinging loose because of the sling on his other arm, swung a little over her, too. She moved along beside him as if he had wound her up and set her in motion and they reached a sheltered spot beside a projecting bulkhead.

Josh Morgan was watching her closely. He said, "Stay here, will you? I'll be back."

Close to the ship the water was visible. She watched the black waves with curling whitecaps rush away from the ship and then dissolve into gray. Josh Morgan returned and he had a steamer chair, which he set up in the protected angle of the bulkhead. "Come on," he said. "Sit here."

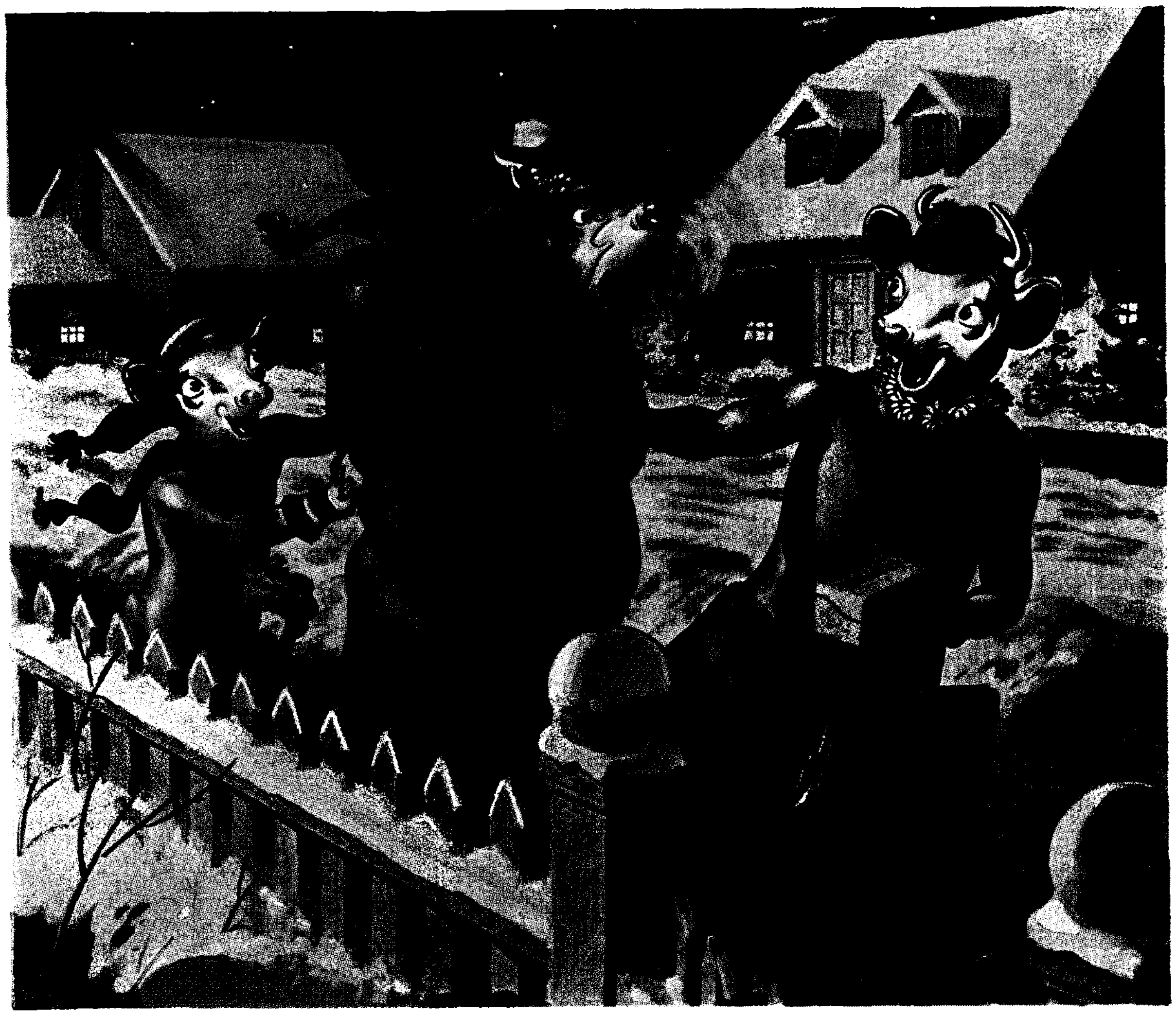
She said stiffly: "I've got to talk to Mickey."

"All right, all right. Anything you like. I'll get him for you. Only just for a minute or two, stay here—are you warm?"

She was in the chair; he leaned over to tuck her coat around her chin. For a moment it was like any other ocean voyage—a steamer chair, the rush of water, the fresh, wet sea air.

He sat down on the foot of her chair and lighted a cigarette. "Don't talk if you don't want to. I'll do the talking. How about my life story? Let me see. Well—I was born in California, I went to school in Massachusetts, studied law at Columbia and got a job writing for a newspaper. Then I went to Paris and got another job—you're not listening to me. Well, it isn't very interesting

(Continued on page 32)



"Your mother was a remarkable woman—but not ***that*** *remarkable!"* cried Elsie

"LOOK, WOMAN!" roared Elmer, the bull. "I mean remarkable! *No buts about it!* My mother had a brain—and she used it to make up her own recipes!"

"Of course she did, dear," agreed Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Nobody ever—"

"Nobody ever caught her traipsing around the country on a night like this to *swap* recipes!" warmed Elmer. "She didn't need a neighbor, or a magazine—or a radio, either, to tell her what to put in a pan!"

"And, perhaps," gently suggested Elsie, "that was why some of her recipes didn't pan out so well. But then, dear, she didn't have the advantages women have today. Look at the help we get from the testing kitchens of great food companies like Borden's! They pre-test recipes for us, so we don't waste time and precious ingredients. *They* invent wonderful new dishes, too—"

CREAM IN EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK
Borden's

"Ha! Ha!" chortled Elmer. "I can just see those big shots at Borden's with their sleeves rolled up and their aprons on, wading into a mess of dough!"

"But it's not like that *at all!*" protested Elsie. "The kitchen at Borden's is run by especially trained home economists. They do amazing things with food—to make it exciting and nourishing. They're really clever—they can balance a meal quicker than you can say '*Borden's Homogenized Milk* has cream and Vitamin D in every sip!'"

"*I*, personally, don't want to balance a meal," groaned Elmer. "I want to go back in the house and close my ears."

"If you did that, dear," brightly chirped Elsie, "you wouldn't hear all the other fine things that are done in the Borden kitchen. You'd miss the news about the taste tests on *Hemo*."

VITAMINS IN A MILK-CHOCOLATY TREAT—HEMO!
Borden's Hemo

"Taste Tests!" exploded Elmer. "How in thunderation do you test a taste?"

"Oh, we don't just test *a* taste," laughed Elsie. "We test tastes by the *thousands!* As an example, I'll tell you how we arrived at the glorious new 'milk-chocolate' flavor for Hemo . . . we had men and women of all ages, and children by the *schoolful* sip Hemo flavored many, many ways. Then, the particular flavor that was most popular was used in the finished product."

WONDERFUL FOR BABIES—FOR COOKING—BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK
Borden's
MILK

"I'll be a finished product," stormed Elmer, "if I stand around in this cold. I need something to warm me up."

"There's nothing like a steaming bowl of rich cream soup made with *Borden's Evaporated Milk,*" chattered Elsie, "to put you in a warm glow all over. Now, *there's* a product, Elmer, that our testing kitchen has really gone to town on. We've originated *slews* of easy recipes for exciting cream sauces, pie fillings, casserole dishes, cakes—"

BORDEN'S NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT MAKES THE MINCIEST MINCE PIE EVER!
Borden's None Such Mince Meat

"*Stop right where you are, woman!*" commanded Elmer. "If you have all those busy little bees working for you in the Borden kitchen, why, I ask you *WHY*, should you be roaming the countryside to get a recipe from a mere housewife?"

"Oh, *I* was going to give out the recipe," blandly explained Elsie. "I want to show Mrs. Roberts how to make a mince pie with the absolute *minimum* of work. I mean with *Borden's None Such Mince Meat,* of course! It's wonderful and the fruitiest, spiciest mince meat that ever gladdened a holiday . . . Besides, dear, I *had* hoped we could make a sort of party out of the trip."

DELIGHTFUL REFRESHMENT—GRAND FOOD—BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"*Party?* Did you say party?" brightened Elmer. "Why didn't you say so before? Let's go! Maybe you can forget your precious Borden's for an hour or so!"

"That's practically impossible," giggled Elsie, "especially at a party. For parties call for refreshments. And you can't find grander, more luscious refreshments than *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbets.* What flavors! And the girls in Borden's kitchen tell me they're wonderfully nourishing, too."

"Stop it, Elsie! Turn off the record!" begged Elmer. "Sign off, will ya, *please?*"

"Certainly, dear," agreed Elsie. "But I must do it in my own good way—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

—if it's Borden's, it's ***got*** *to be good!*

TUNE IN
GINNY SIMMS
IN A
GREAT *NEW*
RADIO SHOW
with
comedy guest stars!
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New time, new station
Friday evenings—CBS
E.S.T. 7:30 M.S.T. 7:00
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The meal-ready meat most folks like best!

CONTENTS 12 OZ. NET WEIGHT INCLUDING NATURAL JUICES
ARMOUR
STAR
Treet

Treet O'Brien

Cut six thin slices of Treet and dice the rest of the meat from one tin. Fry diced Treet with 4 cups cubed cooked potatoes, ¾ cup sliced onion, ¼ cup diced green pepper, ¼ tsp. salt for 20 min. Fry the 6 Treet slices 1 min. on each side. Serves 4 to 5.

Mmm . . . Good! That's Treet!

More people choose Treet than any other meal-ready meat! And no wonder—for Treet is all choice pork, carefully selected for Treet alone! And it's sealed in the tin before cooking, so Treet is extra flavorful, extra tender and high in vitamins! Compare it with any other meal-ready meat and you, too, will say: "Yes, Treet is the meat that's best!"

Preferred over all other brands!

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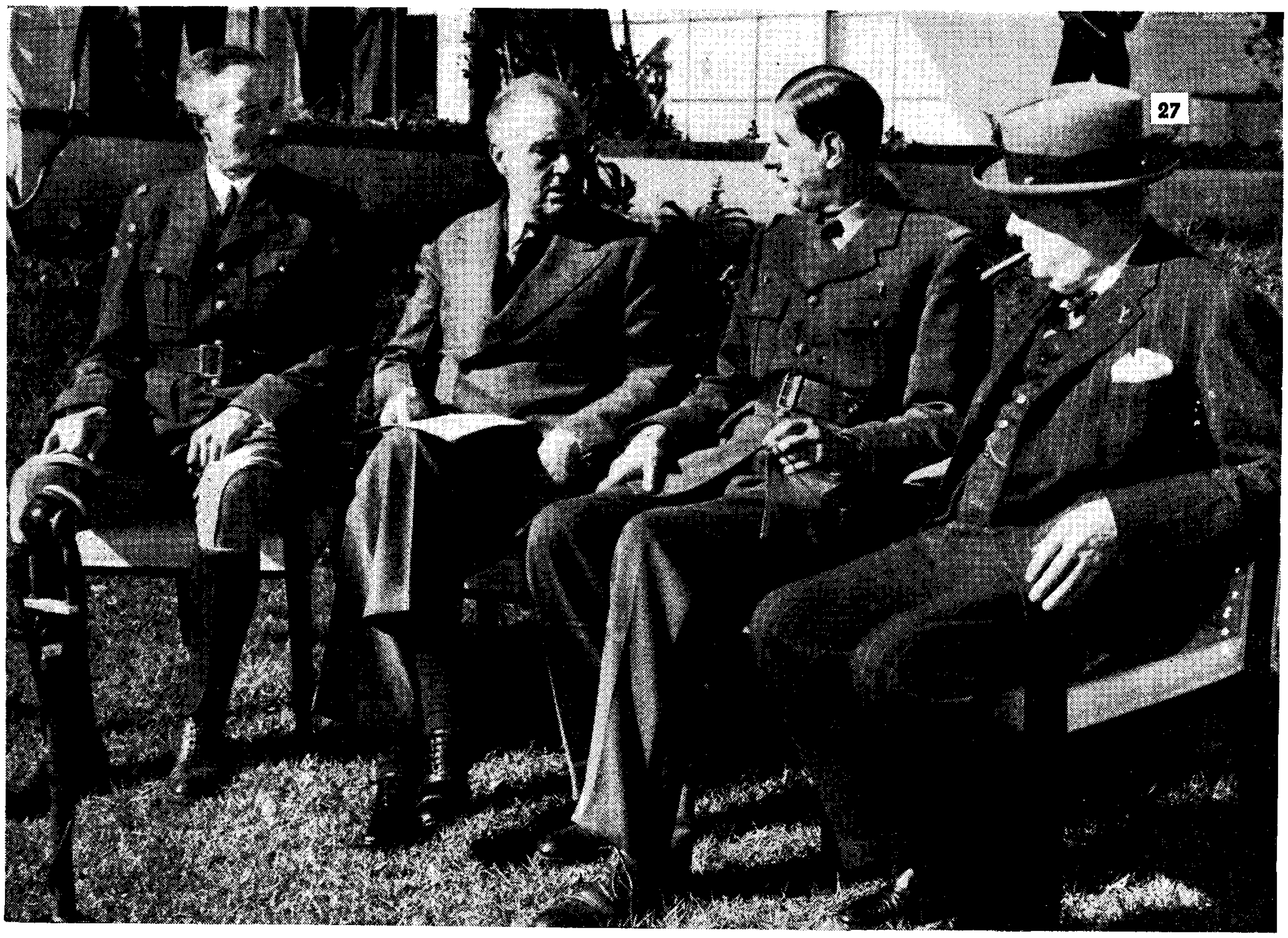
EISENHOWER'S AFRICAN GAMBLE

BY BRIGADIER GENERAL JULIUS C. HOLMES

Here is the second installment of the completely documented history of General Eisenhower's negotiations with the French in North Africa, told for the first time by a member of his staff



INTERNATIONAL

Prime Minister Churchill, right, had to put pressure on General de Gaulle to get him to Casablanca for meeting with General Giraud, left, and the late President Roosevelt. But the expected reconciliation flopped

THE agreement, between General Mark Clark and French Admiral Jean François Darlan in November, 1942, which ended hostilities in Algeria and Morocco, permitted General Eisenhower to order an immediate advance for the occupation of Tunisia, and American, British and French units set off along the coastal corridors of the frontier.

It was not an easy job, for the Axis rushed reinforcements, and the short sea and air lines between Sicily and Tunisia gave the enemy a great advantage. At every turn we were crippled by difficulties of supply, particularly a shortage of gasoline. There was one single-track railroad and one good highway and soon the rains came to put many of our improvised airfields out of use.

But the Darlan deal was being denounced in the United States and England as an "infamous collaboration with Vichy." Incredibly enough, not one of the orators who ranted about "Allied ideals," ever mentioned that the alternative was war with the French, and a bloody campaign of conquest that would have given the Axis ample opportunity to consolidate its position in Tunisia and would have sown political dragon's teeth from which we might now be reaping a disagreeable crop.

In a message to General Clark, General Eisenhower confessed that much of his time was taken up by "a continuous stream of correspondence in defense of the agreement," and that he was being "rather definitely condemned for having had the slightest thing to do with Darlan." He added, however, that he was "sticking firmly by what we have done as the only possible solution," and ended with this reassurance: "I am desperately anxious to come down there, but until this barrage from the rear stops, I don't see how I can do it. Again I say that I approve of everything you have done, and no matter what they do to me as a result of this thing, I will make certain that you are protected."

The situation could have been greatly eased if it had been possible to bring General de Gaulle, or some of his group, into the North African picture. General Giraud, however, vetoed our suggestions, stating flatly that it was as yet too early for such a move, and that it would be dynamite at that crucial juncture. His conviction, and General Clark had to admit its soundness, was that military cooperation should be developed to the fullest before any injection of a political note. De Gaulle's part in the attack on Dakar, back in 1940, had not yet been forgiven by many French leaders.

The Clark-Darlan agreement, of course, had been referred to Washington and London, and as time went by without approval, a wave of doubt and unrest swept our area. French leaders, agitated and unhappy, crowded headquarters. Were they to understand that the Allies did not want their friendship and support? In an effort to speed up a decision, Eisenhower dispatched the following cable to General Marshall, sending a copy to Clark:

"We entered this theater with a knowledge that we would have to deal with North African civil affairs through the existing civil organization covering all North Africa. We did not set up any official. We merely required the existing officials to agree upon a form of central commission through which we could deal. I attempted to force Giraud upon them as head, but he collapsed under me. He himself finally admitted that he could not do it because he could not control the situation except on the basis of a huge military support which I could not possibly afford.

"As a result of the agreement we have made, we have secured an opportunity to press our concentration toward the east for battle in Tunisia without worrying about the rear. At every principal port we would be badly handicapped without the assistance cheerfully rendered us now by French military, naval and civil groups. What I am trying to point out is that even if we should only have passive resistance, our operations would be sadly slowed up, and our position badly weakened. We have these advantages through the influence of the entire group through which we have worked.

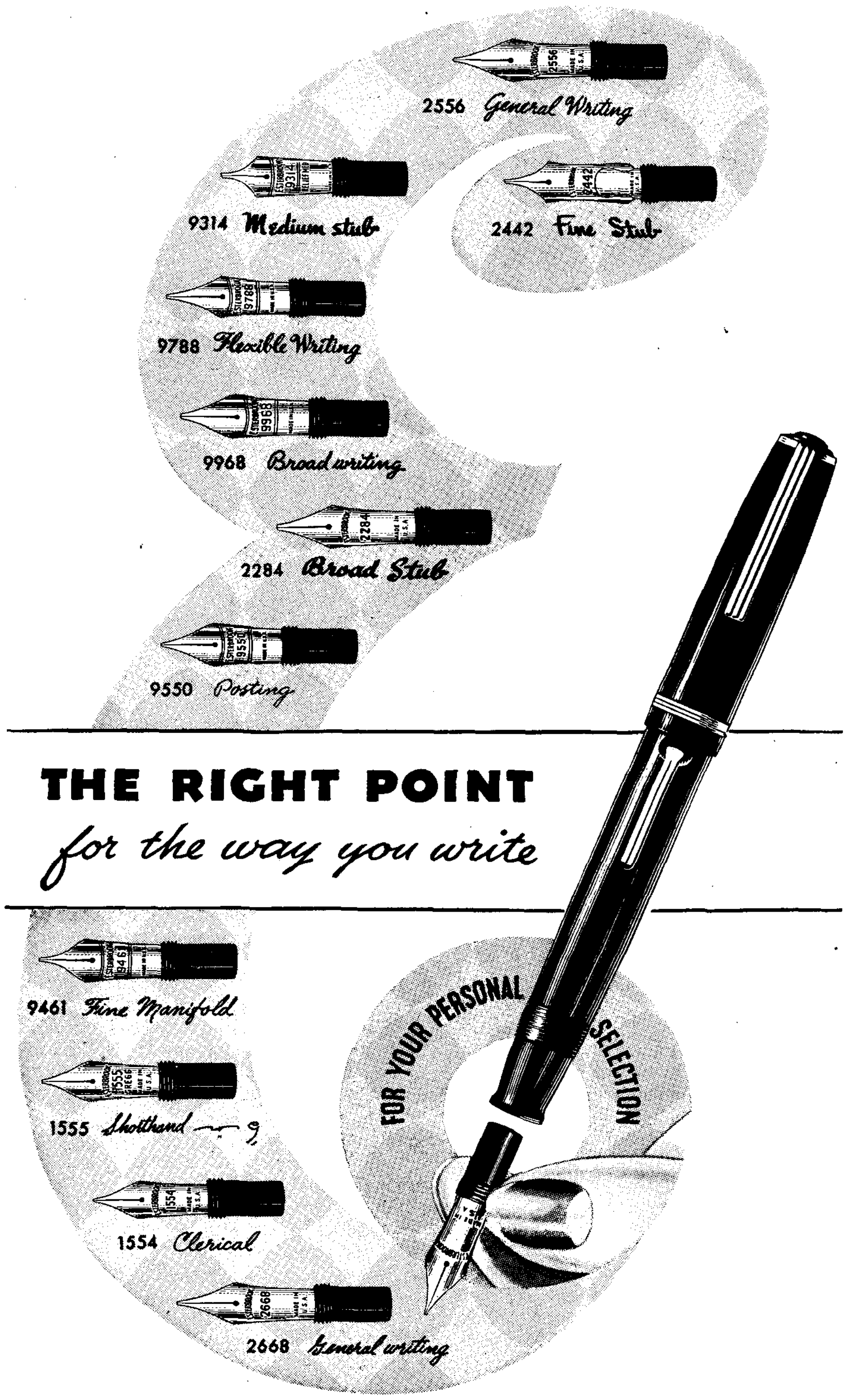
"I have conferred incessantly with many individuals at various points in the theater,

Appointment of Marcel Peyrouton caused an uproar in the Allied press. But the U.S. State Department had a chance to disapprove it and did not do so

INTERNATIONAL

Governor General Boisson of French West Africa was won over after he was shown a wire from Vichy ostensibly okaying all Darlan's deals with Allies

ACME



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and every British and American officer that I have seen is convinced that an early attempt to upset the present arrangement will result disastrously for us. I hope it can be generally understood that the arrangement we have is one made for practical military purposes, and should not be attacked as long as it works at its present efficiency, and until the objects for which this Army was directed to invade Africa have been attained. If the arrangement we have made is broken up now, both governments must be prepared for extensive occupation of this country."

The agreement was finally approved with only a few minor changes, but the waiting period put Admiral Darlan in a dither. General Clark told him bluntly that his Vichy connections amply justified the suspicions of Washington and London, but pointed out that they could be removed by continued proofs of loyalty to the Allied cause. If, for example, he could swing French West Africa into line, it would give the lie to those who had been questioning his good faith.

Greatly cheered by this assurance, Darlan entered at once into direct negotiations with Governor General Pierre Boisson who ruled the whole vast hinterland of French West Africa from his headquarters in Dakar.

Darlan sent Boisson a telegram in which he stated that he had made a satisfactory deal with the Allies and urged Boisson to join with him in getting back into the war. Apparently in view of Vichy assertions at that time that Darlan had been forced to work with the Allies and was not a free agent in the matter, Boisson sent three officers to Algeria to investigate. They conferred with Darlan, then with General Clark and members of his staff. During their conference with Darlan he showed them a telegram from Admiral Auphan, former French Minister of Marine who had just been given command of the fleet at Toulon.

Auphan was a good friend of both Darlan and Marshal Pétain, and his telegram was in a sort of code. Darlan took its message to be, in effect, "Regardless of what I have to say or do here, I am in favor of what you are doing." Whether or not that was the correct interpretation of the message, it sufficed to convince Boisson's three representatives, and they returned to Dakar on November 20th. With them went Darlan's invitation to Boisson to come to Algiers and discuss the matter. On November 23d, word came that Boisson had agreed to join the fight. I had the first word of it, and broke into a conference between Eisenhower and Clark, bawling that Dakar and West Africa were in the bag.

Welcome News for the Allies

And did a shout go up! Not only was Dakar the key to the long stretch of African coast, but in the harbor were three light cruisers, three destroyers, thirteen submarines and the battleship Richelieu, damaged but susceptible to repair. There were also airfields, a strong air force, three commercial docks, a naval lock and a torpedo basin. The naval power and trained ground units were welcome additions to Allied strength, and our possession of Dakar made immediately possible a short air route from the United States to the North African battle fronts. Another important benefit was the use of bases from which to attack the German submarine wolf packs that preyed on our convoys all the way from the Azores to the Cape of Good Hope.

Boisson came up to Algiers, and Robert Murphy, the U.S. State Department representative, and I sat down with him to work out details. There was no doubt as to the veteran's hatred of the Germans and Italians. Aside from building up a substantial naval force, he had made Dakar a safe refuge for planes and pilots escaping from Germany and occupied France.

More than that, German and Italian representatives had been barred from West Africa despite constant pressure from Vichy. "How did I do it?" The tough old Breton beamed as he answered my question. "Blackmail! When I refused, Laval would call me to Vichy. On entering his office I would put my resignation on the desk before him, and explain that I was no longer subject to his orders. He knew that nobody else could keep West Africa in line, and after a lot of screaming and cursing, he would push back my resignation and tell me to get out. I did that twelve times."

Nevertheless, Boisson was a great stickler for *la légalité*, and every point had to be argued over for hours. Finally we got things boiled down to three demands: The Dakar mission must be headed by an American with British members to be added later; the Brazzaville radio, controlled by De Gaullists, must quit attacking him; orders must be given for the release of all Frenchmen held by the British and the De Gaullists in exchange for prisoners he had captured.

We gave our promise that all possible pressure would be put on General de Gaulle and the British, but explained that the Americans were in no position to issue orders. This did not satisfy Boisson, but what looked like an impasse soon straightened out. The Free French gave generous co-operation and word came from London that His Majesty's government authorized Eisenhower to give Boisson all necessary assurances.

Co-operation Plus Action

Boisson, after signing, went the limit in co-operation. General C. R. Smith, then with Air Transport Command and now back on his job as head of the American Airlines, hurried to Dakar from Accra, and in a short while new airfields were in operation, and French planes out on antisubmarine patrol. I flew down from Algiers to give what help I could and, when Vice-Admiral William Glassford arrived with his mission, served temporarily with him as Eisenhower's representative.

But it should be borne in mind that what I have to say about Boisson is based on what he did after he started working with us. He co-operated splendidly—he was always ahead of requirements in helping us. What he did before he started working with us, I don't know. Some say that in 1940 he went to Brazzaville, the Free French headquarters, and agreed to let the De Gaullists into Dakar. But when they attempted to land there in September, they were fired upon and repulsed. About the truth of this, I don't know.

On my return to Algiers from Dakar, I found that all sorts of problems continued to press. Harbors had to be cleared, wharfs, docks and railroads repaired, and the increasing difficulties of supply threatened a suspension of operations in Tunisia. Worse still, the attacks on Darlan continued, and from Washington came the news that President Roosevelt had issued a statement that the deal with the admiral was no more than a "temporary expedient." This led to another emotional flare-up by Darlan that led him to send this letter to General Eisenhower:

"Information coming from various sources tend to give credit to the opinion that I am but a lemon which the Americans will drop after it has been squeezed. . . . As a person, I do not count. I did what I did only because the American government took the solemn engagement to restore French sovereignty in its integrity as it existed in 1939, and because the armistice between Axis powers and France was broken by the occupation of the whole of French metropolitan territory. . . . When French sovereignty is an accomplished fact—and I hope it will be in the least possible time—I firmly intend to go back to civilian life.

"If this is the way I can interpret the declarations attributed to President Roosevelt, according to which an agreement with me can be but a temporary one, I completely agree. But I have, perhaps, the excessive pretension of thinking that, under present circumstances, it is around an association with such men as General Giraud, General Nogues, Governor General Boisson and Admiral Michelier, that Africans can unite for a loyal and confident co-operation with the armies—allies of French forces and the people—a union which forms an essential part of the United States' success in Africa.

"Things being thus, the work of reuniting all Frenchmen, which I am undertaking for a common aim, would be very difficult for me if France's allies were themselves to spread doubt among Frenchmen.”

Again General Eisenhower and General Clark had to take time from their military duties to soothe the admiral's bruised feelings, and did their usual thorough job. One of the results was that Darlan again urged the French fleet at Toulon to fight its way out of the harbor and go to either Algeria or Dakar. He pointed out that there was a strong British naval force, known as Force H, operating in the Mediterranean, which consisted of three battleships, two carriers and several smaller vessels. This force was prepared to come in to Toulon to cover the departure of the fleet. But the French commanders chose to stick to their original plan—to scuttle the fleet rather than let it fall into the hands of the Germans. Most of them did this, although five submarines got away.

It is hard to understand why the French commanders took this decision. Many reasons were given, some of them, no doubt, cogent. The ships had not much fuel, some were of doubtful seaworthiness and probably they had not much ammunition.

The scuttling of the fleet was a blow to our hopes in North Africa, but Darlan immediately redoubled his efforts to win over the naval units in Martinique and Alexandria. Whether out of patriotism or because he had become confident of Allied victory, the admiral put by his prejudices against the British. On December 23d, for example, he gave a luncheon at which British officers were no less honored guests than the Americans.

Bob Murphy, in particular, was toasted time and again, for he had been made our minister a few days before. No man had been more abused for his part in the “shameless dickering” with Darlan, and everybody was delighted at the proof of the administration's confidence in him.

During the meal, Admiral Darlan turned to General Clark, who sat on his right, and remarked, “Tomorrow the Axis press will say that I gave this luncheon because you had a gun at my head.” The general, grinning broadly, replied that if the rest of the courses were as good as what had been served, he would pull a gun every week. Later on, in conversation with Madame Darlan, he mentioned that it would be a fine thing if her son, afflicted with poliomyelitis, could go to Warm Springs, where President Roosevelt had received great benefit, and hinted that the admiral could also go along if he chose.

Darlan overheard him and nodded his head. “Yes,” he said, “it would please me very much to turn everything over to Giraud. He likes it here and I don't.” None of us had any doubt as to the sincerity of his remark. Outlawed by the Vichy government, and hated and rejected by the De Gaullists, the future held nothing for him but unhappiness. Had he lived, it is questionable whether even his services to the Allies would have saved him from arrest and trial. That very afternoon he was killed by an assassin's bullet.

The events leading up to Darlan's assassination, the motives and the people behind them, have never been satisfactorily explained. The known facts are that a 20-year-old youth named Olivier Bonnier de la Chapelle sent one bullet through the admiral's mouth, and a second into his lung, in Darlan's office in the Palais d'Eté about three o'clock on the afternoon of Christmas Eve, 1942.

Bonnier had gained admission to the High Commissariat with a fraudulent identity card in the name of Moran. The admiral's aide, a Commander Hourçade seized Bonnier and held him although Bonnier shot him in the thigh. The assassin was tried by the military court of the Nineteenth Military District. Algeria was then under the “Etat de Siège” a form of martial law that the French always invoke in time of war. He was found guilty and was executed by a firing squad on December 26th.

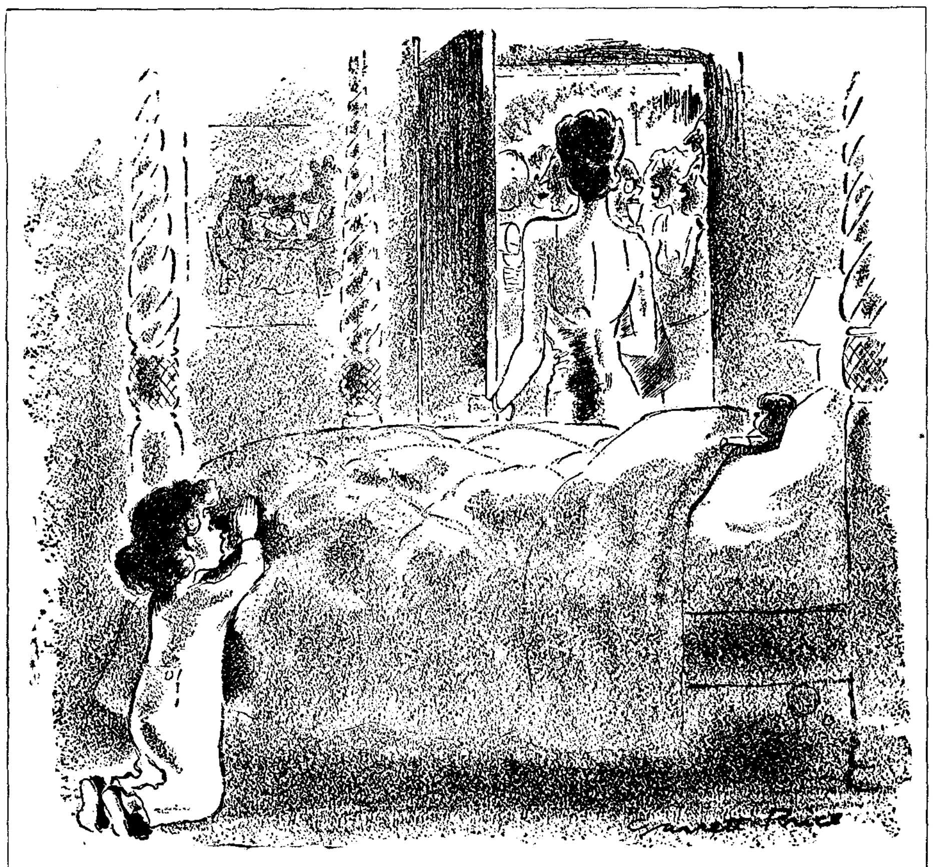
Confession Too Revealing

Reports, which I am unable to verify, have it that Bonnier made two written confessions, the first to Police Commissioner Garinacci, almost immediately after his arrest. The story was that this “confession” was written in anticipation of approval of the killing which he claimed was a patriotic act. This confession was so revealing, the story goes, that Garinacci burned it.

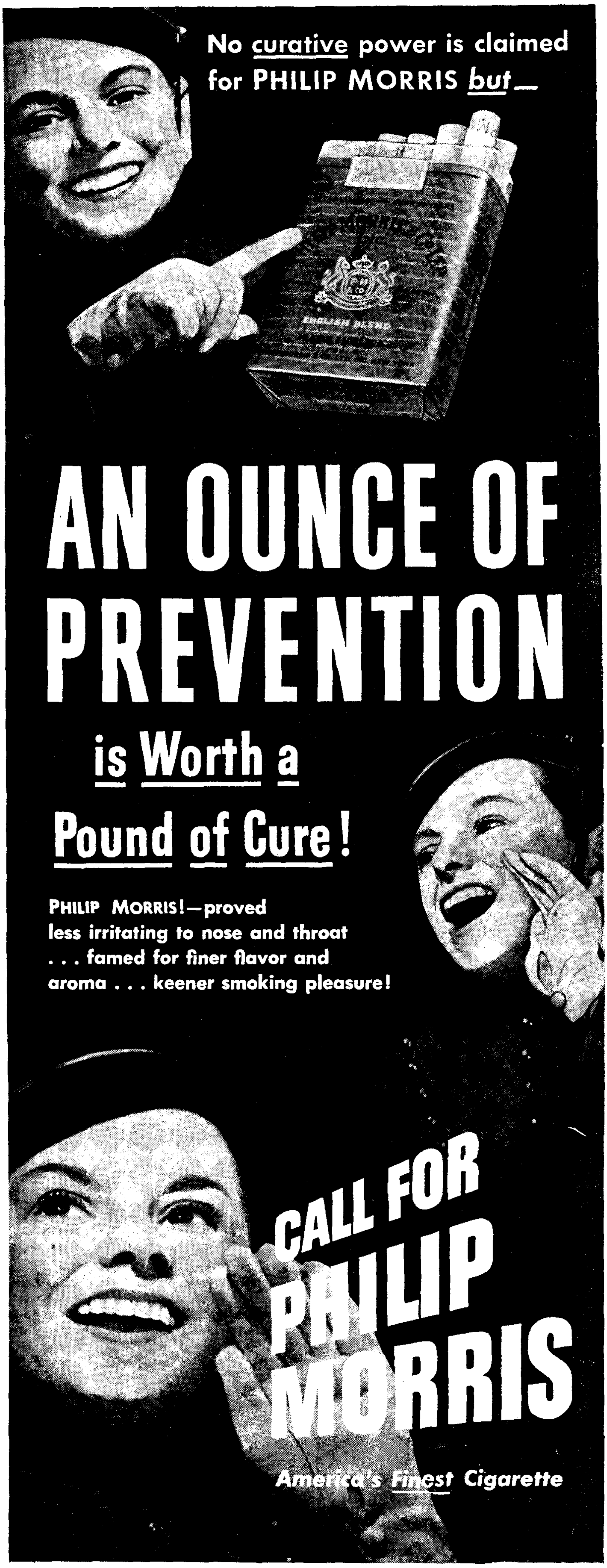
The second confession, it was said, was written on a visiting card, after the sentence, in the presence of the priest who came to administer last rites. This statement was reported to have revealed the existence of a monarchist plot to do away with Darlan and make way for the pretender to the throne of France, Henri d'Orléans, Comte de Paris.

There was no follow-up of the assassination by any organized body of men—nothing more happened. Darlan's death caused apprehension and speculation in Algiers and throughout the world. There were rumors and more rumors. The German and Vichy propaganda machines went into action and General Bergeret, the ranking French official in Algiers made a clumsy public statement inferring that the assassination had been inspired by Axis sources.

General Giraud returned from the Tunisian



COLLIER'S “Now I lay me down to sleep, I hope” GARRETT PRICE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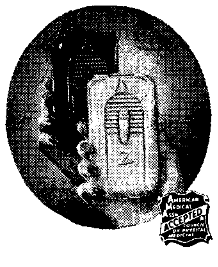

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front. Nogues, Boisson and the others assembled in Algiers, and Giraud was unanimously elected to succeed Darlan. Investigations of the assassination dragged on and finally the matter was apparently closed. There is still a lot of mystery about the affair and if anyone knows the true story he has not told it.

I don't pretend to know what manner of man Darlan really was. Maybe he was a rank opportunist, motivated by personal ambition and without any bone-deep love of country. Maybe better than that, with a genuine patriotism which was, however, handicapped by weakness and lack of moral judgment. Some light may be thrown on a baffling character by a conversation that I had with him some two weeks before his death.

Late one night, General Eisenhower sent me to the admiral's home to have him telegraph certain instructions to General Barre, commander of French troops in Tunisia. He got up out of bed, and after sending the wires, paddled out into the kitchen and brought back a couple of bottles of beer. Hunched in a chair, and drawing away on a big pipe, he launched into a rambling monologue that lasted almost until dawn.

The Darlans, he said, had always been sailormen. A grandfather took part in the battle of Trafalgar. His family had been impoverished by the Napoleonic wars, and as a small boy he remembered his grandmother getting up from the table, folding her napkin, and thanking God for one dinner that the British hadn't robbed them of. Ancient bitternesses, of course, but they had been fanned into new flame by later events, including the naval agreement that the British had signed with the Germans in 1935 without even consulting the French.

Looking back, it was a mistake not to have continued the fight from North Africa, Darlan mused, but things seemed so hopeless. And there were the armistice terms that let France keep her colonies and her fleet. Had he himself not given his word to the British that no ship would ever fall into German hands? And was it not true that the Germans and Italians had never occupied French Africa? And yet the British attacked at Mers-el-Kebir and Dakar.

A Plea for Understanding

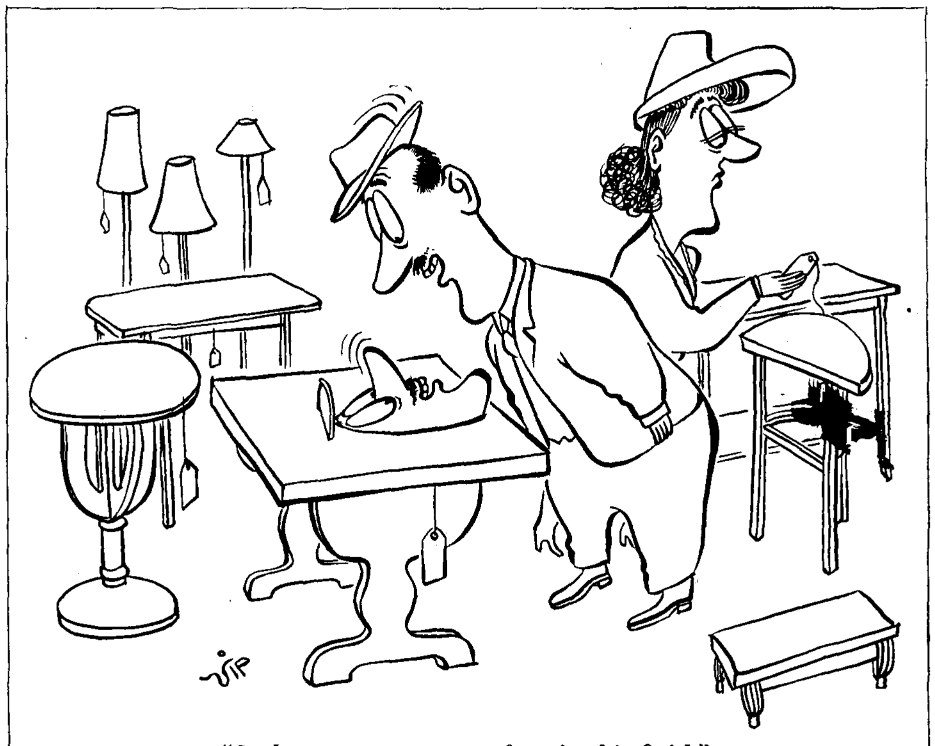
Never at any time had he been a collaborationist in the sinister sense of the word, he said. In the Vichy government he fought Laval, and by his influence with Pétain had been able to prevent many concessions to Hitler. And who was it that turned the whole of French Africa over to the Allies? Had not General Eisenhower publicly admitted that it was none other than Jean François Darlan?

Unity was now the one hope of France. All Frenchmen must come together and stand together. It was for this unity that he was working although he knew that it meant his own elimination. More keenly than anyone else, he realized that any attempt to remain in the political scene meant a continuance of quarrels and division. "But," and these were his last words, "I trust that I *will* be allowed to disappear voluntarily." I left the house with no more certainty as to the real Darlan than before.

Giraud, the new French chieftain, was a simple, sincere veteran and a joy to work with, but his distinguished record did not save him from attack from abroad. In January, for example, we complained about Chatel, Governor General of Algeria, a narrow-minded, nagging sort who did not put enough weight into his share of the war effort. Giraud agreed to dismiss him, but brought up the difficulty of finding an energetic, experienced administrator to take his place. After much discussion, he selected Marcel Peyrouton, who had formerly governed in Morocco, Tunisia and Algiers, but was then Vichy's ambassador to the Argentine, having been forced out of the Vichy government by Laval.

Straightway the appointment was protested in England and the United States as "another betrayal of Allied ideals," and "more shameless dickering with Fascists and reactionaries!" The High Command stood pat, holding to the established policy of noninterference in French administrative affairs except when it became necessary by reason of failure to give complete and wholehearted co-operation in prosecuting the war. Furthermore, since Peyrouton was then in Argentina, it was necessary for the State Department in Washington to approve transportation for him before he could come to North Africa to take the job. The State Department could have prevented the trip; it did not. Once in North Africa, Peyrouton did a good job, particularly in ironing out French troubles with the Arabs.

Later when the Committee of National Liberation was formed, Peyrouton offered his resignation to De Gaulle with the request that he be allowed to take up his reserve commission as a captain in the army. He was allowed to do this and did serve for a time with Fighting French Forces. A short time later he was arrested, together with Boisson and Pierre Etienne Flandin, a former Cabinet minister, and is still being held at the time of writing.



COLLIER'S "Gosh, you can see your face in this finish" VIRGIL PARTCH

On January 14th, President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill arrived in Casablanca for their historic meeting. Military operations, of course, dominated the discussions, and a principal result was the decision to invade Sicily. No less important, however, was the working out of some agreement that would end French factionalism by bringing the London and Algiers groups together. This purpose struck a snag when General de Gaulle refused to come to Casablanca for a meeting with Giraud, but heavy pressure by the Prime Minister forced his hand. At that, it was not until the eighth day of the conference that he presented himself.

The meetings between De Gaulle and Giraud were not very fruitful, and the best that the President and the Prime Minister could get was a promise that they would enter into negotiations for an agreement that would bring about unity of organization and effort for the liberation of France. De Gaulle soon flew back to London, and Giraud returned to Algiers, substituting long-range correspondence for face-to-face talks. As a result, both received advice of doubtful value from the people about them and small differences were exaggerated into major misunderstandings. There was absolutely nothing that the Americans could do about it, for a family row is the most dangerous for outsiders to assist in settling.

It was not until May that a clumsy, makeshift agreement was worked out. The agreement provided for a Committee of National Liberation with the two generals as co-chairmen, sharing the executive power. Giraud was a soldier with no taste for politics and even less aptitude for them.

General de Gaulle, on the other hand, was convinced of the need of a real government-in-exile that would represent the French Empire and not a mere colonial area. All of his great energies were devoted to this purpose, and his singlemindedness and iron will won out. Eventually Giraud resigned as co-chairman, contenting himself with control of the armed forces, but when even this did not end friction, the old warrior withdrew from the field entirely. This led to the formation of a Provisional Government with General de Gaulle as its president, supported by a Consultative Assembly drawn from resistance groups and the old political parties in Metropolitan France.

By this time, however, French internal affairs were not our crucial interest, for we had swept through Tunisia and Sicily, and General Juin and a French army were marching with us in the Italian campaign.

If so forward-looking a man as General Eisenhower had stopped to review a crowded half year, he would have found very little with which to reproach himself.

His directive from the Combined Chiefs of Staff was explicit. It told him to land in North Africa so that Rommel might be taken in the rear, thus securing the entire southern shore of the Mediterranean to be used as a base for future operations against the continent of Europe. By every possible means he was to avoid conflict with the French, holding aloof from their factional quarrels, and interesting himself only in the establishment of friendly relations with whatever French authorities there were, so that our full fighting strength could be thrown into the Tunisian campaign. No directive was ever carried out with greater precision.

What both Eisenhower and Clark thought of Darlan and his associates is very plain when you read the record of the negotiations. Constantly a differentiation is made between them and "friendly" persons. The "shameless dickering" with Darlan, marked by patience, wisdom and rare diplomacy, carried Eisenhower far beyond any mere avoidance of conflict with the French. The whole of French Africa was brought back into the war, saving thousands of lives, and greatly advancing the day of victory.

General Eisenhower's over-all policy was to get on with the war and let the French settle their own internal squabbles as long as they did not interfere with our fighting ability. And that is exactly what happened. Eventually the French set up their own Provisional Government, and when the invasion of Metropolitan France came, that government was able to return and restore order. No other exile government in this war has been able to do this with so little friction. That fact alone seems to me to be a definitive answer to the critics of Eisenhower's North African policy.

THE END

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Murder Haunts the Ship

Continued from page 24

really. . . . Listen, Marcia, that woman's a little wharf rat. Don't let her hurt you like that. I can't—" He tossed the cigarette over the railing, into the fog; he leaned over suddenly, quite near, "I can't bear it," he said and put his arm around her, holding her close, as one might gather up a child. Only then he kissed her; turning her face with his hard cheek, feeling for her lips.

After a long time, time for the world to be remade, time for a ship to go on and on upon its journey, he lifted his face.

The long deep blast of the foghorn sounded, breaking in waves around them, prolonging the moment, holding them both suspended in time and space, searching each other's eyes.

The last echoes dwindled in the fog. He said slowly: "I didn't know I was going to do that. I didn't mean—" he broke off abruptly, and said, "That's not true. I did mean it. I've meant it since I saw you there in the captain's cabin. I've meant it since—" Again he stopped; this time he released her so she lay back against the chair. He got out another cigarette and turned it in his fingers and went on: "So you see I can't let anyone hurt you like that. Besides I don't think he's worth it."

Marcia's breath was uneven; all the stillness inside her had been driven away; she was suddenly and poignantly aware of the smallest details—the level blue-gray eyes of the man sitting on the foot of her chair, his tanned face, the way his black eyebrows curved. The little half-smile on his mouth.

But it was all wrong, confused. This was a *man she did not know. It was* Mickey she loved.

He said again, "Believe me. He's not worth it. I mean—Mickey, André—" He paused and added quite slowly, quite deliberately, "Or whoever he really is."

She'd said Mickey the night before; she remembered it clearly. "Did I call him Mickey? It's a—a nickname—"

"I see." He looked at the cigarette in his hand and said, "Do you want me to find him now, and tell him to come here?"

She took a long breath. "Yes—please."

HE WAITED a moment as if to give her a chance to change her mind; then briskly he got up. "All right. I'll not be long," he said briefly and walked rapidly away.

She watched his tall figure, the coat swinging, striding along the deck into the fog. He turned abruptly at some door and went into the ship without looking back.

The fog, after he'd gone, seemed to come closer.

It was extremely quiet there on the deserted deck; probably, she thought, the decks were forbidden to patients that day owing to the fog. The white planks were slippery and wet, the brass and metal glistened with moisture.

She wondered where Josh Morgan would find Mickey and what she would say—and why she had let Josh Morgan undertake such an errand. And when she heard footsteps coming slowly along the deck she looked up quickly, thinking it was Mickey.

It was, however, Luther Cates. He looked tired and ill, with heavy pouches under his faded blue eyes and a purplish tinge to his lips, but he smiled when he saw that she was looking at him and hastened to join her.

"Hello," he said. "Not down at lunch?"

Again she said she did not want lunch. He sighed and leaned against the bulkhead looking somehow extraordinarily concave because of his thinness and the loose bulk of the borrowed Army overcoat he wore. "I hear there was some excitement last night," he said. "I got back to our cabin just after you'd gone. Found André all banged up." He looked at her sharply and anxiously. "Are you all right?"

"Yes—"

"I can't *imagine*—" he broke off to cough and then got out cigarettes and offered them to her. His hands were thin and unsteady as they held a match for her. He lighted his own cigarette and went on: "Daisy Belle told me all about it, too, this morning. Marcia, you couldn't have just imagined that attack on you—could you?"

She shook her head and, watching her, he said apologetically, "No, no, I'm sure you couldn't have. But it seems so inexplicable somehow. I don't understand why anybody would want to attack you. Do you have any possible explanation for it?"

Again she shook her head and again rather apologetically he answered for her, "No, I'm sure you can't have. But it—" he rubbed his eyes wearily, "it makes no sense. Who was it? Who was it that knocked out André—and why? Of course, he says he's not sure whether anybody hit him or not. But it seems *reasonable to think* that somebody did. I suppose he might know more than he's admitting—"

THERE was a question in his hesitation. Marcia said quickly, "He doesn't know what happened. He thinks he may have slipped. I'm sure if he knew anything about it he'd tell the captain."

"Well," said Luther, rubbing his eyes again, "I think so too. The captain naturally thinks it was somebody from the Lerida, if it was anybody. I mean," he amended quickly, "I believe you; I know you. He seems a little skeptical. However, he had me up this morning to question me. I think I convinced him that I hadn't gone around all night bopping my friends." He laughed and then coughed *again, and Marcia unwillingly, yet irresistibly* driven by some impulse she would not have wished to name, said, "How did you convince him?"

"By having been in the engine room with his first officer all the time the ruckus was taking place, apparently," said Luther with another thin chuckle. "Daisy Belle prowled the ship, she says, looking for me. She was furious; bless her. She thought I ought to have been in bed. But it was warm down there, and worth the climb up again; but then I'm all right if I take things slowly. I'm crazy about engines," said Luther. "Always have been. I might have done something about it if I hadn't had so much money. Oh, well," he sighed, "you can't live life twice. I suppose I'd go along exactly the same way if I had it to do over again. Only next time I'd pick a better heart and a better pair of lungs. Not," he added hurriedly, "that I've *anything to complain about.* Well, well, I'll just go along and get a bit of exercise, before Daisy Belle catches me and sends me inside." His tone, though, warmed, as it always did, when he spoke of Daisy Belle; he gave another thin chuckle, which again turned into a cough. "See you—" he said and started back along the deck again. Marcia gratefully watched him go.

So Daisy Belle had prowled the ship looking for him. That explained the dampness on her coat, it gave her an alibi which to Marcia at least was very real and complete, for Daisy Belle cared for Luther as if he were a child; she was loving, stern and indefatigable. And in speaking to Marcia, she had, in all likelihood, never even thought of mentioning so usual and probably so brief an errand.

Marcia's own short return to the cabin on B deck had happened to coincide with Daisy Belle's search for Luther. That was all. It might not have satisfied the captain; it did satisfy Marcia.

As for Gili—Gili was unpredictable, she was emotional, she could twist this way or that, like a cat, without the slightest warning. The only thing to do was to put everything Gili had said out of her mind.

Even what she had said of Mickey. Everything about it was absurd and confused and—and all wrong.

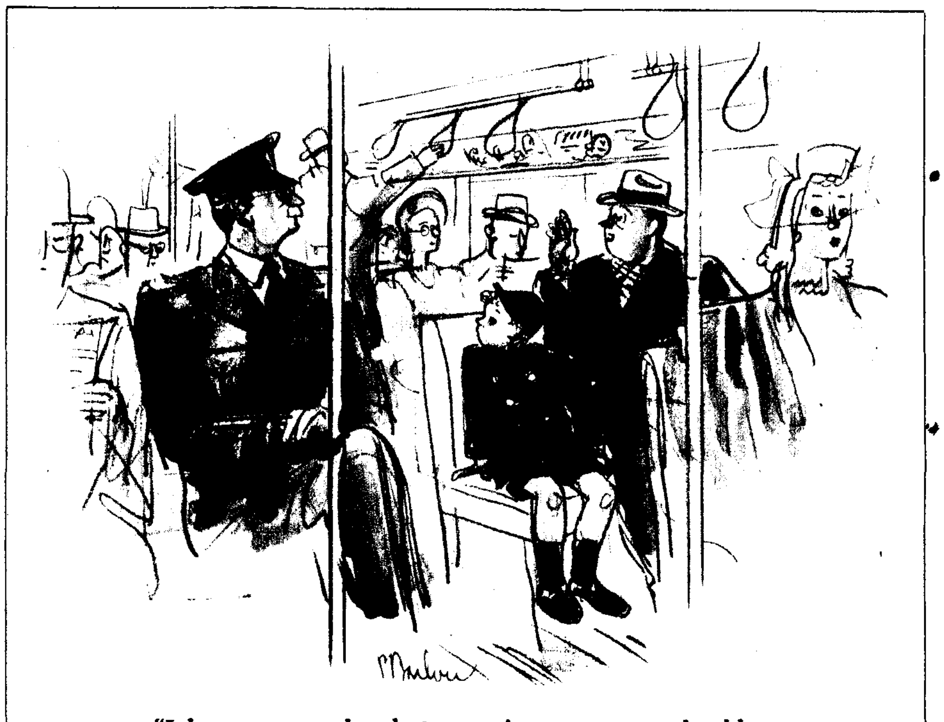
At least something somewhere was wrong. Something outside emotion; something within another province—as if a small segment of a familiar picture had been turned askew, placed inaccurately, so all at once the whole picture was rather puzzling and strange.

She tried to seek out that obscurely wrong piece, pin it down, decide exactly how it was wrong, but she could not. It was too nebulous a glimpse, too tenuous an impression . . .

THE fog seemed thicker and darker; even the sky seemed to press down blackly, *smothering the ship, and the foghorn sounded* again, roaring all around, isolating the ship in sound as she was already isolated in fog. Mickey did not come back. Josh did not come back. Considerable time actually must have passed. And suddenly Marcia didn't like the empty, cold deck, and the fog, and the deep waves of sound crashing upon her ears. Inside the busy ship were lights and warmth and people; she rose and then saw that someone was standing on the deck, leaning against the railing—a patient, obviously, for he was wearing a long red bathrobe.

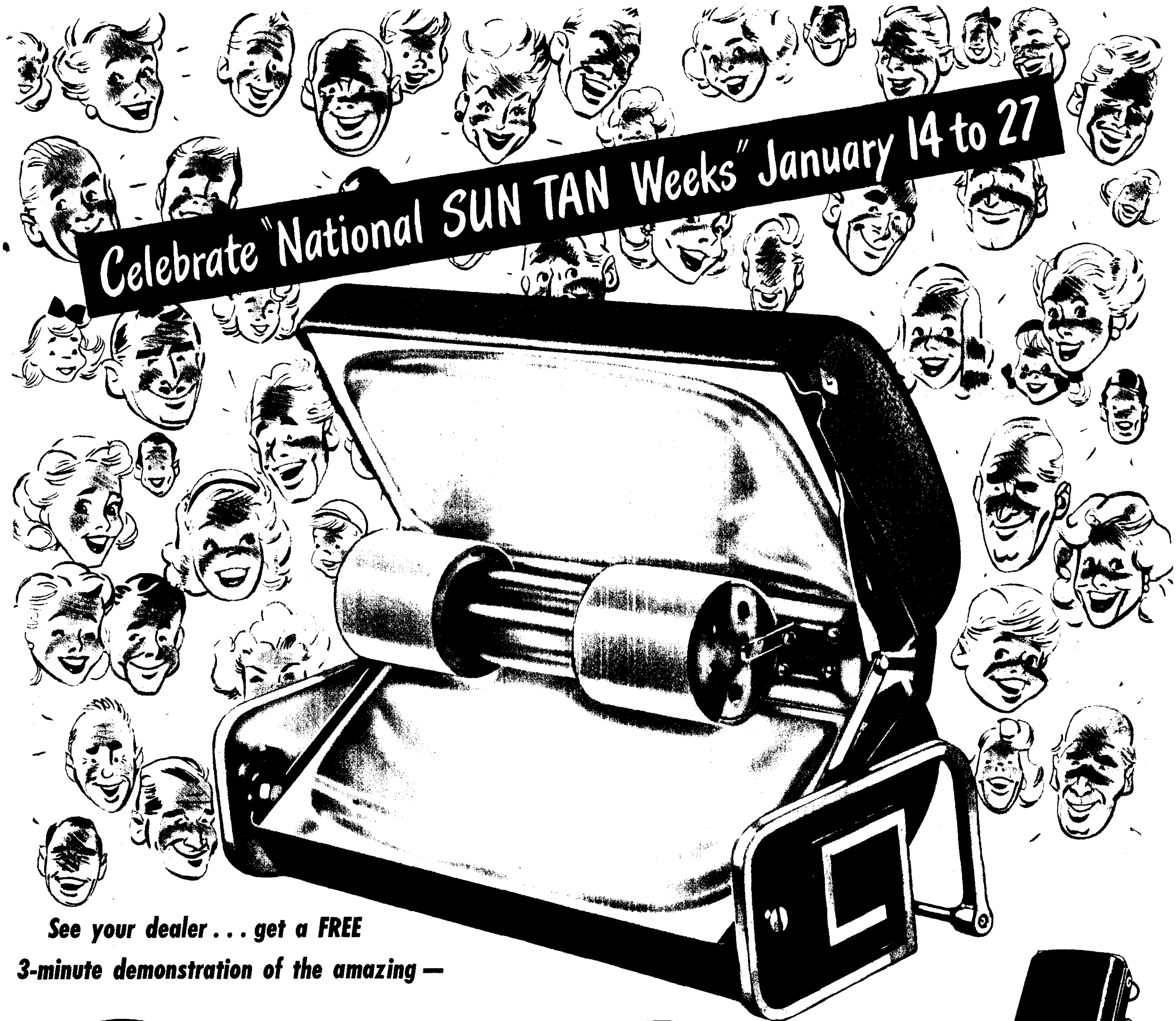
Apparently he had only then come out on deck; she'd have to pass him to re-enter the ship by the same door from which she had come. She looked along the deck in the other direction, orienting herself.

She was on the upper boat deck, on the same level with the captain's quarters. In order to reach her own cabin she'd have to go *to the next deck below.* Only a short distance away from her toward the right was a stairway which must lead downward to that deck. She glanced again at the man in the red bathrobe and as she did so he turned a little and



"I beg your pardon but—er—it seems your shoulder patch is one my son doesn't have in his collection . . ."

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW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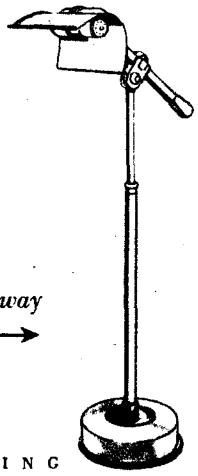


she could see the glimmer of white bandages about his head.

She did not wish to meet his look; she did not wish to pass him. It was an obscure yet urgent impulse; she turned abruptly toward the open stairway leading to the deck below.

The foghorn stopped and all its clashing echoes died away. The small thud of her heels seemed very loud in the sudden silence. She felt that the man at the railing was watching her; without definable reason she hastened her steps so as to pass quickly out of his range of vision.

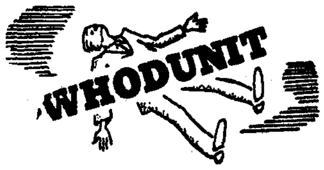
The deck below seemed deserted, too. She reached the last, wet black step and turned sharply around the stairway.

But the deck was not deserted; it was instead horribly inhabited.

Marcia stopped, holding the railing. The foghorn began again so waves of sound broke over the deck, shaking the ship and all the impenetrable gray world about her with dreadful tumult. It kept on sounding while Marcia stood, looking down at the dark, swarthy little man who lay with his eyes no longer suspicious and wary but blankly open, staring upward. He was Manuel Para and his throat had been cut.

A very long time seemed to have passed when suddenly she knew that someone was coming down the stairway immediately above her, following the steps her feet had taken. She looked up. It was a man in a red bathrobe; she could see him and he had no face but only white bandages with holes for eyes.

And it was strange, she thought in some remote level of awareness, that there was something familiar about the way he moved down the steps toward her. It was almost as if she knew him. . . .



By Suspect One
It's never Dun.
Suspect Two
Is never Who.

Three, Four, Five—
And down the list,
In turn are fancied,
Then dismissed.

The Culprit's some
Innocuous lunk
Of whom you've never
Even thunk.

—ETHEL JACOBSON

THE foghorn stopped, the patient in the red bathrobe had in a swift second or two come nearer, and Marcia turned and ran.

She screamed, too, without intending to do so but no one could hear for the foghorn sounded again. Waves of sound, lost and despairing and lonely, shook the ship and echoed from the fog, drowning her voice, submerging all existence like a nightmare, in its own confusion.

But it was not really a nightmare; she reached a companionway and whirled into the lighted ship. Two nurses in smart little caps seemed to float out of the lights, and said things to her and, instantly, it seemed to her there were people and voices everywhere.

The scene dissolved and shifted, again like a dream; she was in a small office. She was in an armchair with chintz cushions; a metal filing cabinet stood in a corner. A nurse with captain's bars on her collar was beside her, saying, "Now, now. It's all right—now, now."

But it wasn't all right; someone came to the door and opened it a few inches and whispered to the nurse. Marcia watched her pretty young face lose its color, turn pinched and white. She cried, "Who was it? It can't be! *Murder—*"

The whispers at the door stopped. The young nurse closed the door and went to sit at the desk as if the position reinforced her. She said stiffly, "It's true. He was one of the seamen—Manuel Para. From the Lerida."

She looked at Marcia and after a moment said, "You are cold. I'll get you something hot." Suddenly she was gone.

Why was Manuel Para murdered?

Marcia closed her eyes and immediately it was as if she were in the pitching, little lifeboat again, going down, down, down into darkness and destruction. . . .

A long time must have passed when the door opened at last, and it was Josh Morgan. He lifted her up and held her against him. "Marcia, Marcia—"

He seemed to know all that she was feeling. He put his cheek down against her face and held her until her breath came evenly; until the warmth of his embrace had shut out the cold of the lifeboat.

"All right now?" he said at last. "I ought not to have left you alone."

He had gone to find Mickey; suddenly she remembered that, and Gili and everything that had gone before. She could see Gili's slanting, triumphant green eyes and smiling red lips, and the soft golden shimmer of Mickey's cigarette case.

Josh said, "I didn't find André. He wasn't in his cabin. I looked and—Marcia, what happened? Was anyone with you when you found Para?"

She wouldn't think of Gili now. She replied, "No. Except the patient. He was there by the railing. He followed me down the stairs."

He put her away from him sharply, his hand gripping her shoulder. "*Who* followed you down the stairs? Tell me everything."

BUT there was not much, really, to tell. A patient leaning against a railing; a dead man on the deck below; the patient descending the steps above her. She hesitated and added, "I thought for a moment that I knew him. But I couldn't have known him. And I screamed and ran—"

He held her suddenly tighter. "That was what I *told you to do. Run and yell like hell* and— Listen, Marcia, what was there about him that you recognized?"

"Not anything, really. There couldn't have been! His face and head were bandaged. It was all so quick and confused. I can't be sure of anything."

"But it was a man? You are sure it wasn't—well, Gili? Or Daisy Belle Cates?"

She hadn't thought of that.

And had the patient with the bandages over his face actually been one of the Lerida survivors? Had he murdered Manuel Para? The red-clothed, faceless figure had filled her with a strange alarm. Could it be that a primitive sense of danger outside herself had intervened to warn her?

Josh Morgan was so white that he looked gray; he said, "We'll go to the captain."

Again the scene suddenly dissolved into another. They left the little office and were in the narrow passageway, climbing stairs, hurrying through the ship.

A ship that was subtly different.

Only the wards were unchanged: brightly lighted, cheerful, invincibly protected; it was as if they were sanctuary; they had an entity apart from the rest of the ship; the fact of murder could not touch them.

But the news of the murder had gone like wildfire over the rest of the ship, and there was already a hubbub of swift and controlled activity; groups of men, transportation officers and staff, accompanied by seamen who were not then on duty, searched the vessel, leaving no inch of hiding place unexplored.

Twice on the stairway to the upper deck Marcia and Josh passed such groups, hurrying and intent, with revolvers in holsters strapped around their waists.

They reached the door of the captain's quarters, and it opened and Mickey started out, saw them and stopped.

"Marcia!" He was pale and excited. He

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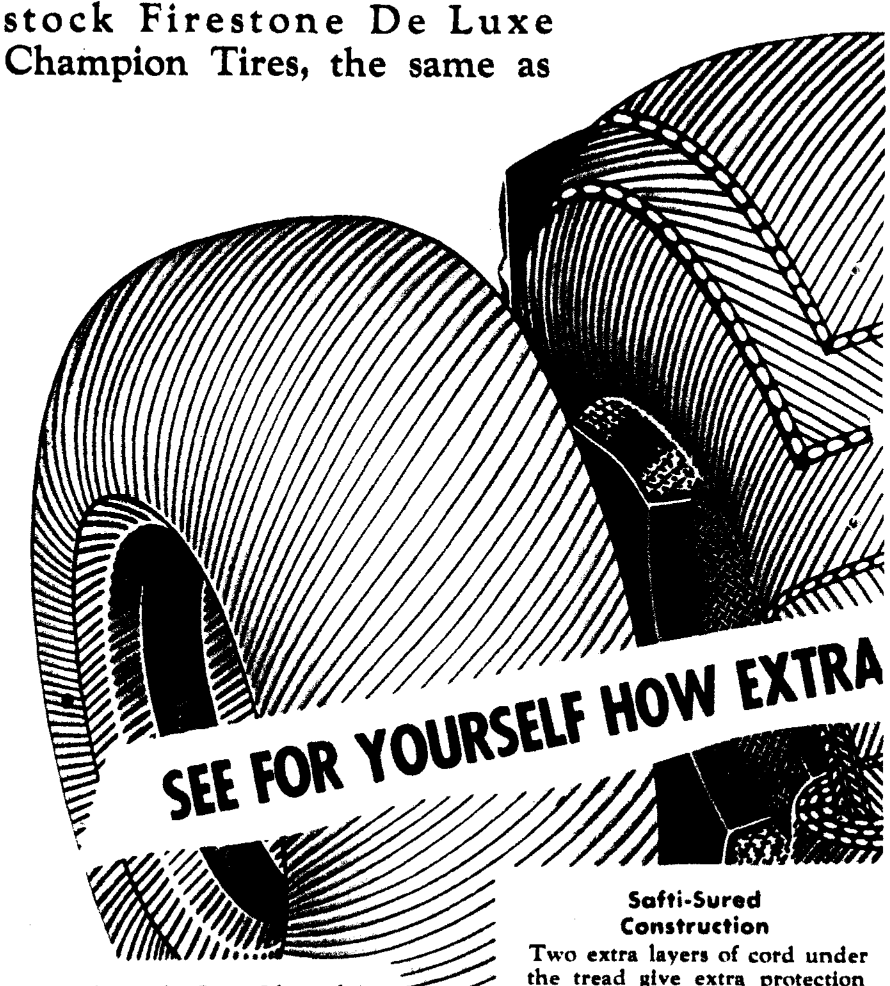
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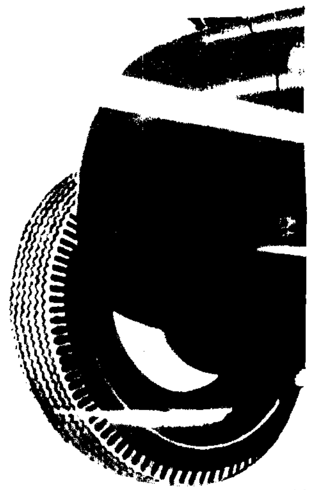

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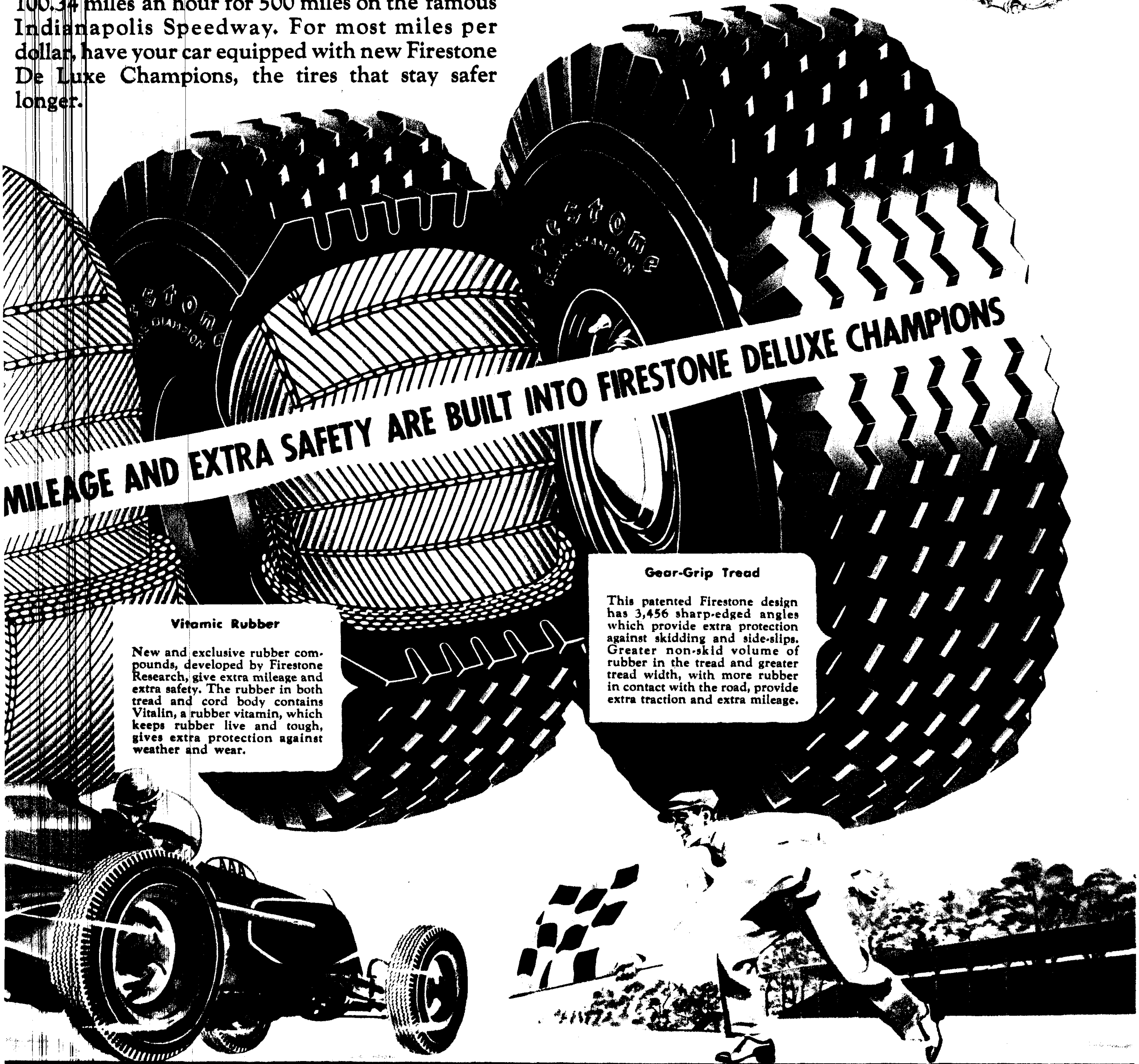
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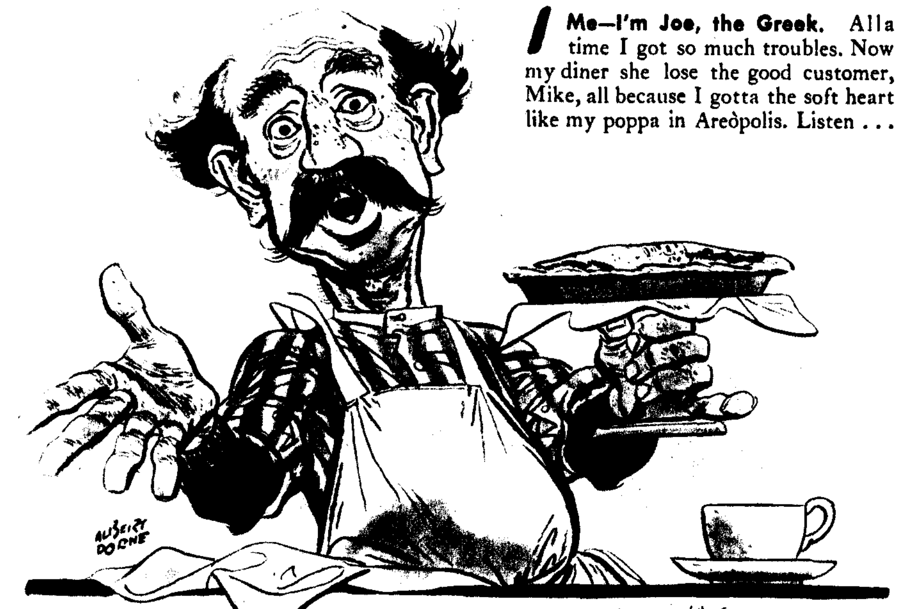
AND MILEAGE PROVED ON THE SPEEDWAY FOR YOUR PROTECTION ON THE HIGHWAY

How to stoppa the gamble and keepa the love —



1 Me—I'm Joe, the Greek. Alla time I got so much troubles. Now my diner she lose the good customer, Mike, all because I gotta the soft heart like my poppa in Areòpolis. Listen . . .

2 Every nights, Mike, he stop late after pinochles for 3 beeg hunka pie. For pies we got opples, pitches, stromberries, and coconots. Mike, he like coconots best, and LOTSA coffee. But Mike, he's worry me—

3 He's got the beeg bags under the eyes. He say, "That's the troubles with me, Joe, it's the coffee. I love—but the caffein won't let me sleep. So I stay out nights. Gamble away the pay."

4 Me, Joe—I'm soft in the heart. I say, "Soon your wife getsa mad—you losa the love. You take the coffee who'sa name Sanka—she's got 97% freedoms from caffeins. She letsa you sleep lika tops."

5 Mike, he say, "Joe—this Sanka Coffee, does she taste good?" Me, I tell Mike, "She's *delicious* flavors—and for the smell . . . she's *beautiful*." So Mike, he tells the wife to buy the Sanka.

6 Now Mike sleep like angels . . . he stay home nights. He say, "Joe, you palsy. I stoppa the gamble in time to keepa the love." For Mike I'm happy . . . but for me, always 3 beeg hunka coconots pies left over.

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took her hand and drew her toward him. "Marcia, where have you been? Are you all right? I tried to find you—"

Behind him Captain Svendsen said, "Come in, Colonel Morgan. And you, Miss Colfax."

Colonel Wells, the medical officer in command, was there too. The room was shadowy except for a light on the desk which threw the captain's weary, weathered face into sharp relief. "I was about to send for you, Miss Colfax," he said. "Tell me exactly what happened."

So again she told her story. When she had finished, the captain and Colonel Wells exchanged a long look.

"There is a patient with a bandaged face on this trip, isn't there, Colonel?"

Colonel Wells cleared his throat. "Right. He's Navy—an enlisted man. If I remember the case correctly, his face is burned. He was on a destroyer which was torpedoed. He got the burns—bad facial burns and paralyzed throat muscles—swimming through oil that was on fire."

"I think I've seen him on deck."

"He's ambulatory; nothing the matter with him except his face and throat. He'll eventually get a plastic and skin-grafting job. . . . However, he ought not to have been on deck today. No deck privileges were granted, owing to the fog. And—" Colonel Wells cleared his throat again. "And besides it may not have been he. There are hundreds of red bathrobes; and I suppose if anyone wished to, he could get hold of some gauze and wrap up his face. It would be—an excellent disguise. For a man or for a woman."

The captain's eyes were like pins of light, impaling Marcia. "Was it a man or was it a woman?"

"I thought then that it was a man. I suppose it could have been a woman."

"You didn't recognize him? Or her?"

"N—no."

"You are not sure. Was there anything familiar about him? His height? The way he walked? The way he carried his arms?"

"I don't know. I don't know anything about him. Except that he was there."

"Have you seen the patient Colonel Wells mentioned?"

She had seen hundreds of patients. She could not have identified one of them in any way but she could not remember any whose face was bandaged except the figure on the stairway. She said so quickly. Captain Svendsen made a brusque move of impatience and Colonel Wells moved to the telephone. "I'll check on this man," he said. They listened to his terse questions. He said finally, "Tell him to report to the captain's quarters at once. Send his medical record along with him—right, Lieutenant."

HE HUNG up the receiver and turned toward them. "His name is Jacob Heinzer; he's not in a ward—he's in one of the cabins. Ambulatory, as I say, and perfectly able to take care of himself. Matter of fact, I've never even seen his face; the present bandages won't be removed until he gets to the surgeon. But aside from that he's all right. However—" Colonel Wells looked out into the fog again for a moment and said, "If he was there on the stairway, why didn't he report the murder? He must have seen Para—he must have seen Miss Colfax. And what happened to him? I got there as soon as it was reported to me; it couldn't have been over five minutes. He wasn't there then; I'm sure of that. Of course in five minutes on a ship anybody can get anywhere, almost. But still—I cannot help thinking of the ease of assuming that particular disguise—a red bathrobe—gauze. Every patient on board has a red bathrobe. They were issued to the Lerida survivors also; men and women alike. As to the gauze—" The colonel shrugged. "That should not be difficult either."

The captain's bleached eyebrows were drawn somberly together. "What about the knife? No weapon was found; it could have been thrown in the sea. It doubtless was."

"From the wound I'd say it was a sizable knife. Not a pocketknife. But that could not have been taken from any of the surgeries or dispensaries," said Colonel Wells flatly. "That is impossible. The cases are sterile and locked."

The captain sat down; he looked thoughtfully at his red, strong hands. "We'll have to try to establish the approximate time of the murder. You examined the body, Colonel?"

"Right. But I can't say to the minute when he was murdered, Captain. I'd say he'd been dead not much over an hour, certainly more than half an hour, at the time I looked at the body. That was immediately after the murder was reported. But that is only an approximate, as to time."

"That's over an hour's leeway," said the captain. "It's a wide margin of time, on a ship, with people coming and going constantly." He turned again to Marcia. "How long were you on the boat deck, before you found Para?"

"I don't know exactly. I went there directly from here."

HE GLANCED at a watch strapped on his thick red wrist. "That must have been about two hours ago. It has been nearly an hour since the murder was reported. . . . According to Colonel Wells then, Para might have been murdered during the time you were on the boat deck. But surely Para could call for help; surely he would struggle. It seems incredible, Miss Colfax, that you, sitting on the deck directly above, heard nothing."

"There was the foghorn," said Josh suddenly. "It drowned every other sound. I was on the boat deck, too; talking to Miss Colfax—"

"When?" said the captain.

Josh told him, quickly. He wasn't sure about the time. But he had met Miss Colfax and Miss Duvrey; Miss Duvrey had gone inside, he and Miss Colfax had strolled aft, he had got out a steamer chair for her; they had talked a while.

"Where did you go then?"

"Inside. I was, in fact, in the officers' lounge when I heard of the murder."

The captain eyed him thoughtfully for a moment and then turned back to Marcia. "You talked to Miss Duvrey while on deck, and to Colonel Morgan. Anyone else?"

"No. That is—" She'd forgotten Luther; she amended it. "Luther came along—"

The captain seized upon it instantly: "Luther Cates? Where had he come from? The deck below?"

"He was walking around the boat deck; I saw him come toward me."

"From what direction?"

"Forward."

"How long did he talk to you?"

"A few minutes. Five or ten."

"Where did he go?"

"Along the deck, aft."

"How long was this before you discovered Para?"

"Perhaps—twenty minutes. I wasn't thinking of the time. It may have been longer."

The captain surged impatiently upward to the telephone. "I want Mr. Luther Cates. Announce it over the P.A. Right. Yes, here in my quarters." He sat down again heavily.

Colonel Wells said, "We'll have to investigate everybody's movements for at least an hour, Captain, if we hope to establish any alibis. Frankly, it seems to me an impossible undertaking. The murder was a perfectly simple and quick affair. Anybody could have done it and escaped notice. The decks were deserted on account of the fog. The foghorn covered any sounds of struggle or calls for help. The time limit is elastic. To attempt to establish alibis for nearly a thousand people seems to me"—he shrugged.

"Six," said the captain bluntly, "would satisfy me. Six—"

Again Marcia's thought touched them all, listing them: herself and Mickey, Gili, Luther and Daisy Belle Cates. And now the remaining Portuguese, Urdiola. . . .

Someone knocked on the door, and it was a patient in a red bathrobe, with bandages over his face and head concealing it entirely. A nurse was with him.

There was another moment of silence in the cabin; then the captain said, "Come in, Heinzer, come in— Now then, Miss Colfax, can you identify this man?"

The nurse, her young face puzzled, gave the patient a little push forward and he walked slowly into the middle of the cabin and stood there, seeming puzzled and uncertain himself, apparently surveying them all with that hidden, shadowed gaze. Marcia, her heart hammering, watched him. What had the captain said—his height, the way he walked, the way he carried his arms?

But here there was nothing. He could have been the figure on the stairway; he could have been anybody and anything. He was completely anonymous.

She shook her head. "I can't tell. There's nothing—"

The captain leaned back in his chair, his mouth grim. "All right," he said. "Take him away. Will you question him outside, Colonel?"

The colonel moved forward and held out his hand for the thick envelope which contained the patient's medical record, which the nurse gave him. She put her hand then again on the arm of the tall figure in red; again it seemed to move slowly and uncertainly, still puzzled, still mute. They reached the door, the little procession of nurse, patient, doctor, and suddenly the patient seemed to try to speak and question; there was a hoarse rasping whisper of sound, his hands moved. The nurse urged him into the passage; the door closed behind the colonel's erect, uniformed shoulders. And Marcia thought sickly: I can't tell; I don't know. And if it wasn't this man, then it was one of us.

Her heart was still pounding; again everyone in the cabin looked at her.

"It could be this man?" said the captain.

"Y-yes. I suppose so. Yes."

"Or it could have been someone else?"

"Yes."

AGAIN he waited for a moment, hunched forward, staring thoughtfully at his hands. Then he surged upward again to the telephone.

"There's only one course for me to follow," he said. "This is my ship. I cannot take chances with lives under my protection. But as much for the safety of the Lerida survivors as for other reasons, I'm putting every person from the Lerida under guard."

He took down the telephone. But Marcia did not hear his orders for she was thinking again of the inexorable link of circumstance that seemed to hold the survivors of the ill-fated and ill-found little Portuguese ship together. It was like a chain, it was like a rope. From which one of them might hang.

Josh moved to light another cigarette, Mickey stared down at the rug. Colonel Wells returned as the captain put down the receiver.

He closed the door and advanced briskly into the cabin. "The patient's name is Jacob Heinzer. He's a naturalized American citizen, thirty years old, born in Argentina of French parents, living in New York since he was twenty." He put the medical record down on the table near the captain. "He says he knew nobody from the Lerida; he only knew that some survivors had been picked up. He says he was not on deck at any time during the day. He says he was alone in his cabin and knew nothing of the murder until I told him. . . . Here's his record if you want to look at it."

The captain glanced at the envelope and then up at the colonel. "Do you believe him?"

The colonel shrugged. "I don't know. I have no reason not to believe him."

"That is not an alibi," said Mickey suddenly.

He had been silent so long that everyone turned quickly toward him.

"No," said the captain. "No. That's not an alibi. Do you know anybody by that name?"

Mickey shook his head. "Not to my knowledge. Certainly he would have had no motive in attacking me and Marcia. Unless it's a case of war nerves—a brainstorm—something like that."

"Is that possible, Colonel?" asked the captain.

Again Colonel Wells shrugged. "Anything's possible. He seems all right to me, however. Except for his burns."

Again the captain pinioned Marcia with his sharp, shrewd eyes: "How about you, Miss Colfax? Ever heard that name before?"

She replied much as Mickey had done: "Not so far as I know. Certainly I cannot think of any motive that anybody might have for trying to murder me."

Josh stirred suddenly. "Captain," he said, "if I may interrupt—"

"Yes, Colonel Morgan?"

"Obviously the person on the stairway either wished to be seen and thus reported by Miss Colfax, or intended to murder her. If the former, it must have been a disguise. If the latter, she is in very definite danger."

Colonel Wells said slowly, "So she would report it. So that a man in a red bathrobe and bandages would be suspected, you mean, instead of the real murderer?"

Josh nodded; the captain said shortly, "We'd better put Jacob Heinzer under guard too, Colonel. And now then—"

There was a knock at the door and he said impatiently, "Come in—come in."

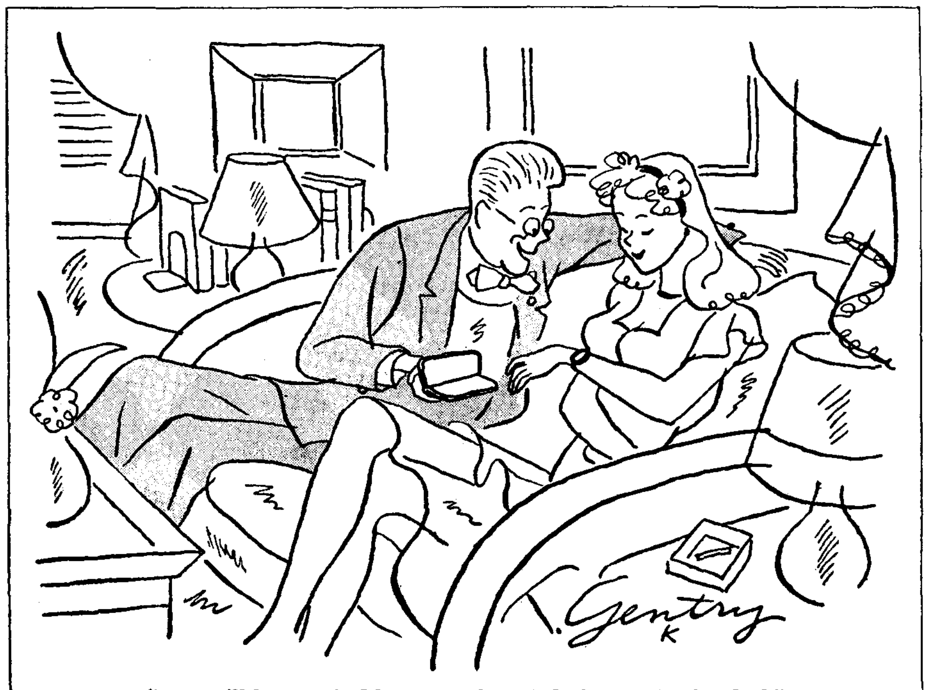
It was Luther, his faded eyes anxious. "Somebody said you wanted to see me, Captain."

"Close the door. Now then—one of the Lerida seamen, Manuel Para, has been murdered."

"Yes, I know." Luther glanced at Marcia and smoothed his scant hair nervously. "It must have happened about the time we were talking— Do you know who did it, Captain?"

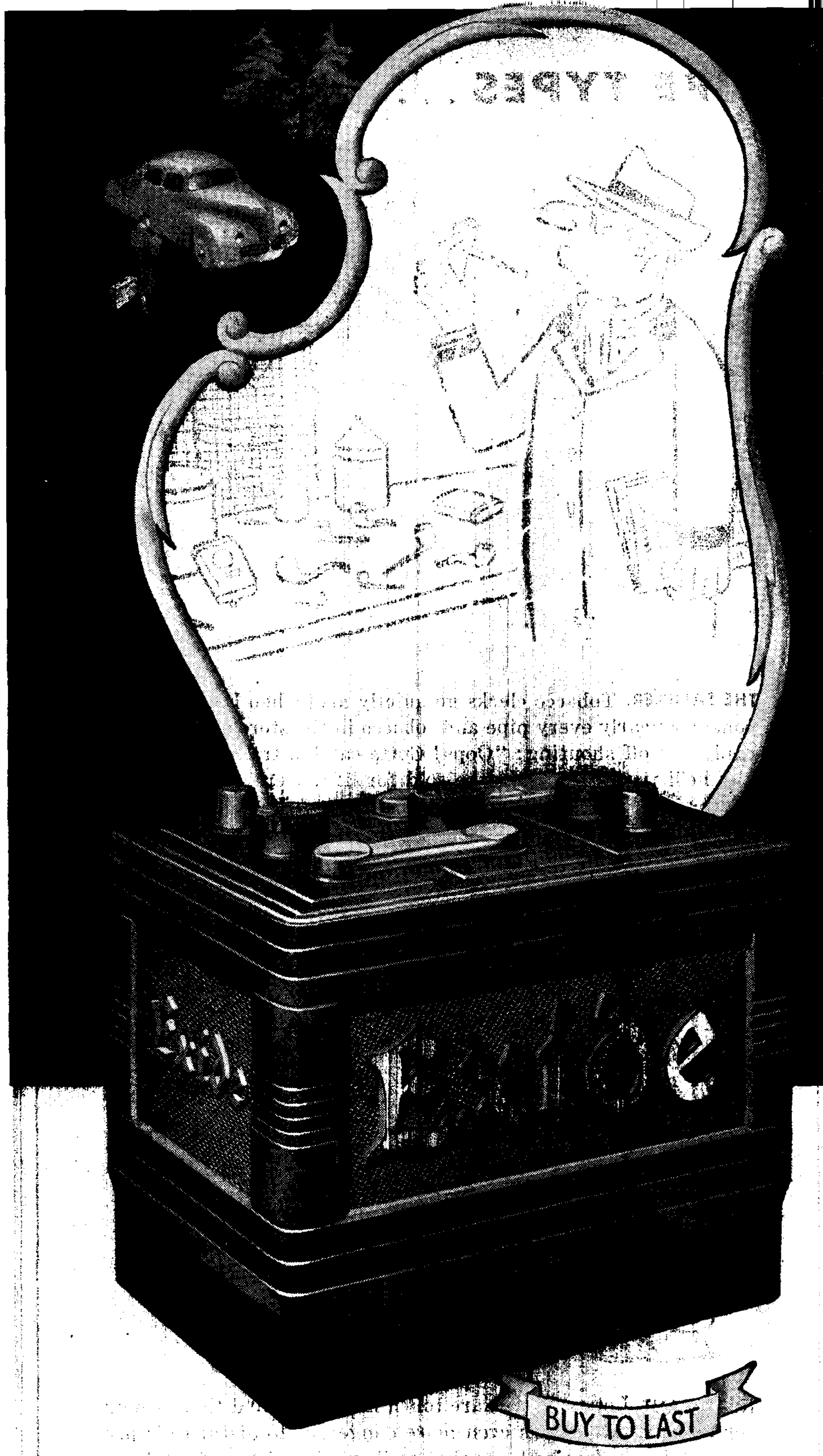
"That," said the captain bluntly, "is why I sent for you. You were on deck about that time. Did you see Para?"

"Either alive or dead?" An obscure twinkle came into Luther's faded eyes for an instant and vanished. "No," he said soberly. "After I spoke to Miss Colfax, I walked on around the deck and then inside the ship. I was lounging around the lobby of the upper deck—the deck which I suppose you call the



"Now I'll bet you'd like to see how it lights up in the dark"

COLLIER'S THURSTON GENTRY



PIPE TYPES..... by cobean

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CASK-MELLOWED EXTRA LONG FOR EXTRA FLAVOR

boat deck; at any rate where the life rafts and lifeboats are mainly located — when I heard of the murder." He hesitated and then lifted his stooped yet somehow elegant shoulders in a brief shrug. "I have no alibi, Captain, if that is what you want."

"It would help," said Captain Svendsen dourly. "I'll have to have statements from each of you." And again there was a knock on the door. This time it was Major Williams, followed by three other officers.

The captain with Colonel Wells' assistance gave them quick directions. The Lerida passengers were to be placed under guard; the decks were to be searched again; the patients carefully checked. Inquiries were to be made about a patient with a bandaged face having been seen about the ship. Inquiries were to be made about Manuel Para: Who had seen him? Where? When?

Marcia turned to speak to Mickey, but Josh Morgan stood beside her instead; Mickey, though, met her look and smiled.

Ordinarily Mickey's almost classically proportioned features wore not so much a somber expression as one of immobility; so the sudden warmth of his smile and the light it gave his clear gray eyes was always like a flash of sunlight through a flat, gray sky. Even in that moment it was warm and candid and reassuring, and Marcia told herself that Gili's claims were—must be—as fantastic as they sounded. Nor could the fact of murder really catch Mickey and herself in its suffocating web.

She told herself that defiantly but there was no chance to talk to Mickey; there was no chance to talk to anybody, for the group around the captain suddenly broke apart. An officer went to Mickey and Luther and all three moved toward the door. The captain went quickly away too, adjusting his oilskins with impatient, angry-looking red hands. Josh Morgan started to speak to her but a young lieutenant intervened curtly: "Will you come with me, Miss Colfax."

So she went along the narrow gray passageways again, with the lieutenant at her elbow, to the cabin on B deck. Already a seaman, with a revolver strapped on a belt around his waist, stood outside the door. "I've searched the cabin, sir," he said quickly to the lieutenant. "I did not find any sort of knife. No gauze either. But there are three red bathrobes—"

"Thank you. I'll report it."

THE young lieutenant opened the door, motioned her to enter and closed it firmly behind her. Daisy Belle Cates was already in the cabin—pacing up and down its narrow length, smoking nervously.

"Marcia!" She came quickly and put her brown hand with its broken fingernails on Marcia's shoulder; her voice was sharp and thin as a knife. "Is it true? Did you find him? They made me come here; I was in the nurses' lounge; they sent a seaman to find me; he searched the cabin." She caught her breath. "Who did it? Who killed him? What did you see?"

Daisy Belle had courage. Daisy Belle had faced the storm on the Lerida, the horror of the night in the lifeboat, without flinching, with coolness, making sure Luther had a warm coat, taking a turn at the oars along with the men, passing brandy from hand to hand, never showing in any way the fear that, as a sensible woman, she must have felt. It was strange, now, to see terror peer openly from Daisy Belle's eyes.

The next moment, though, it was veiled. She had taken Marcia to the bunk, drawn up blankets around her; called the guard and asked for hot coffee, anything hot, and got it very quickly. Marcia, staring at the gray underside of the bunk above her head and seeing on its clean and shining blankness the face of Manuel Para, told again that short and ugly story, with its even shorter and uglier footnote.

"*Was* it the patient?" asked Daisy Belle.

"I don't know. I couldn't possibly say."

"Heinzer," said Daisy Belle blankly. "Heinzer—I never knew anybody by that name."

And Gili flounced into the cabin, her eyes glittering and narrow, her face both angry and frightened. She flung herself into a chair with a furious and baffled look at the young officer who had escorted her there and who now settled his blouse around his shoulders with a suggestion of relief and hurriedly left. And then Gili saw the coffee, helped herself largely and hungrily to it, looked at Daisy Belle and at Marcia over the edge of the cup and said unexpectedly, "They said he was murdered. That's two."

Daisy Belle was bringing another cup of coffee to Marcia; she stopped so abruptly that the coffee splashed into the saucer.

"What do you mean? Two?"

Gili eyed her. "Things go in threes. Always." She said it coolly. But when she lowered the cup there was a grayish line around her scarlet mouth.

Daisy Belle said violently, "What utter drivel!" And, as coolly as Gili, poured the spilled coffee from the saucer back into the cup; her hand was shaking, nevertheless.

And Marcia thought queerly: If Gili is frightened—and she looks frightened—then she didn't do it. And Daisy Belle is frightened too.

The fact was, of course, that suspicion had already added itself to the cabin, as inevitably and almost as horribly as murder had added itself to the lifeboat. "There's a dreadful contagion about murder," Josh Morgan had said. "Perhaps it's fear—perhaps it's something else."

SO BEGAN a period of waiting which held Marcia and Daisy Belle—and Gili, perhaps too, although Marcia never knew what Gili was thinking and planning behind those slanting, green eyes—in a kind of spell of inactivity. They could only wait. Wait and listen for any hint as to the investigation which was going on in the rest of the ship.

The rest of the day passed like that, except that Daisy Belle, first, and then Gili were questioned by the captain.

He came, with Major Williams, unexpectedly to their cabin for that purpose; and he was unexpectedly, indeed brutally, frank. He had questioned the others who were on the Lerida lifeboat; he enumerated them, checking each off on his fingers: "André Messac, Luther Cates, the seaman Urdiola, Miss Colfax." He paused, looking at Gili, who avoided his gaze sullenly, and then at Daisy Belle, who rallied to the attack promptly.

"What do you wish to know?"

He told her bluntly: "Anything you know about the murder of Para. Or Castiogne."

"But I've already told you I know nothing about Castiogne—" began Daisy Belle, but he cut in.

"Tell me, please, exactly what you did today. Where you were, who talked to you, everything."

"I see," said Daisy Belle after a moment. "We are all suspect—very well. I'll try to remember." She lighted a cigarette deliberately, put back her head with its thin, reddish gray curls and faced him coolly. She had had breakfast early, she told him; she had gone on deck for a cigarette or two, found it cold and dismal, drifted back through the ship and eventually to the nurses' lounge where she had found some magazines and read. She had gone to lunch; had looked for Marcia there and hadn't found her.

Neither the captain nor Daisy Belle glanced at Marcia, yet somehow, irresistibly, she had to explain. "I was on deck," she said. "I'd had breakfast late. I did not go to lunch."

Daisy Belle took a breath of smoke and went on. She had returned immediately to the lounge and read again until a young officer came to find her. He told her of the murder and the captain's orders for her to return to the cabin. Here, she paused again imperceptibly and then added: "Any number of nurses were in and out of the lounge during the time I was there. Someone of them must have seen me. Some of them must remember seeing me."

Gili's green eyes flashed; she cried, "Oh. You are afraid! That is a—what do you call it?—it is legal. A legal word—"

Daisy Belle gave Gili a fraction of a glance and said coolly, "Never mind. You know what it means, all right," and put out her cigarette.

The captain's fair head jerked around toward Gili. "What about you? What's your story?"

Mickey and Luther, more sophisticated,

treated Gili as if she might have been a duchess. But to the captain, black was black and white was white; there were no shades between, and simply and cruelly his manner put Gili on the black side. Unexpectedly—and somehow rather pathetically—she accepted it and replied with unaccustomed meekness: "I didn't do anything, really, all day. I went on deck and walked and then I had breakfast; a nurse showed me the way down to the salon. And then I—oh, I went around over the ship, looking at things, talking to—" she lifted one shoulder in a ghost of a shrug "—talking to this one or that one. Nothing much. They all seem very—" a shade of discomfiture crossed her face, "—very busy," said Gili somewhat regretfully. "So many handsome men, too."

Daisy Belle's mouth twitched. The captain said, "Continue, please. Where were you when the murder occurred?"

"I don't know when that was. I know nothing—"

"When you heard of it then?"

"Oh, well. That." Gili glanced at Marcia. "I had met you on the deck. You remember?"

"I remember," said Marcia.

Gili went on rather hurriedly: "And then—you remember—the handsome officer, the colonel, came. And I—oh, I thought you might wish to be together, you and he. So I—I went into the ship. And in a few minutes I—" she hesitated. Her eyes slid to Marcia, and away, she caught her lower lip in her teeth for a second and suddenly said, "I met André and we went on deck, that is, on the other side, the—the left—"

"Port," said the captain automatically. And Marcia thought swiftly, so Gili went straight to Mickey after making the claims she had made.

"We were there smoking, and talking for—oh, it must have been for an hour or longer. A long time. Then, well—" she shrugged. "People were running. We heard about the murder."

Daisy Belle said dryly, "The word is alibi, Gili. I felt sure you understood it."

Major Williams said, "That agrees with André Messac's statement, sir."

"I know." The captain turned to Marcia. "Does that square with your opinion about the length of time that passed while you were on deck and after you spoke to Miss Duvrey?"

"Yes. That is—I wasn't thinking of time. It seems about right."

The captain looked at Gili again. "You were on B deck?"

Gili bit her lip. "Yes. But we knew nothing of the murder. Nothing. It is a big ship. How could we know anything of what happened on the other side of it!"

The captain for a moment looked rather hopeless, as if in spite of himself he agreed. And certainly owing to the fact that the exact time when Para was murdered was not known, owing to the layout of the ship and the accessibility of the deck to any portion of it, any attempt to rule out any of the Lerida survivors by means of proved alibis was a forlorn hope at best. Probably it seemed so to the captain, for he gave a sort of angry sigh, stared bleakly at the gray port opposite for a moment and finally said, "Two men from the Lerida lifeboat have been murdered. It stands to reason that one of the others in that boat did it. I've questioned all of you; I've got all your statements. So far I'm bound to admit I've found no discrepancy."

He paused briefly. Marcia thought: Then Mickey *was* with Gili, for his statement obviously had agreed with Gili's. What had they talked of, there in the fog, for an hour or more?

The captain went on: "Since it is not likely that two murderers are on this ship I have to conclude that the person who tried to kill you, Miss Colfax, and who attacked Monsieur Messac a few minutes earlier that same night, is the person who succeeded in killing Castiogne and, today, Para. So far I can find no motive linking you together. If you know of anything of the kind you'd better tell me. Now." He looked at her sharply, and the waiting silence in the little cabin seemed freighted with things untold.

Yet there was nothing more that Marcia could tell him—except of course Mickey's real name and identity, and that had nothing to do with two murders, or with the attack upon Mickey and upon herself. She looked at Daisy Belle whose fine-drawn face was lifted frankly and openly, but who also did not speak. She looked at Gili who was equally still but whose look suddenly to Marcia seemed secretive and listening. It was so strong an impression that she thought swiftly: Why is she listening? What does she expect me—or Daisy Belle—to say? And then she knew.

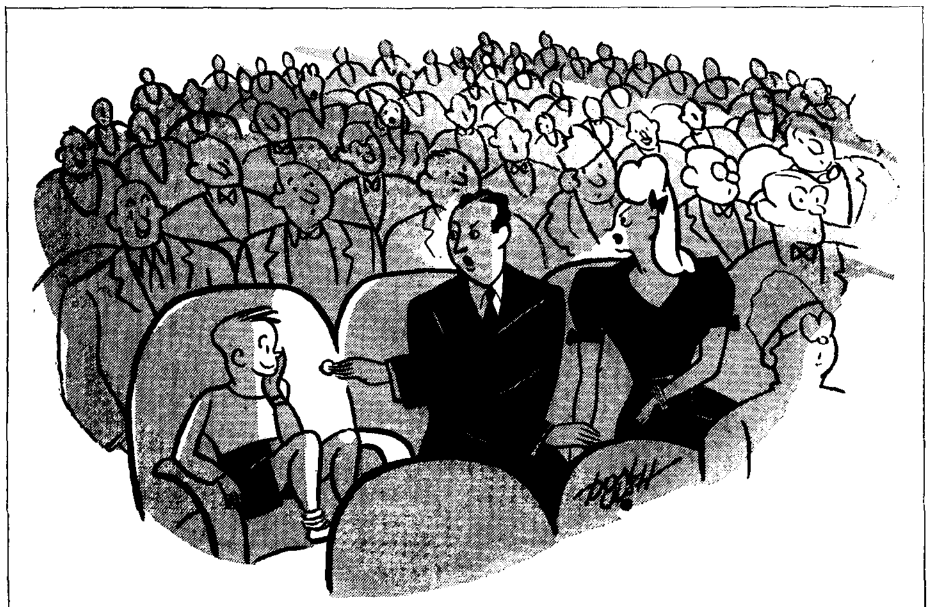
Gili had accused Daisy Belle and Luther Cates of being Nazis. To Marcia at least it was an impossible story to accept. She thought that Mickey and Josh Morgan found it equally difficult to credit. Certainly all three of them had tried to persuade Gili to tell no one else; certainly so far Gili had let herself be persuaded.

BUT suddenly that very acquiescence seemed, somehow, wrong. It was not like Gili; it did not fit what Marcia knew of her. It was as if something in a familiar picture had swung suddenly awry. And that thought brought her to another: Sometime, not long ago (just before she'd walked down the stairs, wasn't it, and found Para?), something else had suddenly and obscurely seemed wrong. Whatever it was, it had eluded her. She could not pin it down and identify it.

She could, however, with Gili now. It would have fitted the picture of Gili if Gili, under pressure of the investigation into murder, had blurted out her accusation of the Cateses again. She did not do it and that was wrong.

It was not so easy, though, to understand why.

The pause had lengthened. Captain Svendsen's bleached eyebrows were drawn heavily together; Major Williams was fidgeting nervously; still no one spoke. And suddenly the captain opened his straight-lipped mouth,



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closed it again with a snap, whirled around and walked out of the cabin without another word. Major Williams gave them a worried glance, mumbled something and disappeared behind the captain. The door closed.

Daisy Belle reached for a cigarette. Gili stared at the floor. Marcia sat down slowly. She must be cool and calm, like Daisy Belle. But Daisy Belle hadn't seen what she had seen, there in the fog under the stairs.

Well, she wouldn't think of that.

She wouldn't think of Gili.

But she must find a way to see Mickey.

After a long time Marcia decided also that she would not think of Josh Morgan and the way he had held and suddenly, unexpectedly, kissed her. So for a queer short space in time everything but his nearness, his mouth upon her own, was blotted out. She got up restlessly, walked to the port, stared into the fog, came back.

Daisy Belle put out one cigarette and lighted another. Gili went to the mirror, combed out her hair, went to sprawl on her stomach in her bunk, her long hair over her face.

DINNER came eventually on trays, passed in to them by the seaman then on guard. Gili, tossing back her long locks of hair questioned him: "Is there any news? What are they doing? Have they found who murdered him?"

But he mumbled something and went away. They heard the click of the lock and after that no one came near them; lights were on in the cabin by that time and the ports dark gray.

Night came early, due to the fog. There were eventually no sounds at all from the rest of the ship; they felt isolated and alone, as if they were traveling toward an unknown destiny in a ghost ship. Eventually, too, speaking only at intervals and then saying nothing, they got into the three narrow bunks. Daisy Belle turned out the light and there was only the soft shaft of faintly crimson light coming from the port opposite the door. Probably none of them slept. Certainly for Marcia the darkness, the occasional wail of the foghorn, the lap and rush of water outside all merely served to heighten and sharpen the questions that seemed to fill the cabin as if they had substance.

If Castiogne had been murdered in the lifeboat, who among them had done it and why? Why then was Para murdered? Was the figure in the red bathrobe with the bandaged, eyeless face that of Jacob Heinzer, the patient—and if so, why did he deny it? And if it was not, then who had assumed that disguise, and again, why?

Josh had answered that, there in the captain's cabin, but if Marcia were actually in danger (and those hands on her throat had been real; there was no question of that)—what possible link was there between her and two Portuguese seamen whom she scarcely knew by name?

Again she could not extricate herself from endless circles of conjecture, which went around and around on themselves and arrived nowhere. Mickey and herself, Daisy Belle and Luther Cates, Gili. And the other seaman, Urdiola. Suddenly, her eyes wide open, staring at that soft band of crimson striking into the cabin from the port, it seemed to her that no one, perhaps, had paid enough attention to Urdiola, the small, swarthy seaman with the shifting dark eyes and the wizened monkeylike face. Certainly he must have known more of Para and of Castiogne than anyone else.

But the captain had questioned him. He had questioned everybody from the Lerida. If he had extracted any information at all from Urdiola, he would have acted upon it.

Sometime, still looking at the round, dimly lighted port, Marcia's eyes closed and blocked it out.

MORNING dawned gray and chilly, with the fog, if anything, heavier and the foghorn sounding at three-minute intervals.

And it was that morning early that Urdiola was charged with murder and the other Lerida survivors were released.

Mickey came to the cabin on B deck. The foghorn was sounding again when he knocked, so Marcia did not know he was there until he opened the door and said, his eyes bright and eager going from one to another of the three women in the cabin, "Urdiola killed them both. He's arrested and—" his clear, light gray eyes fastened on Daisy Belle. "He's got your diamond, Daisy Belle."

They were having breakfast, again on trays. Daisy Belle staring at Mickey, forgetting her tray, stood; the tray clattered to the floor, and Daisy Belle cried above the clash of china: "But Castiogne had my diamond!"

Marcia put down her own tray and reached to set upright the small pot which was pouring a stream of coffee on the floor; Mickey came quickly to kneel at Daisy Belle's feet and help pick up the spilled dishes; Gili did not move but sat rigid exactly like a cat which is crouching, not moving a hair, until danger is past.

Even then Marcia noted that—probably first because Gili was nearest Daisy Belle and it would have been natural for her to move first to Daisy Belle's assistance—and then she looked again because of that extraordinary stillness and because of the pasty, glistening look of fear which had sprung instantly into Gili's face. She had seen that look in her face before. What then did it mean? And what did Daisy Belle mean? And, for that matter, Mickey?

He was speaking to Daisy Belle, "I'm sorry I startled you. Here—do sit down and I'll get you more coffee. More everything. I'm afraid this is pretty well gone—"

Daisy Belle sat down in the bunk very stiffly; her fine, long face was gray, her eyes were topaz bright and blank. She said, "I gave it to Castiogne. That is, Luther gave it to him. It was to pay for our passage. It was a bribe—"

Mickey bending over the spilled dishes, scooping up egg cup and a sliced orange said, "Yes, of course. That's what Luther told them. He recognized it at once." He rose, opened the door and spoke to the seaman who was still on guard: "Can you get another breakfast tray in here? That's right. Thank you." He turned back into the cabin. "Furthermore," he said, "and after due consideration we are all released. They just haven't got around to informing you three yet."

Daisy Belle said, "Tell me what happened. Tell me—"

Gili still did not move but it was as if everything about her listened. Mickey sat down on Marcia's bunk, directly opposite Daisy Belle, and reached up to draw Marcia down beside him. "Well, it's a short story," he said, "but a convincing one. Naturally it looked from the first as if Castiogne's death and then Para's were actually the result of some sort of private feud between the three Lerida seamen. I mean—well," he shrugged. "None of us had anything to do with them and they might have had any number of grudges and fights and God knows what. I can't see why one of them would take a punch at me, or for that matter hurt Marcia—unless of course whoever did it had some reason to think one or both of us had witnessed the murder of Castiogne. As I certainly didn't and neither did Marcia."

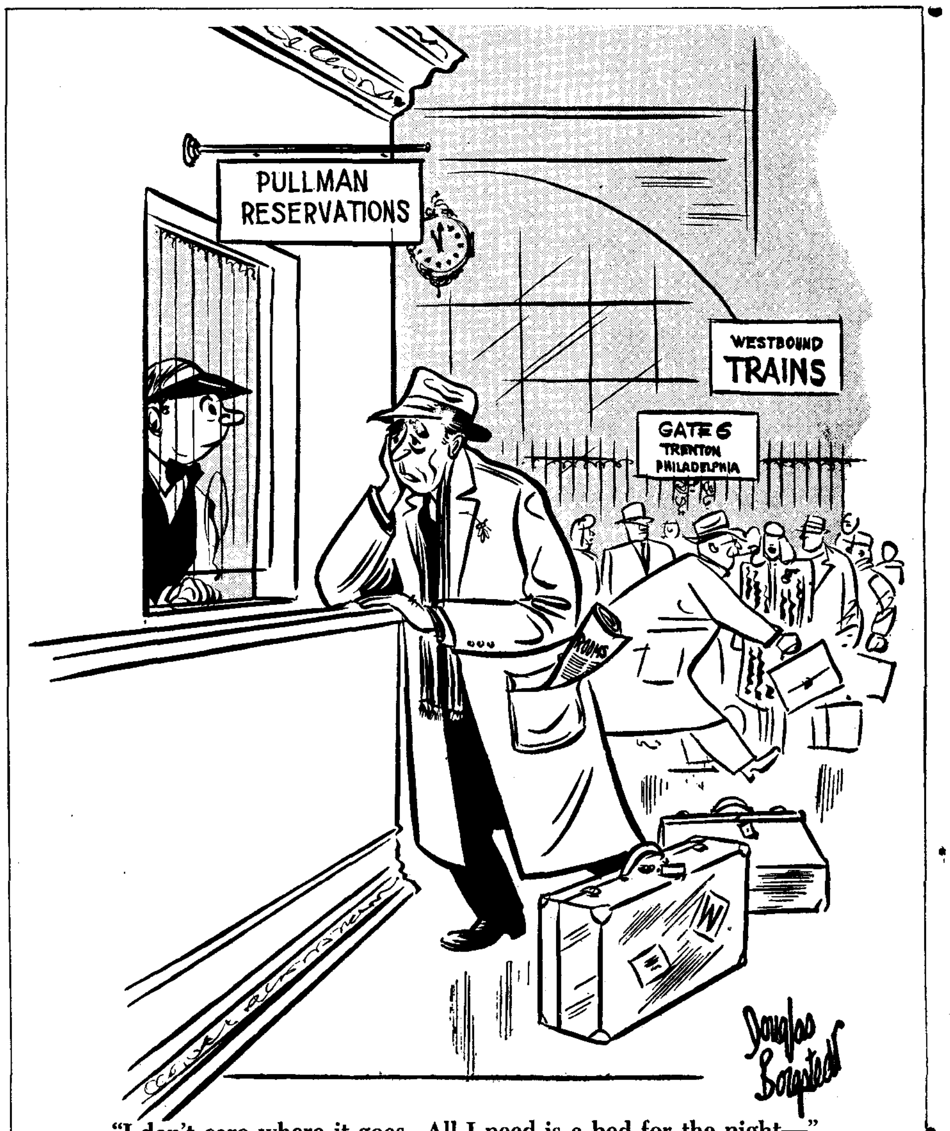
DAISY BELLE'S brown, battered hands made a quickly controlled gesture of impatience. Mickey saw it and went on: "Well, they questioned Urdiola at length yesterday; he wouldn't admit anything; said he hadn't even seen Para since early yesterday morning. They weren't satisfied; they searched his bunk yesterday and Para's bunk, next to him, and found only Para's seaman's papers, tucked under the blanket. Well, they thought it was odd that there was no money at all with the papers. So they gave Urdiola a real search and found some money, not much, and the diamond."

"Did Luther—" Daisy Belle's hands were gripping themselves hard. "Did Luther identify it?"

"Of course, right away. As to that, Urdiola broke down immediately and said he'd got it from Para—or rather that Para had given it to him."

"Para gave it to him!" cried Daisy Belle. "But it was Castiogne—"

"He said that Para, yesterday morning early, had given him a little packet and told him to hold it for him, and, if anything should



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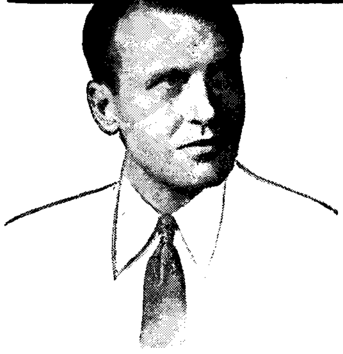

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happen, to send it to Para's wife. The captain asked why Para did that, why did he think he was in danger, and Urdiola said he didn't know. Oh, his story is very thin, very specious. At any rate he said then, that he didn't see Para again but he heard of the murder a few minutes before they sent for him to question him. So he scurried back to their bunks; nobody was around, and he unwrapped the packet, found Para's papers, a little money and the diamond. He slipped Para's papers under the blanket of Para's bunk, put the money with his own and hid the diamond in his shoe."

"Do you mean," Daisy Belle was leaning forward, her face an anxious lined mask, "do you mean that the captain believes he murdered both Castiogne and Para for the diamond? *My* diamond," she said in a tone of horror.

"There's nothing else to think," said Mickey, looking rather searchingly at Daisy Belle. "After all, it *is* a very large and very fine gem. It probably looked to Urdiola as though he'd never in his dull life have a chance to get hold of that much wealth again. Everything," said Mickey rather slowly, "is relative. What's only a trinket to you, Daisy Belle, is a lifetime of ease to a man like Urdiola. It's a sound motive for murder all right."

She moved her lips but did not speak. Mickey went on: "Naturally they believe either that Para murdered Castiogne for the diamond and that Urdiola knew it and in his turn murdered Para for the same reason. Or that Urdiola murdered Castiogne for the stone, and Para knew it and wanted to split with him—threatened him maybe with disclosure unless Urdiola came across with part of the proceeds—or all of it. Of course Urdiola insists that all three of them were the best of friends. Particularly Castiogne and Para. He says they were boyhood pals; inseparable. Told each other everything. That's Urdiola's story!" Again Mickey shrugged. "It's hard to say. Probably we'll never know. But the motive's there all right. And the murderer."

"Has he—" Daisy Belle wet her lips. "Has he confessed?"

"Oh, no. He has barely the wit to stick to his story and deny murder. He'll keep on denying it, I suppose. He just stands there and shakes his head."

"Where is Luther?" said Daisy Belle.

"Still with the captain, I imagine."

Daisy Belle got up. "Where is my coat, Marcia? What did I do with it? I've got to see Luther—" She found the nurse's coat and flung it around her shoulders and turned intently to Mickey. "Are we really free? Can I go? Will the guard stop me?"

"I don't think so—"

THE guard didn't stop her; perhaps he had, as they talked, received orders to let them go. Daisy Belle's coat flashed through the door and she was gone.

And Gili who had not moved, Gili who had not spoken, Gili who had waited and listened and all but held her breath, got up too, in one sudden, lithe motion, reached for her coat, hung it around her shoulders and gave Mickey a swift glance. "I'm going too," she said. "I've been shut up in this hole too long. I'm going to get some fresh air." She reached the door and put her strong white hand upon it and paused as if she were waiting, invitingly, her green eyes holding Mickey's.

But Mickey leaned back against the bulkhead and shoved his hands in his pockets. "It's foggy out," he said.

Still for an instant Gili waited; then as Mickey did not move she bit her lip, opened the door, said, "I'll be on the boat deck—" and left the cabin, closing the door hard behind her.

Marcia said, "But she—Mickey, she wanted you to go with her!"

"Nonsense," said Mickey, turning and staring absently at the bulkhead.

"But she—she almost demanded it. As if—" She was about to say, puzzled and quickly, "as if she had a right to demand it." She stopped the words on her lips.

And Mickey said, still staring at the bulkhead, in an absent, careless tone, "Oh, Gili's always that way."

Something was in Marcia's throat, swelling and beating. She waited for a moment looking at Mickey, who still stared absently at the bulkhead.

"*Always*—" said Marcia finally.

And Mickey said, "Always quick-tempered. Always going off on tangents. Hard to manage—" He stopped abruptly and his clear gray eyes focused and sharpened. He turned to Marcia quickly. "That is," he said, "she seems so to me—" He stopped.

Marcia said, "How long have you known her, Mickey?"

His gray eyes, almost as gray as the fog but very clear around the sharp, black pupils, opened wider. "Gili?"

"Yes. Tell me, Mickey—exactly."

"But you know. We met her in Lisbon. What do you mean?"

She swallowed hard. "Tell me the truth. Mickey. She has your cigarette case. She called you Mickey."

"I don't know what you mean! Don't be a fool! I don't know Gili at all—except on that damned little ship and before that I saw her around the bars in Lisbon. If she's got my cigarette case she—" He shrugged. He got up and stood above her his hands thrust in his pockets, his eyes angry now, bright and wide in his thin face. "She may have taken it, borrowed it, I don't know. I don't remember. If she knows my name, you told her."

"No, no, Mickey, I didn't—"

"What did she say? Did she call me Mickey? Then she's heard you call me Mickey. I've begged you not to."

"She said—" her voice sounded tight and harsh; she made herself go on: "She said that you came back to me because I had some money; enough for you—and Gili."

HIS eyes were suddenly bright and fixed with anger. He did not speak for a moment, only stood there looking down with that angry brightness. Then he cried: "You believed her! Marcia, how could you? Have you questioned her?"

"Questioned Gili!"

"You've been shut up here all night together. You've had time and opportunity to talk."

"This is between you and me. Not Gili—"

His face cleared. He cried: "You were right, darling! You are always right. Gili doesn't matter."

She said slowly: "Mickey, you spoke as if you knew her well. As if you'd known her a long time. As if the things she said could have been true."

"Marcia, listen to me. Answer me. Do you believe me or Gili?"

She did not reply; he added suddenly, watching her: "You've known me for five years—Gili about five days. And you'd take her word against mine?"

She put back her head and met his eyes. And said directly, "Are you in love with her?"

"In love with Gili!" cried Mickey and laughed. He took her hands and kissed them lightly. "You're jealous. You're a silly child. You know that I love you. I came back to you. Nothing—nobody else means anything to me. I love you." He straightened up and looked straight down into her eyes with his own clear, gray gaze and said, "You do believe me, don't you? Never mind, my darling. I'll get Gili. I'll make her take back whatever silly things she has told you."

"No, no—"

"Yes, yes, I will. I'm not going to have her upsetting you with any such nonsense."

"Mickey, why would she say anything like that?"

He stared at her for an instant and then shrugged and smiled. "Gili doesn't need a motive. Surely you can see what kind of a woman she is. She did it out of—I don't know what—mischief, malice. Because she likes men, and at the risk of sounding as if I like myself, perhaps she settled on me!" He laughed and said, "After all, you like me. Perhaps she thinks she might. If she could get me detached from you. Not that she'd have a chance— Oh, Marcia, darling, don't look so serious. I'm only joking. A bad joke," said Mickey, sobering swiftly. "But she isn't worth a serious thought. Believe me, my darling. I'll go and get her—"

"No." Marcia got up and faced him directly and angrily. "No. If I believe you, Mickey, I believe you. I don't want to talk to her."

"But, Marcia—" he looked bewildered and then smiled again. "Darling, you're very sweet when you are angry. Although I don't know what I've done—"

"Forget it," said Marcia so briefly it sounded curt. She caught her breath and made herself speak more coolly and naturally. "If we've been released, Mickey, let's get out on deck. I feel as if I'd been in this cabin for a month."

"Right," he said. "It's a relief to have the thing settled. I mean Urdiola."

She found her coat, and he took it from her hands. "Suppose he didn't do it," she said unexpectedly.

Mickey frowned. "Don't suppose any such thing. Besides there's no doubt of his guilt. That diamond is a huge and, I should say, a very valuable stone. Shall we go?"

He held open the door. The seaman on guard had gone, and it seemed suddenly extraordinarily pleasant to be walking along free to come and go, without restraint.

When they emerged on deck it was still foggy and cold and the foghorn smote raucously upon their ears. It stopped and Mickey said suddenly, "Of course, I can't help remembering that other nonsensical story Gili told us. You know, about the Cateses being Nazis. But undoubtedly that was just another of her notions, Marcia. Must have been. You—" he reached for cigarettes and held the package toward her and did not finish until he had held a match, too, for her light. Then he said, "You didn't tell anyone about it, did you?"

"No. I didn't believe it."

He smiled and gave her a glance of reproach. "Yet, you believed Gili when she told you all that stuff about me! Marcia, Marcia!" He shook his head gaily. "Nevertheless it flatters me . . . but you were right about the Cateses. I don't believe that they were Nazis. I think," said Mickey earnestly, "that we should just forget Gili's little story. Never tell anybody." He took a long breath of smoke and added, "And, darling, remember too, will you, *not* to call me Mickey?"

She turned to him swiftly: "Mickey, we've got to tell the truth about that. We're going home. We can't enter America with a false name and false passport. We've got to tell them and explain and—"

Unconsciously she had placed her hands on his arm. With a brusque motion he shook them off. His eyes were blazing suddenly, his face was white. *"No,"* he cried. *"No—"*

"Mickey—"

"I said not to call me that."

"But you—"

"Marcia, you've got to promise me never to tell anyone that I'm Michel Banet. Promise me now."

"No—"

"You must—"

"Mickey, I can't."

She looked up bewildered, half frightened, into his white and angry face. Naturally he felt bitter. Naturally he was nervous and taut and quick to anger. Yet something inside her insisted stubbornly that she was right; that he must be made somehow to see that rightness for himself and for her. She tried to speak and the foghorn blared again and suddenly Mickey took her hands and held them again, quickly to his lips and then whirled around and left her standing there at the railing. She cried, "Mickey," and the foghorn drowned the sound of her voice and he disappeared quickly into the ship.

She started after him, to reason with him, to do anything that would make peace again between them. But after the first step or two she stopped. He'd get over his anger; he'd come back; he'd talk to her reasonably and quietly.

She told herself that and did not quite believe it. She glanced along the deck; B deck on the same level with her cabin. Aft, under the stairway the previous day she had found the body of Manuel Para.

Nothing was there now, and again, as on the previous day, the deck was deserted owing to the fog. She did not wish, however, to pass the place where Para had sprawled so horribly looking up at nothing with those blank dark eyes, so she turned in the opposite direction, toward the bow. And then she saw Josh Morgan.

She wondered how much of the scene between herself and Mickey he had seen or guessed at, and, as she wondered, he turned abruptly and called "Hello" and came toward her.

FOR a moment or two as they approached each other the foghorn was silent and there was only the wash of water along the sides of the ship and the quiet sound of their footsteps.

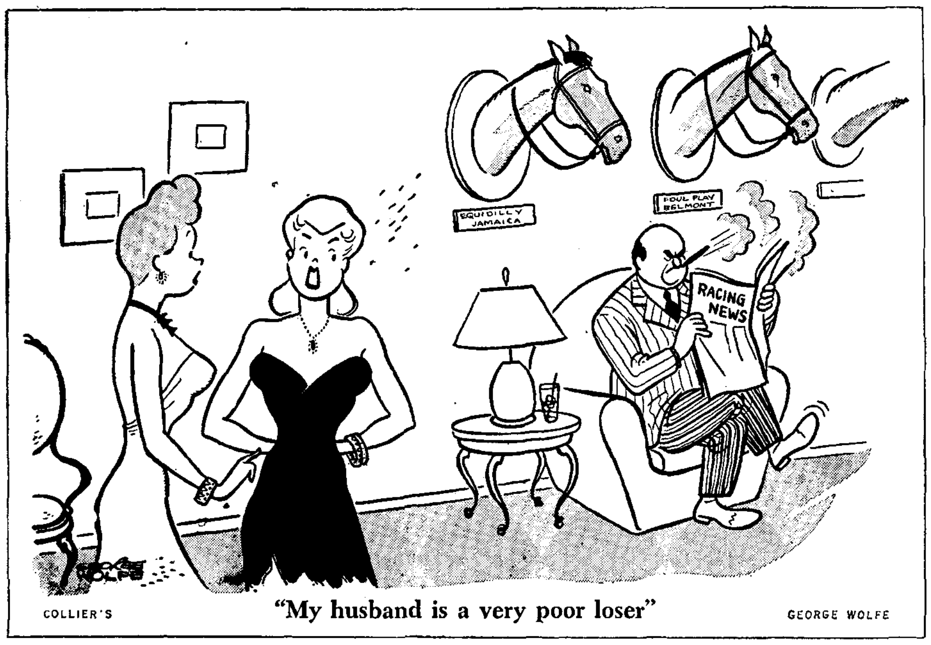
Then they met. It was actually at a sheltered turn of the deck; only the blank, glistening white bulkheads could overhear anything that was said.

But neither of them spoke. Josh's face looked rather white in the fog, his eyes very grave and dark; he carried a lighted cigarette in one hand, which he tossed over the railing. Then without a word he put his arm around her and held her close against him. And Marcia, as if another woman had got into her body, as if she could not have helped it, moved closer within his embrace and still blindly, still without willing it, turned her face upward so his mouth met her own.

She did not intend to move as she had done; she knew she must draw away. But his mouth was so hard and warm and strong upon her own that she could not move; she could not think, she was not herself, she was nothing that she had ever known or understood, and all her body was charged with that newness and strangeness—too new, too strange, too bewildering just then to conquer.

Josh actually was the first to draw away. He lifted his head and looked down at her and laughed a little and said, "I love you, Marcia . . . and I remember now where I saw you. For I did see you, you know. So I've loved you really for five years. Only I didn't know it was you."

Still the woman who was not Marcia, who had no right to be in his arms, leaned against him and looked up into his eyes without reservation, and said, half whispering, utterly



COLLIER'S "My husband is a very poor loser" GEORGE WOLFE

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candid as if there were no barriers between them, "I never saw you before. I'd have remembered you."

"We didn't meet. But I remember now. It was at a concert in Paris. During the entr'acte. You were with some people. Americans. I saw you and I watched you. It was in October; it had been a warm, sunny day. That night was starlit and cold; I know because I walked home and I kept thinking about you, and I sat on the little balcony outside my room and looked at the stars and smoked and kept on thinking about you. So whenever I see you now you're against the *stars. One of them,*" he said and laughed again rather unevenly.

"There in the captain's cabin, you didn't know me. You didn't recognize me—"

"No, I didn't. Except—well, I told you that yesterday. I said I wanted to kiss you the *first instant* I saw you, and I *did.* And I felt as if we ought to know each other but—a lot of things have happened to me, and to everybody since that October night. I never knew your name; I never saw you again; I never knew anything about you. And about that time I got involved in—well, never mind that. And besides—do you want to know what you wore that night? I'll tell you. You had your dark hair done up high with a pompadour; you wore a white dress, sort of thin and long. And it fitted so well I was afraid you were very rich! Are you, darling?"

"No!"

"Good—and you had some red stuff around your waist that went down in a sort of fold all the way to your feet, and your mouth was very beautiful and red, just the color of the sash thing, and your eyes very blue and I loved you." He held her again so her head came against his shoulder. "My star, all done up in red, white and blue, very fancy, very dignified, very beautiful—how was I to recognize you in a nurse's uniform, in the middle of the Atlantic, with your hair in a little wad on your neck, after a night spent in a lifeboat? Nuts. Petrarch wouldn't have recognized Laura in a Mother Hubbard."

"This is not a Mother Hubbard!"

"Then you see, last night, I realized it was you. The girl I'd been in love with all that time—"

"You can't have been! You—"

"Well, I wanted to be in love with you! I think I was really—at least I was exposed to it; so it only took a second look five years later to make it come alive. My figures of speech are mixed but I'm not. Look, Marcia, I'm talking a lot of nonsense. But—" He held her so he could look deeply into her eyes. "But I do love you. It—well, it just happened. Like that. That meeting that wasn't a meeting five years ago doesn't really have much to do with it except that I liked you right away, the first instant I saw you, standing there at the concert. That's been a long time and a lot of things have happened and in some ways I suppose we are different people. But that doesn't matter. The only thing that matters is you and me and the people we are now."

THAT sunny long-ago October in Paris, concerts on chill fall nights—and Mickey. Mickey whom she was going to marry; the man she'd waited for and loved. Loved? she thought suddenly. But that had nothing to do with love! That was—well, what? And it didn't matter; she couldn't analyze it for now she knew all in a minute about love and the quality of love. The new Marcia had informed her; every drop of blood in her body hammering in her pulses had informed her.

And she was to marry Mickey.

Josh saw the change in her face.

"What is it? What's wrong? Tell me—" and then he guessed. "You've remembered André."

She must have made some gesture of assent for his face changed subtly; it became older, harder, uncommunicative. He took his arm away and got out cigarettes. "I see. André— Help me light this blasted thing, will you? I can manage but—"

She took the lighter and held it for him *until the cigarette between his lips showed* red. He did not meet her eyes, though, when she looked up. "Thanks," he said and took the lighter and dropped it in his pocket. "This crazy arm of mine."

She glanced at the white sling supporting his right arm. "You were in combat?"

"Yes." His face had no youth or gaiety or tenderness; even his voice was remote and impersonal. "I stayed around Paris that first winter; it was a—" he paused and smoked and said, looking out over her shoulder into the fog, "—it was a busy winter. One way and another. Then in the spring when the Germans came—" again he paused; there was also a hiatus in his story for he said finally, "—I eventually got home by way of England *and into uniform.* I was sent back to England and then to Brittany. From there my story is just the same as everybody's; except I didn't get a scratch until just before the war was over. Then I got a piece of shrapnel in my shoulder; they dug it out and it is healing. *Well— the* story of my life again." Without a change in face or voice he said, "What are you going to do about this—André?"

Mickey—not André. Mickey, who needed her, who had come back to her.

SHE moved away from Josh, not realizing she had moved. The deck under her feet was real; the railing, wet and cold under her fingers, was real too. Not this world she had so lately and bewilderingly discovered in the embrace of the man who, following her, now leaned, too, against the railing.

Josh said again, but as if a long time had elapsed, as if something had changed since he had spoken, "What are you going to do about André?"

She would not look at him. "I'm going to marry André."

"Why?" said Josh quietly.

"Because—" She stopped. It was as if the memory of Josh's kiss had the power to press upon her lips, silencing them.

Josh said evenly, "You were going to say because you love him. Do you?"

She said, unsteadily, staring down at the black water rushing away from the ship. "I've told you. We were to be married; he was sent to a German concentration camp. I stayed there, in France, waiting. Hoping— Then finally he came back. As you see him. His hands— You heard what he said—"

"I've heard," said Josh Morgan rather grimly, "what a lot of men have said. And experienced. Is that why you are marrying him? From pity, I mean?"

Pity! She said after a moment, stiffly, "He came back to me. I'm the only thing he has left—"

And Josh said coolly, "What about Gili?"

"That was nothing."

"Don't try to lie to me, Marcia. You can't get by with it. What exactly did she do to you yesterday? It was something about André, wasn't it? Had she—staked out a claim on him?"

"No. That is—it was not true."

"I see." His profile was clear and brown against the thick, pearly curtains of fog. "I gather that Gili claimed to have come to Lisbon in order to join André."

"Yes, but—"

"How did she happen to tell you? Exactly what brought it on? Do you know?"

"She had borrowed his cigarette case. I saw it and recognized it. It was—oh, very silly, really."

"Go on," said Josh inexorably. "What did she say about André?"

She did not want to tell him and she had to. When she had finished: "Well," said Josh reflectively, "Gili is a predatory and unscrupulous little—well, never mind that. She could be serious, or she could be simply malicious and stupid, trying to make trouble between you. That's true. The point is: Do you believe André?"

"Yes . . . He loves me; he needs me. It sounds trite—"

"Very," said Josh, suddenly irritable. "You're being childish. You're seeing yourself as the heroine of some play. Either you love him or you don't."

She thought of Mickey, and the way he had looked when he came to her in Marseille and said quickly, "I love him." And then felt the almost sickening shock of irrevocability. Words once said cannot be unsaid, no matter how swift, how defiant—or how false—they may be.

But she was to marry Mickey, she told herself bleakly. And even if she had tried to take back the words she had spoken—those hasty words, too final—she could not, for Josh, sealing that finality, said abruptly, "All right. That's that. We'll get onto another subject . . . and God knows," said Josh wryly, "there are several other subjects at hand. You've heard about Urdiola? What do you think of it? Seems reasonable, doesn't it, that he did it?"

She nodded and Josh smoked and looked with narrow eyes out into the fog and said suddenly, "Too damned reasonable. A quarrel between the three Portuguese over a diamond, two murders because of it—oh, yes, it's reasonable. I was there when Luther identified the diamond; he did so right away, took one look at it and got very red and told the captain he'd got it from his wife to give to Castiogne for arranging their passage. Did you bribe Castiogne for a passage?"

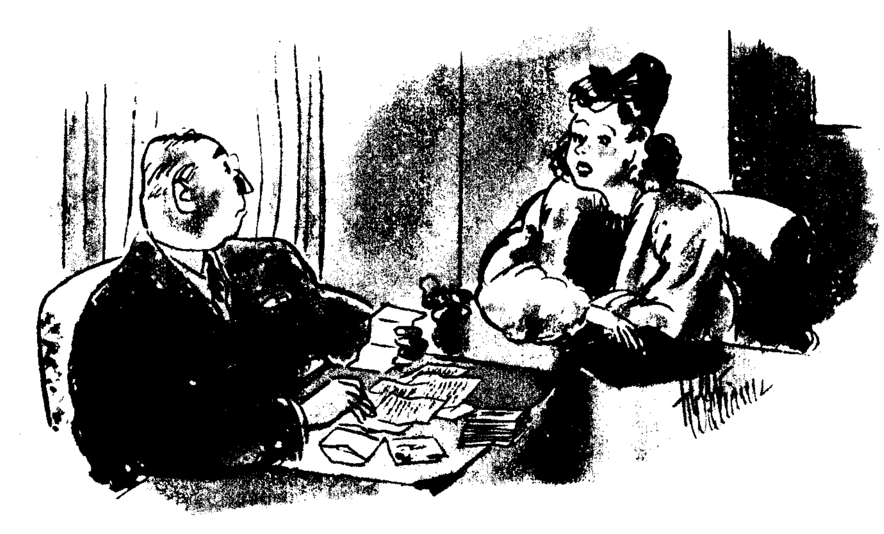
"No. That is—if André had done so he'd have told me. He arranged everything."

"You supplied the money?"

"Yes, but no more than enough for our passage and a—a loan to André. Naturally he hadn't a cent. He was lucky to be alive."

"You called it a loan, I suppose, to save his feelings."

"Why not?" Again for an instant, anger caught at her but it subsided almost at once.



"But isn't fifty thousand quite a bit to sue for? After all, I don't want to hurt his feelings"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

She said wearily, "It wasn't much; only a little over our passage money—which wasn't much either. Oh, that isn't important."

"Are you sure," said Josh, "that you aren't rich?"

"I'm sure. My father died while I was in France. After the war was over, his lawyer got in touch with me and sent me some cash. He told me that I'd have enough money if I left the investments he had made as they are; but I'm not rich."

"Not like the Cateses?"

"Heavens, no!"

HE SAID reflectively, "Luther said they had nothing with them now but Daisy Belle's jewelry; they've been selling it, he said, piece by piece. He said he'd wondered why the diamond was not found on Castiogne but supposed he had sold it and banked the money in Lisbon or something of the kind; naturally he wasn't anxious to tell it—so he didn't volunteer the information. But then when he saw the diamond there on the table in the captain's cabin he didn't hesitate. I'll say that for him. And the fact of its turning up in Urdiola's possession right after Para's murder does sound bad. I've been thinking—suppose Para murdered Castiogne in the lifeboat—would that have been possible?"

She thought back again, as she had so irresistibly, so many times, to the black, nightmare hours on the Lerida lifeboat. "Yes. Yes, I remember that he bent over Castiogne; I thought he was trying to revive him."

Josh was looking at her quietly and thoughtfully. "Para then could have killed him and removed the diamond—if he knew that Castiogne had it. Or he could merely have removed the diamond after somebody else murdered him. Is that right?"

She shivered and pulled her coat more closely about her throat. "Anything could have happened that night, in that boat—anything."

"I believe you," said Josh. "And I think that was when either Para or Urdiola took the diamond. Urdiola's story could be perfectly true or it could be the unimaginative lie of a very stupid man." He paused and smoked and said suddenly, "Marcia, was it Urdiola that night? Who tried to murder you, I mean?"

"I don't know. It was dark and so sudden and dreadful—I don't know."

"I've got to ask you this, Marcia. Please answer me quite honestly. Have there been any other attempts? Besides, possibly, the man in the red bathrobe yesterday?"

SHE hesitated, not wanting to acknowledge it and thus somehow mark its authenticity. But she told him, "Someone tried the handle of the cabin door—the same night; perhaps fifteen minutes before I went to André's cabin and met you on the way, and he and Gili were there. That was all that happened," she added quickly. "I opened the door to the corridor as soon as I could make myself do it. Nobody was there. It probably was nothing."

He thought for a moment, turning again so she could see only his straight, uncommunicative profile. "Yes," he said finally, "probably it was nothing. And probably whoever was on the stairway yesterday merely wanted to be seen in that disguise. They've questioned the real patient, Jacob Heinzer, as exhaustively as they can, and he seems to be definitely out of it." He paused for an instant and continued in a rather odd and tight voice: "Does your—André believe that it was Urdiola who attacked him?"

"He said he didn't know why Urdiola would attack him or me unless because he thought we knew something of Castiogne's murder."

"What do you think about it?"

"It's the only motive he could possibly have had; but I don't know what he thought I had seen. And in any case, we are safe now, all of us."

"Yes," said Josh. "Well—I shouldn't count too much on that."

"But Urdiola is locked up!"

"In spite of that. In spite of everything. I think," said Josh Morgan his voice suddenly rough, "that you have been in danger ever since an American ship came into view from the lifeboat."

"Josh—" But the foghorn began again, suddenly and harshly checking her question. She waited and Josh still would not look at her; still stood with his arm against the railing, looking into the fog, looking into nothing as if he were seeing there something clear and definite, something frightening, something that had power. And something she could not see.

The foghorn stopped, and he turned to her. "Now then—we'd better go inside. You're getting cold." He put up his hand and touched her hair—very gently, very lightly, with a deeply thoughtful look in his dark eyes. "Your hair's all misted," he said.

"You must explain. There's something you know or—or guess—"

"Marcia," he said abruptly, "is there anything *you* guess or know that you've not told me?"

His tone was so direct and so grave that she answered almost without knowing she was replying: "There's nothing I know. But I—" She hesitated, trying to put a very nebulous impression into words.

"What, Marcia? Tell me."

"Twice—I'm not sure I can make you understand, but twice I've had an odd sort of feeling that something was—was wrong somehow. I mean, not what I'd have expected it to be. So it didn't fit."

"Such as what?"

"Well, one time it was with Gili. When she was talking to the captain; somehow I'd have expected her to tell the captain the same story about the Cateses being Nazis that she told us."

"And didn't she?"

"No—no. She looked very quiet and—and secretive somehow. And didn't mention it."

He thought for a long moment, watching her and finally said, "It's just as well. I didn't believe it. It sounded too—I don't know; too much as if she enjoyed the interest she was creating by the story. Too much Gili," he said dryly. "But what else was it, Marcia?"

"It happened just after you had talked to me on deck and then gone inside. I remember that. I was lying back in the chair, thinking—about the whole thing really; about nothing in particular except perhaps Gili and—the things she had said to me about André. But I can't think of any special thing; it was only that all at once I felt as if I—well, as if I'd missed some turning in a road that I ought to have recognized. As if—" she used the simile that had entered her own thoughts, "as if I knew a picture, but that something in the picture was suddenly crooked and wrong. Oh, I know that makes no sense," she broke off, annoyed at her own clumsiness and ineptness.

But Josh's face was very thoughtful. He repeated, "Something wrong in the picture. Something—" He stopped.

FOR a long time, minutes it seemed to her, he just stood there motionless, as if he'd forgotten her existence. And then quite suddenly he moved and looked at her with bright, intent eyes that still did not seem to see her, and took her arm. "I think I see what you mean," he said and whirled her around and toward the ship. "You'll have to go inside. You're cold. Your hair's all wet. Now—" They reached the lobby and everywhere was warmth and cheer and people, and he said, quite cheerfully himself, "Now mind what I told you, Marcia. I'll see you later—"

He vanished abruptly toward the stairway; so abruptly that she stared after him, puzzled. Then she turned again toward the cabin, slowly, thinking over the long conversation she'd had with him. The long—and somehow very final—conversation. For he had accepted her decision about Mickey completely; there was no doubt of that. It was in his manner, in his impersonally friendly tone, in everything about him.

So that was in the past.

She reached the little cabin, which was empty with the bunks neatly made up. She went to the port and gazed out for a long time into the fleecy gray; it was as if the ship made no progress, as if life itself had stopped.

Only it hadn't, she thought after a long time; it would go on and on and on. But forever without Josh. Forever without another moment of the real kind of life she had touched for an instant, there on the deserted deck in Josh's embrace. And had failed to grasp. The rest of it would be forever unreal—a sequence of shadows.

She did not know exactly when she realized that someone had entered the shadowy cabin behind her. Quite gradually, however, the fact telegraphed itself to her senses. Someone was in the cabin; someone stood between her and the door; someone who had entered very softly, very stealthily, without her knowledge.

(To be concluded next week)

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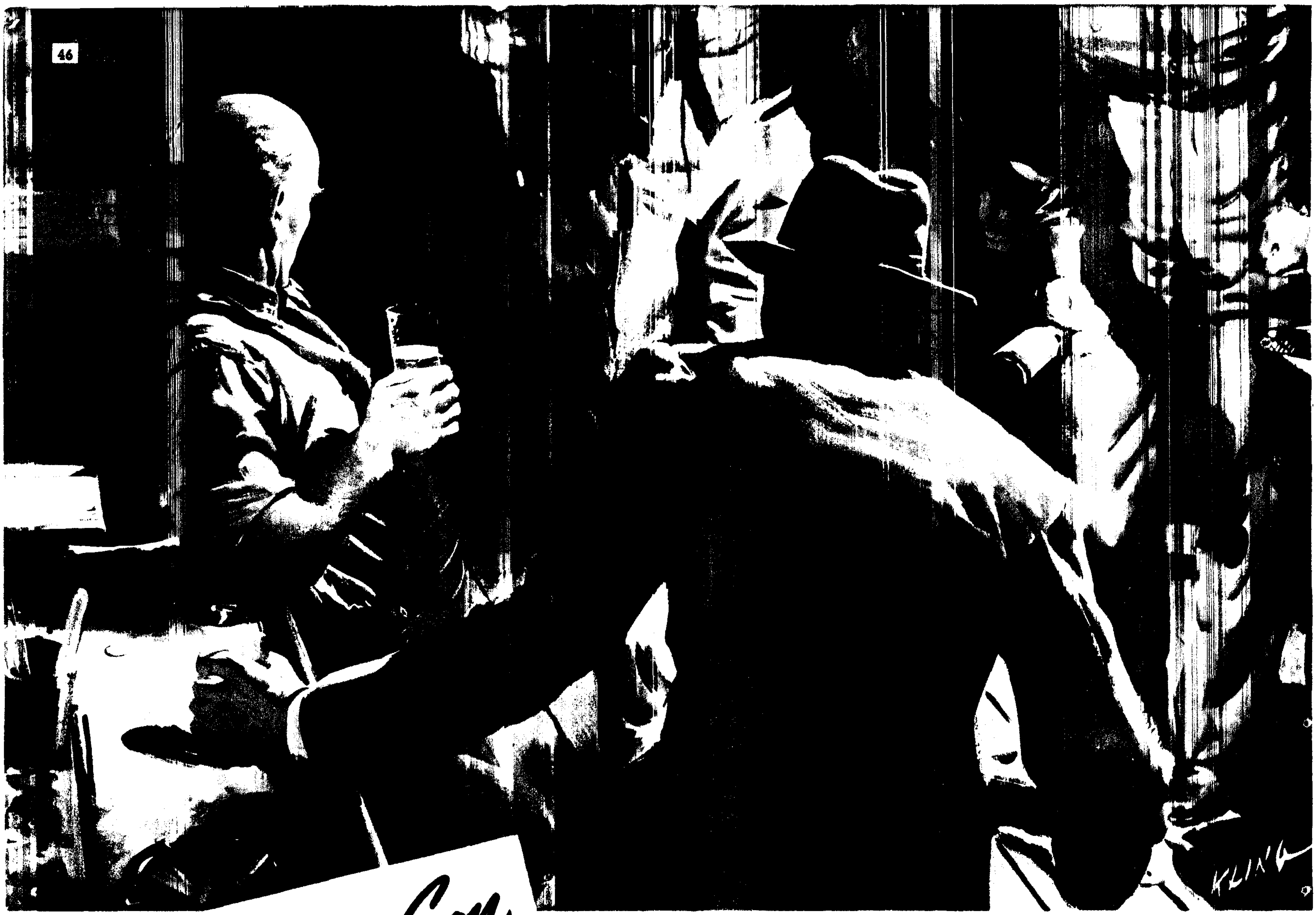

The boy saw the group move down the room toward the bar. They moved purposefully. He forced himself to empty his glass and set it down carefully on the bar top

You First, Son

BY RICHARD STERN

It's a wise man who knows himself—and Big John was remembering his youth when he sent his son out to face a crucial test of his self-respect

IT WAS night. Outside the small house the air was cold, crisp in the autumn moonlight, and the fields of the farm slept quietly and in peace. From the chicken house there came no sound, and the trees of the tiny orchard were silent, sleeping.

Big John sat in his old chair by the table lamp; his spectacles gleamed on the end of his nose and his great feet held the floor firmly, and in his huge hands the Molino Evening News wavered as it always did toward the end of the evening.

Emma sat in her rocker beyond the lamp. Her plump body was upright and her short legs reached for the floor and, touching it, pushed it strongly and the rocker swung back and forth. In her hands she held one of Young John's shirts and her small hands moved deftly, almost automatically, the needle darting in and out, carrying the thread around the patch. Her eyes, set wide in her smooth, troubled face, moved restlessly from the sewing to the clock on the mantel and through the lamp's gleam to the top of Big John's bald head and back to her sewing again.

The hour hand of the clock reached ten and Emma tied her thread and bit it off and laid the shirt in her lap. She said quietly: "It's bedtime, John."

Big John stirred in his chair and Emma knew that he was awakening. He cleared his throat and folded the paper carefully and laid it on the table at his side. He looked at the clock. "Time for old folks to be in bed," he said, as he had said every night for fifteen years. "Time was when ten was the beginning of the evening for me, not the end."

Emma said tartly: "So you've said so often that Young John believes it now. He's still down in town where he has no reason to be."

Big John took off his spectacles and laid them beside the folded paper. "He's young, that boy. He'll have his fling. Then one day he'll find that there's more to livin' than flingin'."

"So I've heard you tell," said Emma. "I'm still waiting for it to happen. I'm commencin' to doubt, I've waited so long."

Big John hoisted his huge body out of the chair. He stretched his arms and the barrel of his chest swelled mountainously beneath his shirt. He yawned. "Could be," he said slowly, "that he'll need showin', like my daddy did for me." He looked at Emma. "My daddy give me rope, an' let me hell around—"

"I've heard you say so," Emma said sharply, "more times than there are hairs left on your head, John Andrews. So many times that almost I misbelieve."

"Now, Emma," Big John's voice did not rise. "Bedtime, Emma. For us old folks. The boy will be along shortly."

It was half past two before Young John came home. Emma, awake in the darkness and clinging with automatic tenacity to the slope of the bed uphill from Big John's great bulk, heard the coughing roar of Young John's hopped-up car as it wheeled into the yard. She closed her eyes thankfully and then opened them again at the sound of another car. She raised herself on one elbow and listened, and plain above the motor came talk and laughter. She nudged Big John and felt him stir and nudged him again. "John," she whispered. "Wake up. Wake up."

"I'm awake, Emma," Big John said quietly and she knew that he, too, was listening. She felt the bed heave as he rolled over and found the floor with his feet. "Rest easy, Emma," Big John said softly. "I'll go see."

Big John found his slippers and put them on and shuffled across the dark room out into the hall to the back door. He opened the door and stepped out into the small yard that was brilliant in the gleam of headlights. He heard the sudden burst of laughter from the cars and knew that it came from the sight of his nightshirt and his great hairy legs. He said imperturbably: "Son? You there?"

A voice came to him from behind the headlights, a voice thick with liquor and laughter. "He's here, all right, Mr. Andrews."

Big John walked ponderously across the lighted yard and beyond the headlights' gleam into the quiet darkness. He looked at the boys sitting in the two cars and the laughter died down. He saw Young John slumped in the seat of his own car and he looked steadily at the boy who sat beneath the wheel.

The boy said: "I'm Bill Gates, Mr. Andrews. John had a little trouble and we thought we'd better bring him home." He opened the car door and slid out awkwardly.

Big John said: "Much obliged. I'll take care of him now." He stood quietly, his great legs widespread, and watched Bill Gates get into the second car with the other two boys and he waited until the car had turned around in the yard and bumped through the gate out to the road. Then he walked around Young John's car and opened the door and lifted the boy's big body out as he might have lifted a feather bolster. Turning, he walked ponderously back into the house and, still holding Young John, closed the back door carefully behind him.

He heard Emma stirring in the bedroom, and then the lights came on and Emma appeared, short and wide in her nightgown, with her graying hair in its net and her eyes round and worried in her smooth face. He heard her gasp: "John! John! He's hurt!"

"Now, Emma," he said quietly. "'Tain't nothing. 'Tain't nothing at all." He looked down at the blood on Young John's white face. "The boy's been fightin', that's all."

"All? All?" Emma's voice rose shrilly. "You say that's all!"

"Emma," said Big John softly. He looked

(Continued on page 53)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

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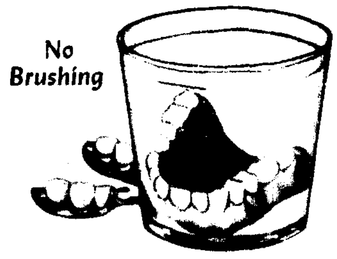

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DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

The Way to the Heart

Continued from page 12

"I'm from the Movie Times," she told him. "Jerry said I could have an interview."

"I think the world is coming along fine," said Morg. "I think Russia is swell; she knows what she wants and goes out to get it. And I don't believe in being too huffy with the English; they can't help talking the way they do. I believe in feeding the starving babies and in chopping off every Nazi head aboveground. That is your interview. Thank you, and good day."

"I don't think you understand," said the interviewer. "I am Eudora Perkins." She said this with pardonable pride, for she had made hers the most powerful and hated name in motion picture publicity. "I could kill you if I wanted to. You might co-operate, I think."

Morg sat down at his dressing table and stared at the unfamiliar face in the mirror. He ticked, disgusted.

"All right, I co-operate. Only I can tell you that I was getting along swell, playing slimy roles, and I hate this goo I am doing now. I hate having to make myself up as twenty-eight, when I am forty-eight, and such movies as Passion's Embers or Stinky Strobolov's Embers are my idea of how to tear down civilization."

"What do you think of Cherry Lamartine?" asked Eudora, with a leer.

"She's a cute kid," said Morg. "I wish her success. Too bad she is handicapped with me."

"I'll need some pictures," said Eudora.

Morg gave her one of his old standard glossies, in which he was made up as a dopey gangster.

"Oh dear, no. Glamorized, please," said Eudora, giving it back. "Tell Jerry to get you an early sitting. I'll need the pictures by Monday."

She went away at last, and Morg sent out for a bowl of beef stew, which he ate in solitary and cheerless quiet in the star bungalow.

So the days went by. Work. Interviews. Glamor photographs. No drinking. No horseshoe pitching. No poker. Life was horrible and also dull.

THEN, two weeks later, the Movie Times hit the stands with a cover picture of Morg, looking very sardonic and fascinating, and inside there was a story to the effect that he was madly in love with Miss Cherry Lamartine. A few choice anatomical studies of Miss Lamartine accompanied the article.

As Morg was sitting stunned and petrified in his bungalow, having just read the thing, Jerry came in, triumphant. "Isn't it a wow!" he exulted. "Man, we're made. Cherry is the hottest thing in pictures right now, and the tie-up is terrific. They want to see you in the front office."

Morg had been a stock player so long that he had a wage slave's humble appreciation of the front office.

"Gee, what for?" he moaned, and he smoothed his toupee, fixed his tie, and straightened out the knife-edge of the press in his trousers.

Jerry accompanied him to the sanctum. Harry Harris, owner of the outfit, was lying on a couch, listening respectfully to the words of Tim Conover, his general publicity manager. To Morg's surprise, Cherry was there, sitting very straight on an office chair, looking nervous.

"Here they are," said Conover. "Now we can get down to business. No, wait. Where's Stinky?"

"In the commissary, having a double-decker cheese-and-tomato with coffee," said Cherry.

"Get him," ordered Harris. "Tell him to bring his sandwich if he wants to."

Stinky arrived. He didn't bring his sandwich, but he had a bag of potato chips.

Conover took the floor. "The thing is this," he said. "Perkins gave out with a story that Cherry and Beauregard are simmering. You saw it?"

Cherry and Morg nodded assent, looking at each other warily.

"Cherry is just beginning; this is only her second picture," said Conover, "and the public is keenly interested. Beauregard has been around, but the public has only just waked up to him as an idol."

Morg fidgeted and ticked.

"Now Perkins' having paired you off, with Passion's Embers due for release in November, is a natural break. We want to ask that you begin to go out together, be seen together, sort of build the thing up. It will take, because the studio didn't start it. Eudora did."

"So when they pay their seventy-five cents, they'll think the kisses are the real McCoy. Rather like the old-fashioned peep show, isn't it?" questioned Morg.

"Putting it crudely," said Conover, "that is the idea."

Harris spoke: "Putting it crudely, that's the idea of the whole movie business. So there is no point in making faces like potatoes burning. We all earn our money in this racket."

Morg was silent, mute under the revelation of the horrors to which his emergence as a star had brought him.

"As for me, if anybody cares for my humble opinion," said Cherry, shaking the chandeliers with her voice, "I would be delighted and honored to be seen in a few night spots with Morgan Beauregard."

"She's a good kid, solid—like a pound of butter," said Stinky, approvingly.

"You can count on Morg," said Jerry firmly. "I am his manager and I have him under ironclad contract for ten years. He can't even buy a package of chewing gum without my approval. He will take Miss Lamartine any place you say."

Morg rose to his feet. "Come, my dove, my fair one," he said to Cherry. "Good afternoon to you heels, to coin a phrase."

ON SATURDAY night, having received full and explicit directions from Jerry, Morg put on his toupee, a dark coat and white trousers, purchased a dozen red roses and a box of chocolates, got into Jerry's coupé (loaned for the occasion) and glumly drove to Cherry's house. The address was somewhere in Santa Monica.

To Morg's surprise, he found a small bungalow of the five-room type, with a white wooden fence around almost obscured by blooming hollyhocks. The door was opened by a lady in a flowered print dress. She had merry brown eyes, and her dark, upswept hair had silver streaks in it; her gentle curves flowed into one another with careless freedom and she revealed beautiful teeth when she smiled. Morg said, "Are you a real mother, or just a prop?"

"Want to see my marriage lines? Cherry is my baby, all legitimate and everything."

"I ask for your marriage lines in the second act," said Morg. "After we hide the body."

"I never had anything to do with bodies," said Mrs. Lamartine. "I used to be in musical comedy. I was in the first Americana."

She took the roses and candy, led him to a deep chair, pushed him in, and placed a tall iced glass in his hand.

Cherry came in, looking like the cover of a fashion magazine. She was wearing a long, figure-fitting white dress, but when she walked the skirt opened into a million infinitesimal pleats, falling back into place the moment she was still. Her hair was bound back with a silver ribbon, and she had wound a shawl, made of links of silvery stuff, around her shoulders.

"Better let me finish this excellent highball, baby," said Morg, "because I'll need my strength. Looks as if I'll have to fight for your honor two or three times tonight."

At their first stop, Cherry stopped the orchestra and was given the tribute of silence as she walked to their table. On their way out, after two or three dances around the room, she was barricaded by people with autograph books. Then there was the ominous flash which meant a candid-camera shot. At their next stop Cherry and Morg were the center of attention instantly, and before he knew it Morg had three separate colors and designs of lipstick on his cheek and chin. When at last they drew up before the cottage with hollyhocks in Santa Monica, he said, "Well, that was an eminently successful night out. I feel exactly like a cradle snatcher. Shall I sing you a lullaby, baby, and or will you toddle in to bed in the dark like Papa's big girl?"

Cherry burst into tears and left him without saying good night.

There being nothing else to do, Morg drove home again, puncturing a tire on the way and brooding darkly on the Mystery of Woman.

"You can't please 'em," he finally concluded, and went to bed with a clear conscience but a troubled mind.

The slight feeling of discomfort persisted during the next day. Cherry looked at him with mournful eyes. But Stinky was pleased; it gave him an appetite.

In the evening Morg went out to Cherry's. Mrs. Lamartine was in the kitchen making waffles. After three of them, with plenty of melted butter and sirup and two cups of coffee, Morg leaned back in his chair and said thoughtfully, "You know, you ought to meet Stinky. You could advance Cherry's career like crazy by plying him with waffles like these."

"It's an idea," she admitted. "Why don't you come over Sunday morning for late breakfast and bring him along?"

"I'll do it. By the way, I delivered your child home in tears last night. What was the matter?"

"The poor girl's getting ready to be in love, I think. They start that way, crying around."

"Gosh," muttered Morg.

STINKY wasn't hard to persuade about breakfast. Cherry was lovely in yellow slacks and Mrs. Lamartine made waffles to melt the heart of a polar bear. They all ate mightily and then Stinky went to sleep in a garden chair while Morg and Cherry played horseshoes, and Mrs. Lamartine kept fanning the flies off Stinky.

On Monday, Cherry and Morg were called into the front office and praised. Their "romance" had hit all the local papers and three important columns. Passion's Embers was sure to be a smash. "It will be colossal. In fact, I think it will be pretty good," said Harris.

Eudora Perkins was waiting to be taken to lunch by Morg. Harris had warned Morg that he had better continue to play ball. So Morg forced his lips back from his teeth in an imitation smile and took her grandly to lunch at Sardi's.

Eudora was noncommittal through lunch and Morg began to wonder about the gimmick. Then, with the coffee, it came. "Harris said you would give me a twenty-four-hour scoop on the announcement," she said.

"The announcement of what?"

"Of your engagement to Cherry."

Morg pondered this latest development. "I'd be glad to," he said.

He thought that safe enough. But he had forgotten Eudora and her power. She announced his engagement to Cherry in the next morning's paper. Morg was desperate. He protested to Harris. Harris said it was tough, but in this industry if Eudora said you were engaged, you were engaged, that's all. He suggested a star sapphire, or maybe a square-cut emerald.

Morg worried about Cherry. The poor kid, saddled with a rumor like that. Engaged to an old codger. She was not on call that day, for Morg was shooting close-ups, so after he was through, he determined to go out to see her and offer his sympathy.

MRS. LAMARTINE opened the door. She had on old jeans, rolled up, and a sweater. She had her hair tied up in a blue bandanna, and a can of worms in one hand.

"Hello," she said. "Cherry went to Palm Springs to think about her engagement. But I'm here—if it matters."

"Sure it matters. Going fishing?"

"Surf fishing. It's swell at this hour. And if you like we can take a frying pan and cook 'em right on the beach."

"Got another pole?"

"In the garage."

It was about seven, and the sun was setting. The beach was almost deserted and the cold swirling surf stung their bare legs. The trick was to throw your line into the second or third row of breakers just before they curled under. It was hard, exciting sport; Morg hadn't had so much fun since he beat Lionel Barrymore pitching horseshoes two years ago on Labor Day.

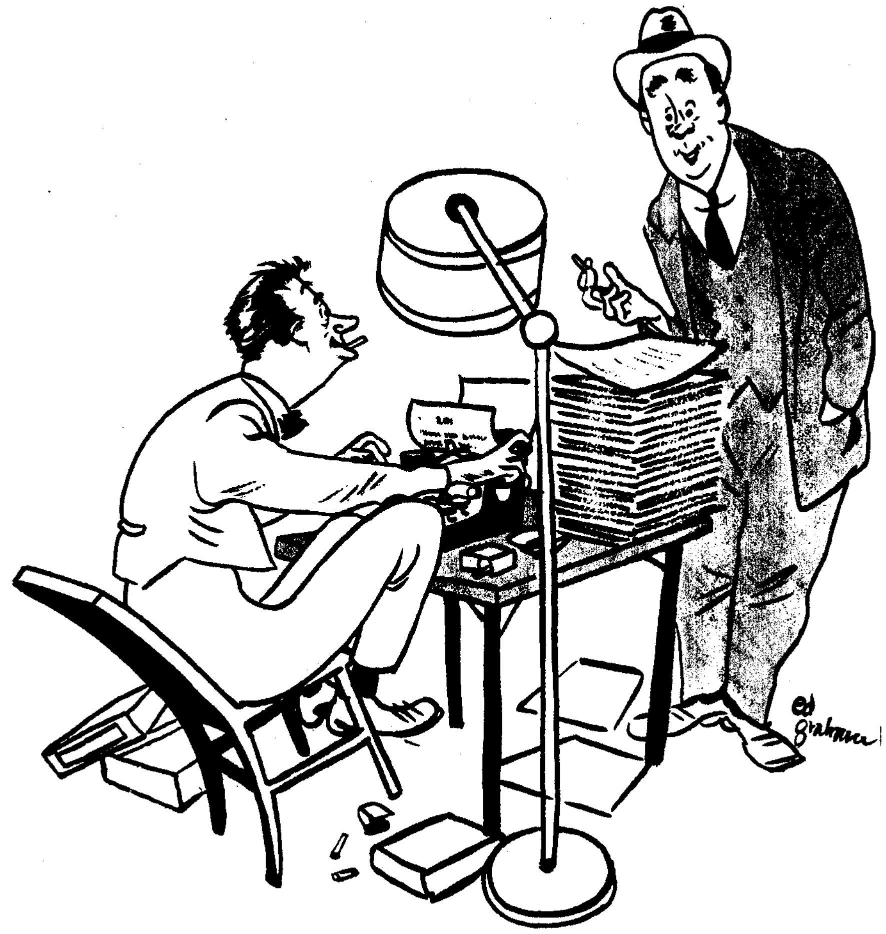
But Ma outfished him. She took four; he got only two. She gloated over him.

"It's a good thing," he told her. "Because there's the little matter of a fishing license. I haven't got one."

She had brought corn meal and butter, and they made a fire and fried their fish. It was getting cold by then, and almost dark. The fire provided both warmth and light.

"You were going to do this all alone?" wondered Morg.

"I have to get used to being alone, don't I?



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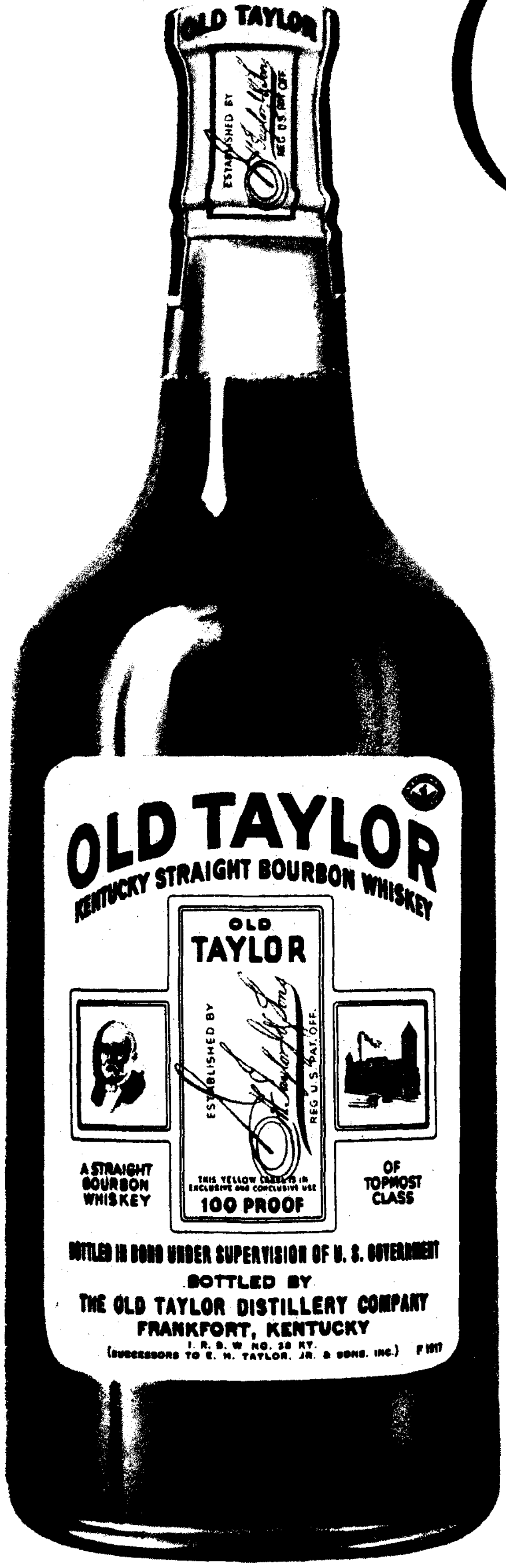
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Since it seems you are to marry my Cherry. The mother is always the last to know."

"It was that damn' Eudora," said Morg. "Poor Cherry. I wouldn't inflict myself on her, even in a rumor."

"Why not?"

"Why, my Lord, I'm forty-eight. Furthermore, I like it. Youth scares me. I'm glad I've got it behind me."

"Cherry's impressionable. She thinks you put the moon and the stars in their place."

"Well, I'm an actor, and we get a lot of adulation, whether we deserve it or not."

She had corn meal on her chin and she wasn't young, and she fitted her jeans dangerously, but Morg thought she looked quite beautiful then. For she said, "You're an awful nice guy, really. Almost good enough for Cherry. I think I could stand having you around a lot."

He was so pleased that he was struck silent, and only after they had walked back to the cottage, and came upon a hunched figure sitting on the steps, did he regain his voice.

"My God, it's Stinky!"

"I want a waffle," explained Stinky.

"You shall have several," said Ma, "as soon as I shower some of the fish off myself."

While she changed, Stinky and Morg had a highball.

"What did you do before you got into this racket?" asked Morg.

"I used to have a wholesale grocery business," said Stinky, "but it was inherited, so I didn't appreciate it. Not then. Embers is shaping up all right. You'll be a big star, able to name your own ticket, choose your roles."

"I wonder."

"They may suspend you if you don't knuckle down to the front office, but when you're on the wave, boy, ride it. Talk back to 'em. Courage, that's what it takes. I know a lot of nice guys and all that's the matter with them is no guts. I think it must be their diet."

"Stinky," brooded Morg, "I think you're right."

Then Ma came in, wearing a dress of red silk, a little apron of white dotted Swiss. The vision struck Morg right in the solar plexus. He followed her into the kitchen, hypnotized, took her in his arms, and kissed her. Not a stage kiss. But with schmaltz.

"Let's get married," he said. "We're old enough."

"Morgan Beauregard, you bigamist. You are engaged to my daughter."

"I'm not. I mean, I can explain everything. I can fix it so she'll throw me over."

"And ruin her career? Cherry's not on contract. She's signed for this one picture only. Eudora would crucify her for defying an engagement announced by Eudora Perkins."

But she hadn't pulled out of his arms. Morg remembered this later and it comforted him.

CHERRY was back next day, and they did final scenes of Passion's Embers. She put a lot of vim into her role, and her eyes were twin star sapphires.

"I met a nice boy in Palm Springs," she told Morg. "A flier. I told him I was engaged to you, and can you imagine what he said? He said, 'So what?'"

"Sounds like the right kind of a kid."

"He's rich, too. Pots of money. Inherited some stores or something."

"Better still. Am I jilted yet?" he asked hopefully.

Cherry looked at him long, frowningly.

"You're too anxious, darn you," she said. "I never jilt a fiancé till he gives me the ring."

"Sound business. I'll be around with the ring tonight. Maybe I can count on a first-class jilting tomorrow."

"You aren't putting any heat on in those love scenes," complained Stinky to Morg. "I want to burn up the screen. I want women to sigh and strong men to loosen their collars. You are ruining me, you two icebergs. You will ruin my business, you loafers."

Morg bought a lovely ring, an emerald hedged in with diamonds, and he made Jerry take it out to Santa Monica. The card on it said, "For the future Mrs. Morg."

Morg himself had other important business. He went calling on Miss Eudora Perkins, bearing a sheaf of orchids and a leather-bound volume of the poems of Rupert Brooke.

He gave her the book and pinned the orchids on her shoulder. She was quiet and docile as they bowled into town to begin a round of the night spots.

Morgan was at his most charming. He could not do enough for her. He could not take his eyes off her. At first suspicious, she gradually began to soften.

"I suppose," she said, a little tremulously, "you just want me to retract that statement that you and Cherry are engaged."

"As a matter of fact," said Morg, down in his most vibrant Charles Boyer register, "I don't care for the very young. I like mature women. Women with the enchantment of intelligence and *savoir-faire*, and the intrigue of the wary and the wise."

Eudora took off her glasses and put them in her pocketbook. "But I thought, just being near anyone as beautiful as Cherry . . ."

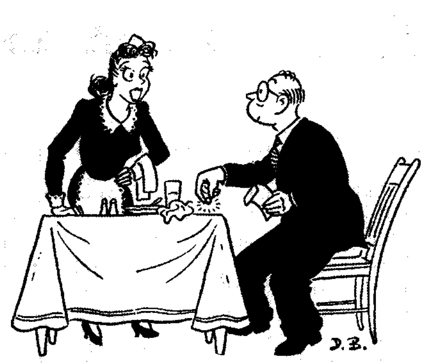
"There are many kinds of beauty," pronounced Morg. "The ephemeral beauty of the outer envelope . . . and the divine and enduring beauty of the soul within."

Eudora looked up at him solemnly and there were stars in her eyes. Morg was pretty sure he had made his point.

"I can cook, too," she murmured.

"Not waffles!"

"I am a waffle expert from way back. I do it by putting in the beaten whites of the eggs last. It makes them irresistible."



"Give it to the March of Dimes!"

"You have an unknown admirer," Morg told her.

"What's unknown about you?"

"I mean, besides me. I am supposed to plead his case tonight."

Eudora seemed a little let down. "I thought you were giving me a genuine rush, yourself," she admitted.

"I love you dearly. Like a sister," said Morg. "But the man I have reference to is of another kidney. He adores you from afar. He is molten with passion. He hasn't come near you because he's afraid you might think he just wanted publicity."

"You mean to say there is such a guy, in Hollywood?"

"He doesn't really need publicity. He's one of the great."

"You interest me strangely," said Eudora, putting on her glasses, after all. "I suppose he looks like Frankenstein, but I realize I can't be choosy any more. Come on, who is it?"

"The orchids were from him."

"Fancy."

"And the poems."

"When I get home, I'll look and see if he wrote on the flyleaf."

"Too shy."

"Well, it doesn't matter who he is," said Eudora. "Tell me how I am going to land this man who is shy and who doesn't want publicity. Shall I be a mother to him, play hard to get, or does he want me to lend him some money?"

"All you have to do is make him some waffles. And have plenty of sausages around and maybe some strawberries and cream, and plenty of good coffee."

"Strawberries are forty cents a basket right now," murmured Eudora, "but it may be my last chance. Bring him over on Sunday."

"And you retract my engagement to Cherry and say that you were mistaken."

"The woman always pays through the nose, eh? Well, I'll pay if this love affair works out. Not otherwise."

Morg went home feeling much cheered. All he had to do was get Stinky to Eudora's on Sunday morning, and await developments.

On Sunday he caught Stinky early, while he was still hungry, and delivered him to Eudora by nine-thirty. She met them at the door. She had on her glasses, but also she had on a cute apron and in her hand was a large spoon, with something dripping off it.

"Miss Perkins. Mr. Strobolov," said Morg.

"I was just whipping cream for the strawberries," burbled Eudora. "There are waffles and also sausage with scrambled eggs. Won't you step in, Mr. Strobolov?"

Stinky went straight to the kitchen. It was large and white and full of wonderful smells.

"Are you married?" asked Stinky.

"Not yet," murmured Eudora, and Morg left them to their thoughts.

MA WAS not at home in Santa Monica, but Cherry was. She was at home on the lap of a tall and handsome young man in the uniform of the Air Force.

"Hello, Morg darling," she cried, without getting up or releasing her hold on the young flier's neck. "This is Hollis. I know you two will love each other."

"No we won't," said Morg and Hollis in unison.

"But you have to. You are my fiancés. I am also engaged to Hollis," said Cherry. "And can you imagine, Morg. His name is Hollis Strobolov. He is Stinky's nephew. He has all Stinky's nasty little grocery stores that make pots of money. Isn't it wonderful?"

"Now, wait a minute. Let's get unsnarled," said Morg. "We are both your fiancés. Very well. But you can't marry both of us. Which will you have?"

"Oh, I'll have Hollis," cried Cherry. "I just love all the things in grocery stores. I'll never have to worry about what to cook. And besides, Hollis made me that speech, the standard speech that I love so much. He said he had been away to fight for everything I stood for and now he's come back from the jaws of death to collect his rightful reward, and I said yes. After all, what can a girl say? I'm a patriot, I guess. And he isn't even going to have to stop wearing that cute uniform. He's staying in; he's a flying instructor. Isn't it wonderful?"

Hollis and Cherry gave each other a long enthusiastic kiss. Morg dialed Eudora's number.

"Say, Eudora," he said, "I've got a marriage announcement to give you. Also news of a broken engagement. Also, I hope, another marriage announcement—"

"The big news tomorrow is *my* engagement," said Eudora. "What do I care about broken-down old actors like you? Only I'll always love you, darling, because you helped me land Stinky. And, Morg, he wrote in my volume of Rupert Brooke. He thought it was a cookbook."

But Morg gave her the details about Cherry and Hollis Strobolov. "There's another story too," he said, "but I'll have to let you have it later. I've got a few details to work out first."

Cherry and Hollis were still kissing, when Morg got back from the phone but Cherry detached herself long enough to say, "Ma went fishing—if you're looking for her."

Morg went out to the garage and got the extra line and tramped happily toward the beach. He found her without any trouble. She had caught two fish and Morg's emerald flashed on her finger as she threw out her line.

"You deserve better," said Morg, humbly. "I wear shoes to make me tall, and part of a false nose and a toupee. I didn't want to, the studio makes me."

"I don't see why you couldn't take it off when we are fishing, honey."

"I'm not worthy of you," groveled Morg. "A wonderful woman like you."

"Well," said Ma, "there are a few little details but I think I can take care of them. After all I expect to be married to you a long time."

"Amen," said Morg, chucking in his line and ticking joyfully.

THE END

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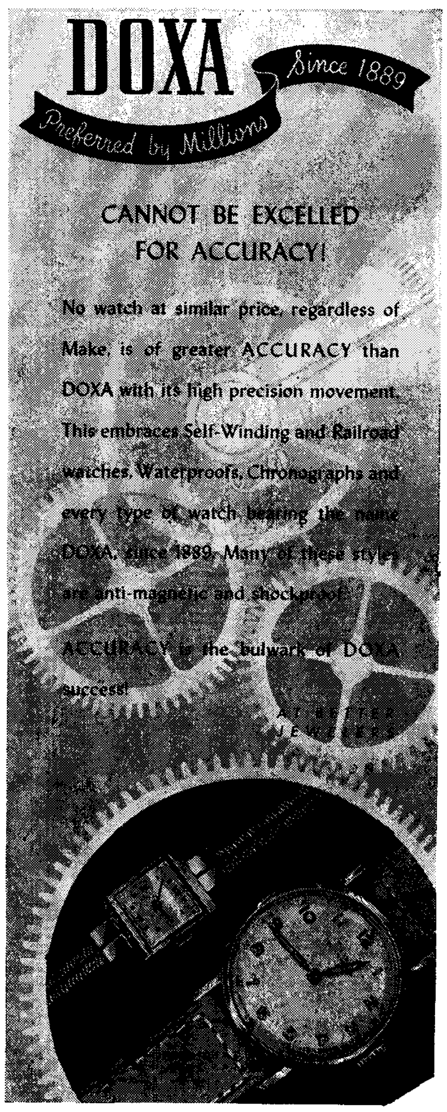

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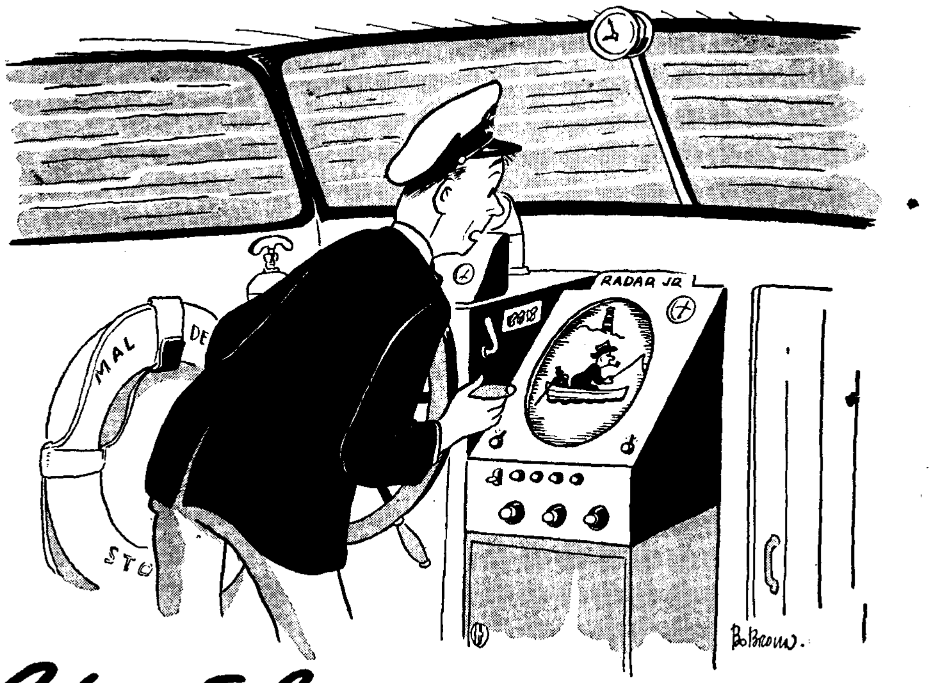


BO BROWN

Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Everyman's Radar Coming

Automatic, compact, "push-button" radar will soon be ready for small vessels of all kinds, to help them thread their way through dense harbor traffic or navigate difficult coasts in all weathers and at night. The new device will be much cheaper than the complicated military models, though of much shorter range. It will be neatly "packaged" in a cabinet alongside the steering wheel and will need no operator except the steersman himself.

Tugboats, ferries, barges, excursion boats can all use the junior radar to navigate safely through the thickest fogs or darkest storms. With it, objects on near-by waters will be as plainly visible as they are in full sunlight. A "Plan Position Indicator," located beside the wheel, will present on a circular screen a lighted image of near-by buoys, vessels, rocks and shore lines. Circles permanently inscribed on the screen will measure distances in feet or miles from the center, which will always represent the position of the vessel carrying the radar.

For the small cabin cruiser even junior radar will probably be a luxury at first. But there is no doubt that complete sets will eventually cost no more than a good radio.

Highway That Shines in the Dark

Black roads are harder to drive on at night than white ones because they reflect headlight beams very poorly. Even smooth white concrete is none too good, since the light grazes the surface so nearly flat that less than one per cent of it is sent back to the driver. But Doctor E. C. Bingham of Lafayette University has just worked out a new construction for highways that will make them shine brilliantly when headlights fall upon them at a low angle. His plan, successfully tested in laboratory experiments, is to lay the road surface in a special pattern of small bricks or blocks, each one tilted slightly downward in the direction of travel. This causes the rear edge of every block to stick up a fraction of an inch above the one behind it. The exposed vertical edges face the oncoming driver and reflect nearly all the light from his car back to him.

A serious problem in this sawtoothed construction is the hum and vibration set up in tires passing over it. Doctor Bingham avoids the trouble by staggering the blocks in such a way that a continuous horizontal support is given over the width of each tire tread. The pavement is said to be entirely noiseless and vibration free.

The high-reflecting pavement is likely to be adopted as a safety measure on fast cross-country highways of the future. It will make night driving far less fatiguing and be as easy to see as the average road by daylight.

Get Dry Quick

They dry a coat of paint on an automobile or refrigerator in a matter of minutes nowadays, where it used to take hours or days. Infrared lamps are used. Ingenious application engineers, wondering what else could be dried in a hurry by the same method, decided recently that the infrared principle could be used in domestic drying problems. A new type of lamp is the result, to be screwed into any household socket and operated safely.

The new lamp, about the size of a small wine bottle, is entirely waterproof. It is especially designed for use in the bathroom on a chilly morning when you leap out of a cold shower and want to dry off fast. Splashing won't bother it. The lamp will also dry your hair in a few minutes, and "set" your nail polish. Or it can be used around the laundry for quick-drying small articles you need in a hurry.

Encased in a dark red bulb, this infrared lamp throws a narrow, intense beam of heat but little light, hence is highly efficient. Its radiant heat warms only the object it falls upon. It will use 250 watts of electricity, less than the average flatiron, and can be pressed into service to keep hands supple when working in such places as cold garages. Since its heating element is sealed in, it cannot burn the baby or scorch clothes brushed against it.

The infrared lamp is a "now you can get" item in some stores already.

Better Burners for Your Range

The gas burners on your kitchen range are patterned after the original Bunsen burner invented as a makeshift to obtain heat from illuminating gas. They won't work unless exactly the right amount of air is drawn in through the mixing valve. Nowadays, gas is made principally for heating, not lighting, and the venerable Bunsen principle is no longer the best. To remedy this, a new kind of burner is being developed in England that has no air valve at all, but picks up the necessary air at the burner tip itself.

Result: a hotter flame, less gas used for a given cooking job, no danger of plugging up if the pot boils over. Nor will the new burner "pop back" if it is turned on too slowly when it is lighted. ★★★

You First, Son

Continued from page 46

at her as he had looked at the boys in the car. "You go on back to bed, Emma, where it's warm. I'll take care of the boy."

"I'll do no such—"

"Emma," Big John repeated, "I'll take care of the boy. You go on back to bed."

She closed her lips slowly and the panic fled from her eyes. "Yes, John," she said. And she turned back into the bedroom.

Big John carried the boy into his bedroom. He laid him gently on the bed and undressed him clumsily and tucked him in, listening for a full minute to his steady breathing before he switched off the lights and moved ponderously back into his own room. He took off his slippers and sat down on the bed and swung himself under the covers. He sighed once, deeply, and then he answered Emma's unspoken question. "The boy's all right, Emma," he said. "In the morning we'll find out." And then he slept, while Emma lay stiffly awake with her lips moving quietly.

EMMA was up and bustling in the kitchen when Big John awakened. It was scarcely dawn and the air was brisk and the heat from the kitchen spread comfortably through the small house. Big John rolled out of bed, pulled on his long underwear and his blue overalls, and slid his blue shirt over his bald head and tucked in his shirttails. He moved into the bathroom and sloshed cold water on his face and slicked down the wisps of gray hair with his wet hands. Then he went into the kitchen.

Emma had set the kitchen table with two places and on the sink was a tray. Big John poured himself a mug of coffee and laced it with thick cream and stirred it carefully before he drank. "The boy will eat out here with us, Emma," he said.

Emma's eyes were wide and hot with anger. "The boy is hurt," she said. "You forget that, John. Or maybe you don't forget. Maybe you don't care."

"The boy is all right," Big John said. "And he won't thank you for babyin' him. He'll eat in here with us."

Emma pressed her lips together until they showed white. "You—" she began.

Big John touched her cheek awkwardly with his huge hand. "Believe me, Emma," he said softly, "I know what the boy needs." He let his hand drop. "My daddy—"

"Your daddy!" Emma said fiercely. "Your daddy!" But she put the tray back in the cupboard and set a third place at the table. Big John watched her and drank his coffee, and when it was finished he went into Young John's room and awakened the boy.

"Son," he said. "Breakfast's ready, son." He looked into Young John's eyes for a brief moment before he turned back to the kitchen.

Breakfast was a silent time. Big John worked on his food stolidly, chewing each mouthful with care and relish. Young John kept his eyes on his plate and his head bent so that the lump on his jaw and the small cut above his eyes might show as little as possible. His hands shook and his skin was pale and he ate without appetite. Emma scarcely touched her food and her eyes dwelt tenderly on her son's face.

When the meal was done, Big John pushed back his chair. "We'll go outside, son," he said.

Young John lifted his eyes and looked sullenly at his father. "I don't want to talk about it," he said. "I've learned my lesson." He shut his lips tightly and then opened them again. "The dirty skunks," he said.

Big John said: "We'll go outside, son," and his eye caught Emma's before she could speak. Big John stood up and waited.

"I tell you I don't want to talk about it," Young John said.

Big John said softly: "Son." And the boy raised his eyes and lowered them again and pushed back his chair and followed his father into the yard.

Big John sat on the running board of the little pickup truck he used for farm chores. Young John leaned against the front fender and stared at the ground. Big John got out his knife and dug a kitchen match out of his overall pocket and began to fashion a toothpick. He said nothing.

Young John said finally: "It won't do any good to talk about it. I've learned my lesson and that's that." His voice was still boyishly sullen, still ashamed.

Big John shaved patiently at the match and said nothing.

"I thought I had some friends," Young John said. "They turned out to be a bunch of skunks. That's all."

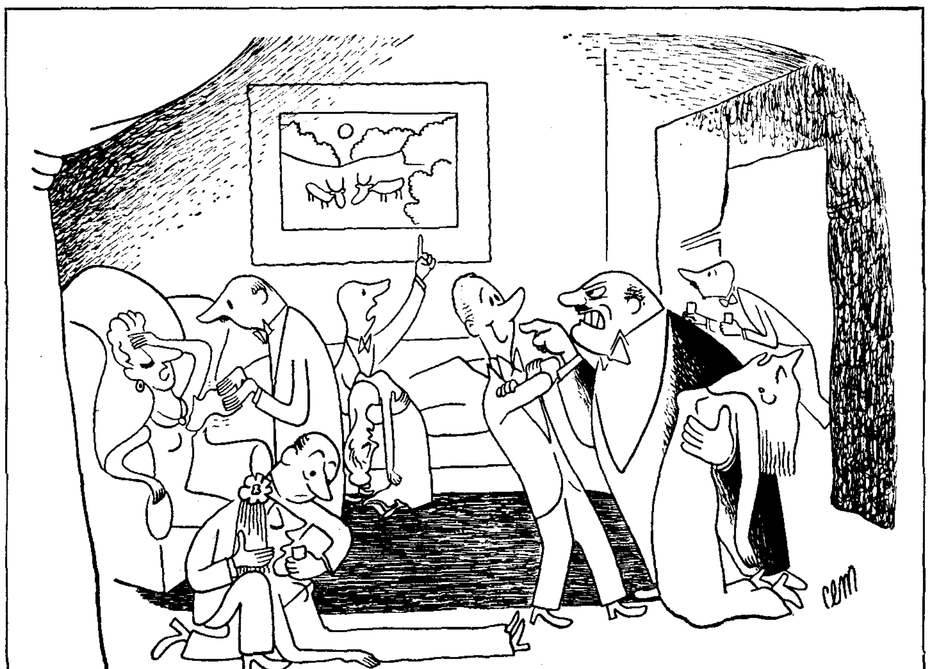
Big John examined the match. He closed his knife carefully and put it away in his pocket. He looked up at the boy. "Once," he said, "when I was somewhat near your age, I had a mite of trouble. My daddy—"

"Your daddy!" the boy said fiercely. "I remember him. He had a beard and he chewed tobacco and it spilt on the beard and sometimes he thought I was you and sometimes he couldn't hardly hear and—"

"He wasn't always like that, son," Big John interrupted mildly. "Once he was somewhat like me. That was when I was somewhat like you."

"Aw, hell!" Young John said sharply. "You can't understand!" He turned away and strode angrily off across the yard and Big John watched him go without a word.

He took his toothpick from his mouth and rose from the running board and went to the back door. "Emma," he said. "I'm going in to town for a spell. I'll be back shortly." He turned back to the pickup and climbed in and the springs shrieked against his weight. Then he started the engine and twisted the



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little car around in something less than its own length and bumped off across the yard and through the gate.

He was back in about two hours and he came into the kitchen where Emma was at work over the stove. She turned to face him and she wiped her hands nervously on her apron. "Where is the boy?" Big John asked.

Emma shook her head. "He hasn't come back." Her voice was worried.

Big John nodded. "Good," he said. He leaned against the sink. "I went into town. I talked and I listened. I know what happened last night."

Emma's eyes showed interest.

"The boy," Big John said, "has been hanging around the Molino Tavern of nights. He's been drinking and gambling a little. Last night he had been drinking. He was playing dice with the crowd he knew there, the ones he called his friends."

"What kind of men are they?" Emma asked.

Big John's face was impassive. "Cannery help, field hands, fruit tramps." There was scorn in his voice. He saw the distress in Emma's face. "The boy had to learn," he said. "Better now than later." He paused, and his eyes looked far away into the past, and then returned. "Last night," he went on, "he played dice with his friends. He lost. He accused them of cheating. There was a fight, six against one. They threw him out and told him not to come back. Young Gates found him and brought him home."

Emma's eyes searched his face anxiously. "That's all?" she asked.

"That's all," said Big John.

"Then he's learned his lesson," Emma said. "Like he told us this morning."

"Part of it," Big John said.

"What do you mean?"

"He's learned his lesson," Big John said. "But he's lost his self-respect. We'll get that back and he'll be all right."

Emma said sharply: "John! John! What do you mean?"

But Big John shook his bald head. "We'll talk about it this evening," he said.

YOUNG JOHN finished his supper. He pushed back his chair and stood up and carried his plate to the sink. Then he started for the back door. Big John's voice stopped him.

"Goin' out, son?"

The boy nodded. He clenched his hands. "I'm goin' into town. I'll be back early."

Emma said quickly: "John! Don't let him go!"

Young John glared at her.

Big John said softly: "Hush, Emma. This is man business." And then to the boy: "It's too early, son. Bide a while."

The boy stood uncertainly at the door. He looked at his father and then dropped his eyes and went into the living room. They heard him turn on the radio and sit down in the big chair. Emma said: "John! You're not going to let him go?"

"This is man business, Emma," Big John repeated. He got up from the table and carried his plate to the sink, and Emma rose mechanically to join him. Together they washed and dried the dishes and put them away and when it was done they moved into the living room, Emma with her sewing, Big John with his spectacles and his Molino Evening News. Young John sat glumly in his chair and the radio blared unnoticed.

It was half past eight when Big John put down his paper and took his spectacles from his nose. He looked at Young John and Emma watched fearfully. "It's time for us to go, son," Big John said.

The boy sat up in his chair. "What you mean?"

"I'm going with you," Big John said. "We're going into town."

"But—" the boy began.

"It's time for us to go, son," Big John repeated. He rose from his chair. "We'll be home early, Emma," he said and he looked at Young John and the boy got out of his chair reluctantly. "We'll take your car," said Big John.

They drove out of the yard in the quiet darkness. Big John sat on his side of the car, his great bulk immobile, his huge hands folded placidly in his lap. When they reached the highway and headed for the town, Young John broke the silence. "Where we going?" he asked sullenly.

"Molino Tavern," Big John said. "That's where you was headed, ain't it?"

The boy nodded, without understanding and they drove on in silence.

They parked the car around the corner from the tavern. Big John climbed out onto the sidewalk and the springs of the car shrieked in relief. Young John got out slowly and came around to stand by his father. "There's no call—" he began. But Big John cut him off.

"If you're ready, son," he said softly, "we'll go."

They moved down the sidewalk and around the corner without a word, the boy filled with sullen resentment. At the door of the tavern they paused. "You first, son," said Big John. "We'll have a drink." And the boy moved reluctantly through the swinging doors and straight up to the bar. Behind him he heard his father's ponderous tread, and then the sudden hush that came over the crap game on the solitary pool table at the end of the room. And in the hush he heard the voice he knew so well: "Will ya tie that? The rube's back, an' he brought his old man to pertect him."

Big John heard it, too, but he made no sign. He pulled a small leather purse from his overall pocket and took out a quarter and laid it on the bar. "My son an' me'll have two beers," he said, and laughter roared down the room from the pool table.

Young John said pleadingly: "Pa."

"Coyotes are allus yappin', son," Big John said. "They're tryin' to persuade theirselves that they're gray wolves." His quiet voice carried through the laughter, cutting it off short. "Your beer, son," Big John said.

Out of the corner of his eye as he drank, the boy saw the group move down the room from the pool table toward the bar. They moved slowly, purposefully. He forced himself to empty his glass and set it down carefully on the bar top and he saw, with astonishment, that his hand did not tremble. Behind him he heard the voice again: "I thought I told you last night to stay outa here, rube."

The boy turned and faced the half circle around him. Six men. The same six. And he felt again the helpless rage that had overwhelmed him the night before. "Skunks," he said. "Coyotes." And his voice was low, steady.

"Which one you want, son?" Big John asked softly.

"The big one," said Young John and he heard his father's approving chuckle and its sound poured warmth into his chest. He pushed himself suddenly from the bar and dove forward and caught his man around the waist and the force of his rush carried them clear of the other men.

"He's all your'n, son," Big John called. "I'll keep his friends off'n your back." He reached for the two nearest men and caught them in his great hands. He leaned back against the bar and the barrel of his chest swelled hugely and the humps of his shoulders stood out beneath his shirt. He heaved. The two men rose from the ground like swallows and swooped magnificently over the bar's top and disappeared behind in a satisfying din of breaking glass. Big John moved forward. Two of the remaining three men turned and fled through the swinging doors. The third reached for a chair.

Big John caught him with the chair half-raised. He swung his huge fist overhand like a sledge and caught the man on the top of his head and hammered him to his knees. He swung again, in the awkward sidearm swipe of a cornered bear, and the man grunted hollowly and skittled across the tavern floor and was brought up short against the wall with the ugly sound of a dropped grain sack. He twitched once and lay still. Big John looked around.

Against the side wall, Young John knelt astride of his man. He held the man's ears in his two strong hands and he was beating the man's head against the floor with vigor.

Big John said: "I think that's enough, son. I think you've proved your point." There was a smile touching the corners of his mouth and his eyes were proud.

Young John bounced the head once more. He released the ears and rose to his feet, looking down. The man did not move. Young John turned back toward his father. There was a bloody streak on his cheekbone, but the sullenness was gone. His head was lifted and his shoulders were loose and easy. He walked slowly over to the bar and laid a quarter on the bar's top. He caught the bartender with his eyes and drew him out of his corner. "We'll have two beers," he said softly. "For my daddy an' me."

EMMA was waiting when they drove into the little yard. They could see her standing in the lighted kitchen, listening, waiting.

Big John said: "You first, son." He leaned against the car fender and got a kitchen match out of his pocket and opened his knife and began to fashion a toothpick.

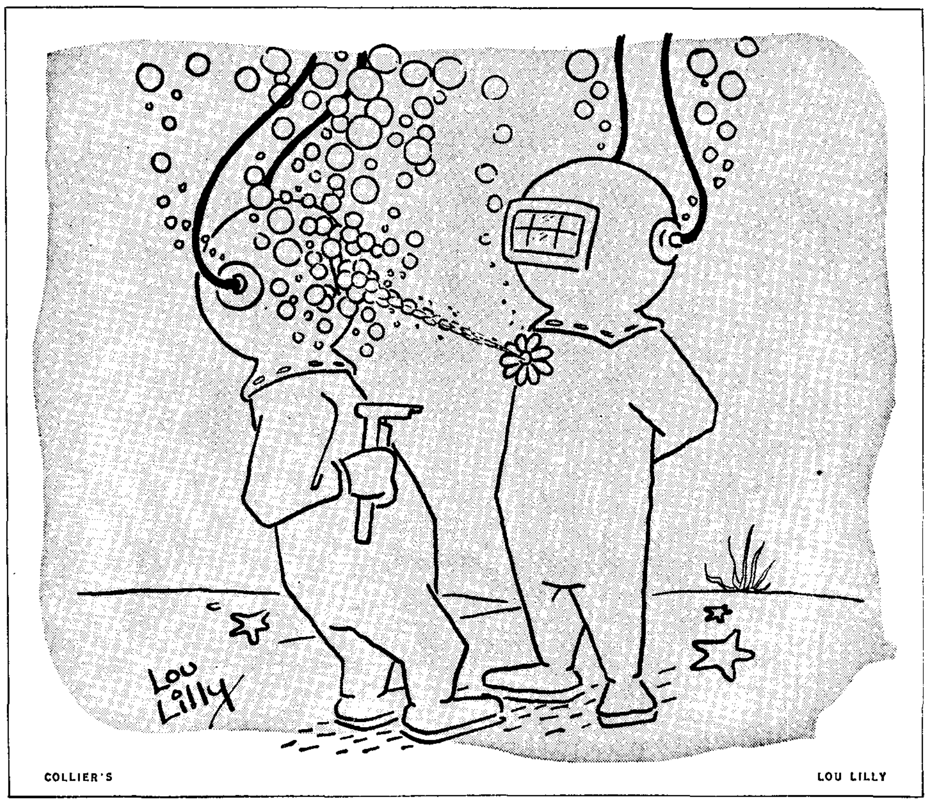
Young John walked across the yard and up the two wooden steps. He pushed open the back door and stepped into the kitchen.

Emma said: "My boy. My boy." And her eyes found the blood on his cheek. "What have they done to you?"

Young John looked at her. And then she saw: The boyhood was gone from his face, from his eyes. It would never return.

"I had a chore to do," Young John said slowly. "My daddy helped me out." He smiled, suddenly, happily. "Like his daddy helped him out, once," he said proudly.

THE END



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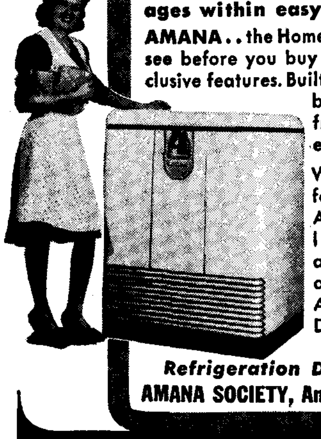

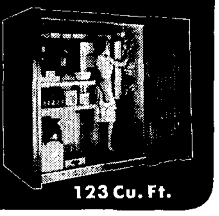

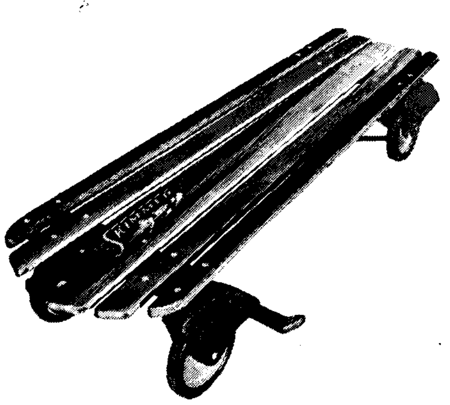

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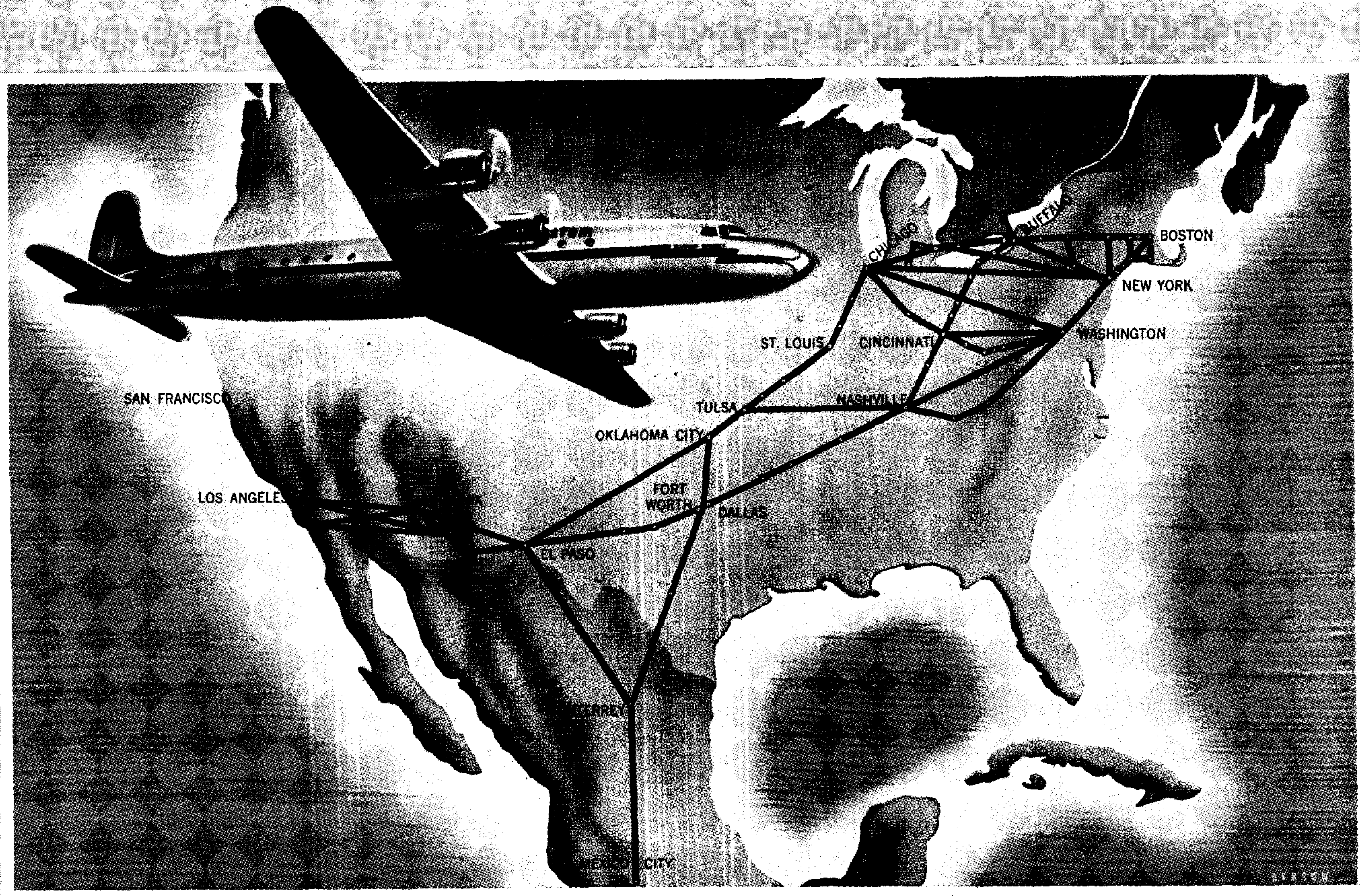

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Boston	$12.75
Los Angeles	115.15
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Buffalo	$ 2.60
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Chicago	$11.70
Los Angeles	77.30
Dallas-Fort Worth	29.90
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New York	$118.30
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Washington	111.35

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THE NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

THIS WEEK: CLARK GABLE

BY ALYCE CANFIELD

After three years of absence, Clark Gable finds his fans as faithful as ever. His new picture is finished and another's on the way

America's favorite he-man is home from the wars, ready to resume his old standing as the movies' Indispensable Man

AWAY back in 1930, Clark Gable's first screen test for M-G-M showed a tall, lanky young man cavorting in flowered loincloth, dark body make-up, and sporting a hideous hibiscus behind one prominent ear. When the test was run off for the late Irving Thalberg, he said: "I think we can very well do without Gable."

Today, sixteen years and 41 pictures later, it's a different story. The Gable who is back after three years in the Army has a ready-made audience waiting for him. Despite the public's reputation for fickleness, he has neither been forgotten nor supplanted. He has held the affection of movie-goers over a longer period than any other star, and theater managers are gleefully awaiting the day when their marquees will once more read: "THIS WEEK: CLARK GABLE."

For ten of his sixteen years in pictures, Gable has been among the first ten at the box office, a record unmatched by any other star. His pictures have grossed over $63,000,000. Theaters in every country in the world have run Gable films.

Now, after a three-year absence, Gable is still at the head of the star parade. His favorite expression is "How'm I doin'?" It would seem he is doing all right. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has torn up his old contract, which paid him $7,500 a week for forty weeks a year, and written a new one at a higher figure, plus sizable bonuses and a picture percentage.

M-G-M executives did a lot of worrying about a suitable story for Gable's first post-war picture. New York plays and countless "treatments" were scanned. One, Seattle, was even bought, but was shelved after several rewrites.

Then Director Victor Fleming read The Anointed, by Clyde Brion Davis, and told Gable, "I think we have your picture." As far as Gable was concerned, that settled it; Fleming is an old friend who has directed many Gable hits, including Gone With the Wind.

Producer Sam Zimbalist worked for weeks on the screen play with Writers Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Vincent Lawrence. The finished job was titled Adventure and, while Author Davis may not recognize his novel, Gable fans will be happy with their hero in the role of a rough, two-fisted bosun in the Merchant Marine.

Just to make sure, Metro further glorified the picture by the addition of such Academy Award winners as Greer Garson and Thomas Mitchell. Fleming, the director and Cinematographer Joseph Ruttenberg both hold Oscars.

Since Adventure was finished, another story has been okayed for Gable, although shooting will not begin for several months. It will be called Lucky Baldwin, and is the true story of one of the most colorful of Southern California's pioneers.

Gable's Number One position occasionally has had its bizarre side. Sixteen years ago, he wore a turtle-neck sweater in A Free Soul, and a turtle-neck-sweater fad swept the country, to the great delight of sweater manufacturers. In 1933, he took off his shirt in It Happened One Night, revealing a handsome torso, and the undershirt business is still wondering what happened.

In 1939 when he went to Atlanta for the opening of Gone With the Wind, the governor declared a state holiday. Southern society belles sold 8,000 tickets at $10 each for a dance at which Clark Gable was guest of honor, and there were 40,000 requests for seats to the première.

And in 1944 when he came back to the Metro lot, where working with stars is just part of a job for studio employees, a cop had to be put on the Gable set to stop the avalanche of welcome-back visitors.

This sort of thing must occasionally amaze the man who, at twenty-one, dropped from the rails of a refrigerator car at Bend, Oregon, on a freezing March day in 1922, half-frozen, hungry, dirty and broke. He had bummed his way across the Rockies from Butte, Montana, where a road show company, of which he was a minor member, collapsed in a blizzard. William Clark Gable was a farm kid, and he wanted to be an actor.

That's not exactly what his parents, of Dutch ancestry, had in mind for him the day he was born in Cadiz, Ohio, in 1901. His father, a massive man, with work-toughened hands, took a look at his son and said, briefly: "He'll make a fine oil driller, Adeline. He'll have heft."

Gable's training might have been exclusively that of an oilman had not his mother died before he was a year old. He went to live with his grandparents on their farm near Meadville, Pennsylvania. When Gable was four, his father married Jennie Dunlap. The family moved to Hopedale, Ohio, population 500, where Clark went to school. He didn't do so well at his lessons, played the trombone in the school band and made the baseball team when he was eleven. When he was fifteen, the family moved to Ravenna, sixty miles north of Hopedale. His father quit oil drilling for farming, and Clark forked hay, fed hogs, plowed and decided he didn't like farms. He wanted to be a doctor, simply because he wouldn't be a farmer.

With a friend, Andy Means, he went to

(Continued on page 60)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN

Women Have No Manners

Continued from page 13

For the sake of convenience, I have made a list for you of the chief female offenders against the public weal and will without further ado present them to you.

THE BARGER:

These are women who just barge. Sightless, like cave mice, they barge in and out of crowded elevators, streets, shops, buildings, public conveyances, looking neither to right nor left, trampling, breaking and brushing aside the flow of human traffic on the sharp prow of utter indifference. It is their relentless tempo that paralyzes all opposition. The barge is a gait, the Barger a relentless juggernaught, a sixty-ton tank impervious to any obstacle. The Barger knows only one direction—forward. She has never been known to go around end. It is through and over.

THE SEAT GRABBER:

The most important thing in life, apparently, to the Seat Grabber is twelve square inches of space to park herself. The Seat Grabber is a menace in the movies, suburban trains, busses, trolleys, waiting rooms, any place that offers a bit of planking to support her. She must sit or perish.

Observe the actions of a Seat Grabber and her pal in the movies and in trains and busses; they go after a vacant seat like an alert tackle diving for a loose ball and Devil take the hindmost. There is a grim relentlessness about the onslaught that strikes helpless terror to the heart of man and paralyzes his reaction. The only specimen worse than the Seat Grabber is the

BLIND-FLYING CARGO-CARRYING SEAT GRABBER:

This beldame is loaded down with sharp-cornered packages, which, while they obstruct her vision one hundred per cent forward, are invaluable when used as battering rams or icebreakers to demolish knots of more patient citizens barring her path. Unable to spot a seat visually she ploughs on through until she passes one, and the natural affinity between it and her rear extension asserts itself.

THE TAXICAB HIGHJACKER:

This witch lurks unseen in doorways in rainy weather or during hours when taxicabs are scarce and waits until you, with your superior vision or just plain, city-cultivated taxi-sense, have spotted an empty approaching and have flagged it. As the vehicle draws up in response to your hail, she rushes forth from her hiding place, shoulders you aside, yanks open the door, and zip! The driver looks helpless. You shrug your shoulders, equally feckless against such unmitigated boorishness.

THE BUMBLER:

The Bumbler is the opposite of the Barger. She is going no place and blocks all side-walk traffic on her way. She occupies strategic middle ground and yields not an inch either to the right or to the left except to drift in the direction in which you are trying to pass her. Self-absorbed and satisfied, she would rather die than let anyone by.

THE HEAD-OF-THE-LINE SMALL TALKER:

This thick-skinned matron may be found at the head of the line at the ticket window invariably when you have five minutes to catch a train and there are six others ahead of you. She is only buying a one-way ticket to New Rochelle but she discusses the voyage with the agent as if it were to California via the Panama Canal. She has to get rebroadcasts on the time of departure, time of arrival, name of the station before the one where she gets off, track number, train number, day of the month and year.

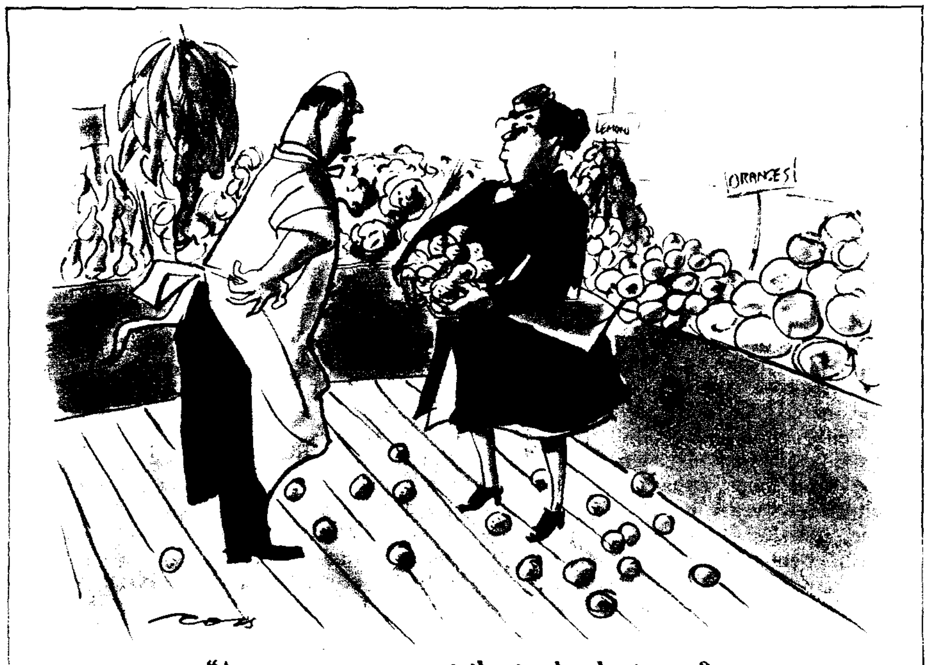
She then pays with an eighty-dollar bill, pre-empts every bit of space in front of the window protecting it with strategic placing of the broad hips while she returns the change dollar by dollar into a variety of purses, meantime regaling the agent with the reasons for the impending trip. She is completely oblivious and wholly inconsiderate of people waiting behind her.

I am sure you have your own examples of the horrors of modern feminine behavior. I am offering my list only as a sort of foundation from which to carry on. I have not mentioned the vixen who has no compunction about using her womanhood shamelessly to crash a line, becoming as cantankerous as a two-year-old when challenged, the cutie who combs her hair at the table, and the bulk job who fractures your jaw with her back porch while crushing into her seat at the theater or the movies.

May I also state at this time that I am no more enchanted by exhibitions of deplorable public behavior and total lack of breeding on the part of beautiful young things, movie stars or debutantes than I am when the perpetrator is advanced in years and has lost whatever charm and figure she once possessed.

Previously, I have addressed my remarks about clothes, make-up, etc., to ignorant young things who I thought could benefit by my observations, but this one is being fired broadside at all and everything in skirts or slacks, from eight to eighty. For heaven's sake, dears, read up on your Emily Post, or listen to yourselves, or look into a mirror, but do SOMETHING. Your position as the rulers of the United States is unchallenged. For the love of sweet and gentle living pull yourselves together and help to make it habitable. Yours very truly.

THE END

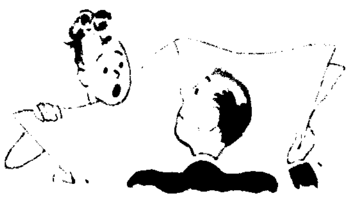


"Are you sure you got the twelve best ones? Perhaps you'd better run through them again"

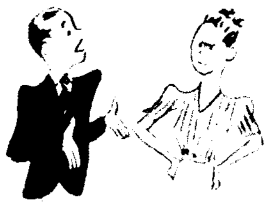
COLLIER'S AL ROSS

"You'd think we'd been married 15 years!"

"Here we are, man and wife a mere two weeks—and your morning paper between us already!"



"Bu-bu-but, darling! It isn't that you're not still the hearts-and-flowers in my life! It's just I'm—"

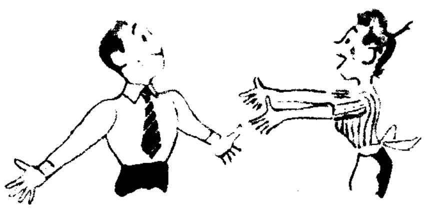


"Proceed, and it better be *good!*"

"All right! I'm trying to hide something from you. I've upset our little budget. I saw a shirt in a store window last night, and it was so handsome I couldn't resist it."

"So-o-o? I'll reserve judgment till I see the evidence. I must admit, your present shirts are pretty well shot."

"And, keep in mind when you see it, that these days shirts like this are mighty hard to find."



"Why—darling! You're *beautiful!* That stunning collar! That tapering fit—it does things for your noble torso! Name the shirt."

"Arrow—of course, hon. And it's Sanforized labeled! Can't shrink even 1%. And these buttons—they're *anchored* to save you extra sewing."

"Wonderful! Sentence suspended. By the way, isn't your birthday hovering over us, darling? I *do* hope the Arrow dealers will be able to help me out!"

• • •

(Arrow hopes so, too. But we must admit there aren't *nearly* enough Arrow shirts to go around today.)

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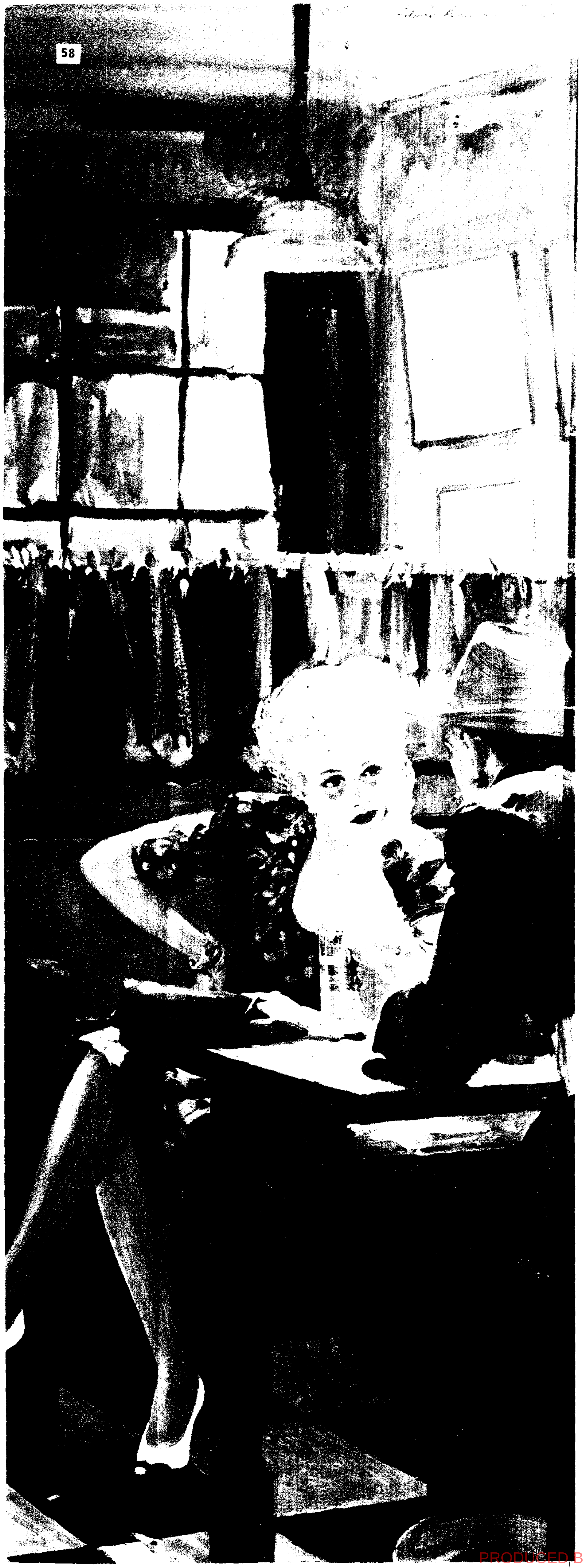


THE COUNSELOR

BY EDWIN LANHAM

His past had come forward to accuse him, and the person who could offer him hope had every reason to condemn him

THE assistant city editor's tone had an impersonal bite as he shouted, "Copy!" Charlie moved toward the city desk, and the assistant city editor seemed to look through and past him. He was young and impressed by his responsibilities, and Charlie's was an anonymous job. Few of the editors or reporters bothered to learn his name. When they wanted him they shouted, "Hey, boy," or "Copy," and even the few who called him Charlie did not know that his full name was Charlie Edwards and that it had been a by-line more than once.

But Stackpole, the city editor, had remembered him when he had applied for a job as copy boy on the Star-Courier. Charlie had sat nervously on the edge of his chair that day, his head bent, his hands loosely holding his hat between his knees.

"Staying sober these days?" Stackpole had asked.

The question had shown how much Stackpole knew and how much he remembered. Charlie had nodded and said, "Yes, sir."

"Okay, you can go to work."

The money was very little, but it was a job and it was the newspaper business again. It gave him pleasure to be identified with a newspaper, even as a copy boy, and he tried to do the job well. Some days, when his brain was particularly clear, or when he lacked the money for another drink, he would stare at a typewriter and think of the time when he had worked against a deadline.

But he was acutely, physically weary most of the time, and his brain was also tired. He went through his work mechanically until the first editions came up, when it was his habit to go carefully through the paper, looking for errors. It brought great satisfaction to take the paper to the city desk and point out quietly a typographical error, or a misspelled name.

This small exercise his brain accepted, but a greater effort it refused, and he had long ago given in and allowed his brain to take leave when it chose. Excuse me, his brain would say, let's don't go into that now. Why don't we just have a drink instead? Now he had trouble making his brain work for him at all. His brain was always going off by itself, looking for a drink.

"Are you working or not?" the assistant city editor asked now, looking up at him.

"Yes, sir," Charlie said.

"Then take this out to the library. See if we've got any clips on this guy."

CHARLIE took the slip of teletype copy—a paragraph about a gas suicide on West Seventeenth Street; a man tentatively identified as Samuel Z. Waters. The name jumped out at him and he murmured, "Sam Waters!"

Stackpole glanced up from the other side of the city desk. "Who?"

"Guy named Samuel Z. Waters," the assistant city editor said. "Gas case."

Stackpole chewed his cigar. "Wonder if it's the same one. Criminal lawyer. Disbarred a few years back. Get the clips, Charlie."

Charlie went to the library and gave the slip of copy to a librarian. The Waters case seemed a long time ago and he did not like to think about it. He stood uneasily, waiting. His shoulders were bent and the worn cloth that covered them had a shine in the electric light. Because of his gray hair and the loose sag of the flesh of his face he looked more than forty-five years old. He looked nearer sixty.

The clips on Samuel Z. Waters lumped a manila folder. Charlie did not open it. His brain declined to think about Sam Waters and would not allow him to look inside the folder. He carried it to the city desk, dropped it in the wire basket for incoming copy, and went to a chair at the copy boys' desk and sat down. He did not look toward the city desk, where the city editor was glancing through the clippings, until he heard the shout, "Hey, Charlie."

He jumped to his feet. The city editor was beckoning to him and he went slowly toward the city desk.

Stackpole studied his face a moment before he said, "I believe you knew Sam Waters, Charlie."

"Yes, sir," Charlie said.

"We've only got a tentative identification," Stackpole said, and hesitated, his bright eyes still watching Charlie's gray face. Then he nodded decisively and said, "Suppose you go down and take a look."

Charlie's stomach turned over and his heart bumped. He wet his lips and looked down into the city editor's bright eyes. He wondered how much Stackpole remembered, and he thought that probably his by-line had been on one of the clippings in the folder. That was it. The Star-Courier library clipped the other papers, and it would be there on one of the clips—*By Charles Edwards.*

"Here's the address," Stackpole said. "Call in as soon as you've checked, Charlie."

Charlie sucked in his breath. His voice when he spoke was only a whisper. "That an assignment?"

"Speak up, man," Stackpole said. "What?"

"I said is that an assignment?"

The city editor nodded. "Sure, it's an assignment. Work on it."

Charlie turned away. His hands trembled and he felt that his step was unsteady. He went to get his hat and walked slowly to the elevator, the slip of paper Stackpole had given him clutched in his hand.

Going down in the elevator he thought that he should have said, "I'm a copy boy. I'm not supposed to work on stories. I'm just supposed to run copy." He could have refused. It wasn't right to send a copy boy out on an assignment, he thought, and he felt the old fear again. Still, he had only to go and look and call in. He wouldn't have to write a story. But Stackpole had said, *Work on it.* What had he meant by that? God, Charlie thought, he couldn't write a story now!

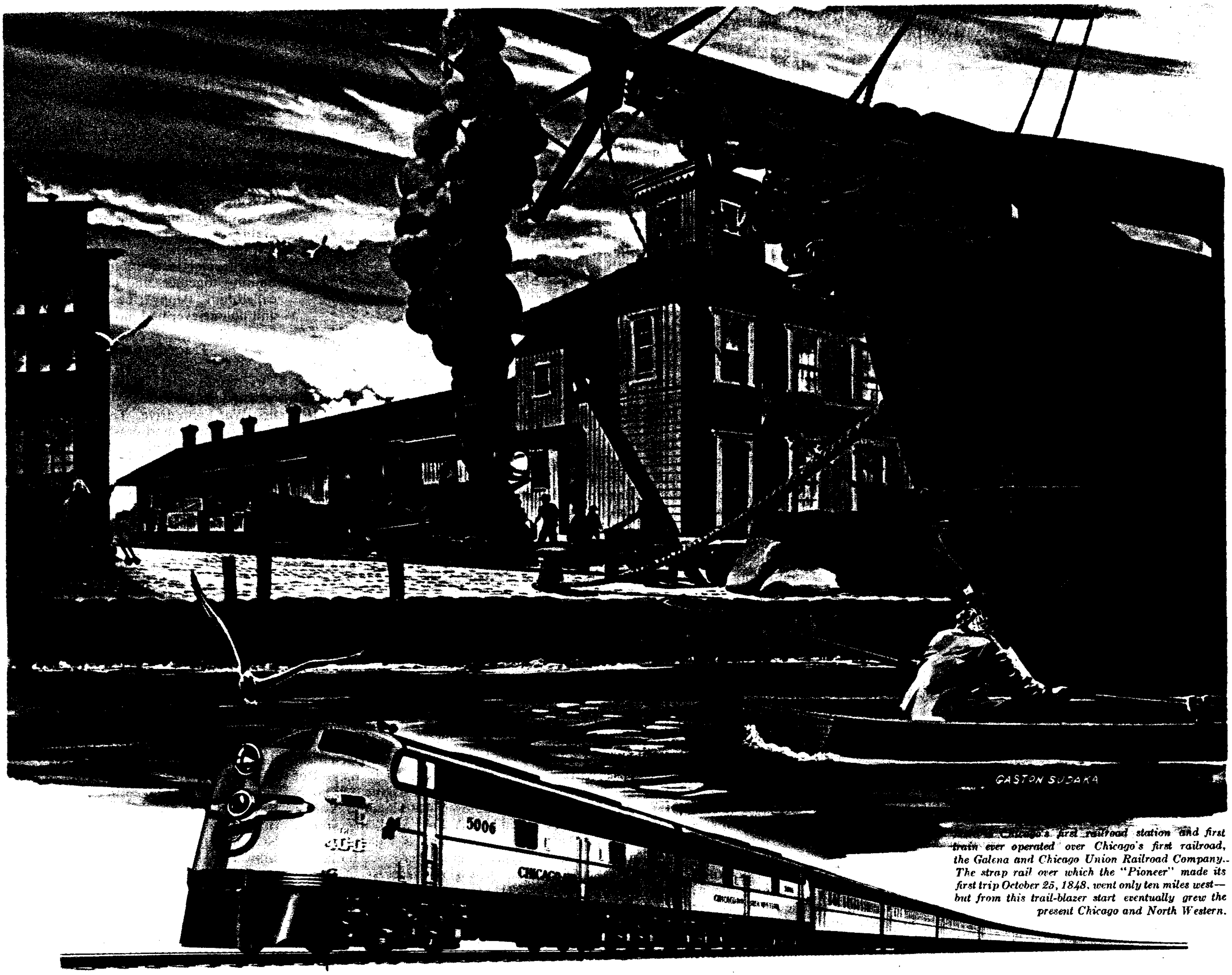
He had watched the rewrite men on the Star-Courier taking stories over the telephone, rolling paper into their typewriters, knocking out smooth news stories almost without pause. He had done so once himself, but so much knowledge went into it and so much experience and so much remembering. Charlie had the experience and he had the knowledge and sometimes he remembered, but he knew he could not put all three together. He could not write a story.

On the way downtown in the subway he did not think about Sam Waters. He tried to remember the days when he had covered a police beat; it was a long time ago now. How did a man go about working on a story like this? Should he go to the police station first or should he go to the house on West Seventeenth Street? And which police station was it? He could look up the police precincts in the telephone book and find the address nearest Seventeenth Street and that would be the right one. But what should he

(Continued on page 66)

"You're just like Sam was when I run onto him," the blonde said. "Kind of washed up. Ain't that it?" "That's right," Charlie said. "I'm burned out"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



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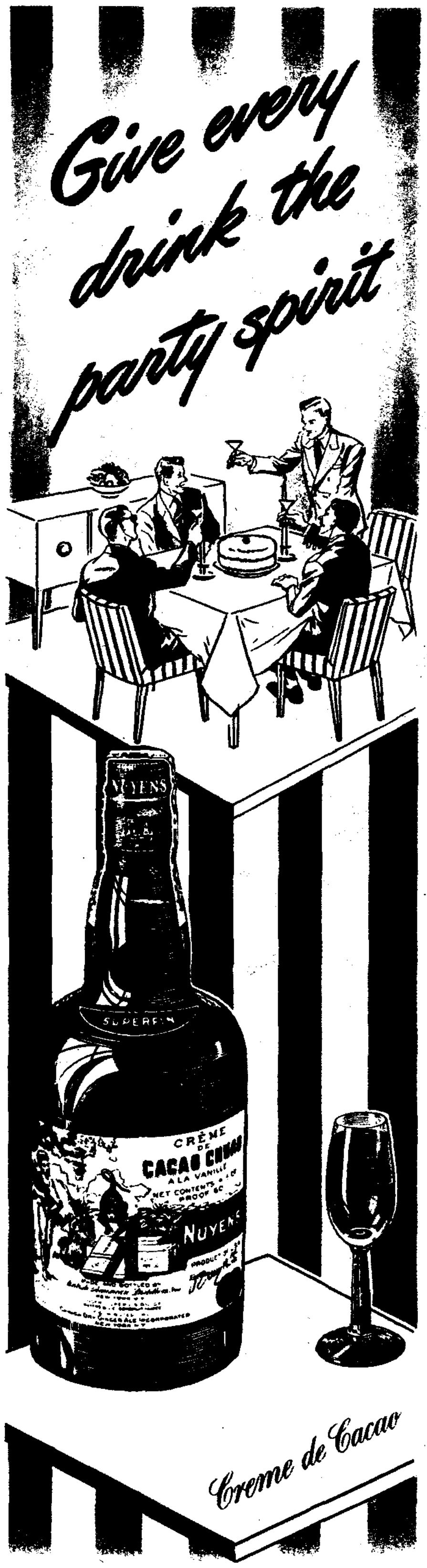

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This Week: Clark Gable

Continued from page 56

Akron, Ohio. It was the biggest place he had ever seen up to that time. He and Andy got jobs with a rubber company, and Clark started a night course in medicine at the University of Akron. It was in Akron where he saw his first play, The Bird of Paradise. That night he decided to be an actor instead of a doctor. "God knows how many lives were saved," grins Clark today, "the night I gave up medicine and got a job as a callboy at the theater."

He received no salary. He slept in the wings. The tips the actors gave him for sewing on buttons and running errands kept him in sandwiches. "I was a good callboy, too," he remembers. "I got those actors out in time for the curtain whether they liked it or not. I rustled rouge and cans of beer for them and fixed up their hang-overs. I wrote home and told my father I was in show business, at nothing per. He thought I was nuts. Where he came from, good hard work got good hard pay."

Clark was beginning to do walk-ons when a wire came telling him his stepmother, who had been in sympathy with his plans to be an actor, was dying. He went home. After she died, he and his father went to the Oklahoma oil fields. Clark was sixteen, but looked twenty. He was a tool dresser for two years and earned $12 a day. He told his father he would rather be in show business. His father blew up; so did Clark. They parted, none too amicably.

Today, it is thirty years since Gable asked for his first job in a theater. Hollywood says, rather glibly, that he was an overnight sensation after he appeared as a milkman in The Easiest Way. What happened before that picture is dismissed as "early struggles," but those early struggles were anything but easy and they lasted for fifteen years.

On the Rocky Road to Fame

After leaving the oil fields, Gable's next job was with a troupe that played everything from Uncle Tom's Cabin to Her False Step. For ten dollars a week, he played everything from a waiter without a line to a villain without a line. This was the company that folded in Montana and led him to Oregon. There he got a job with a lumber company, and saved enough money to go to Portland, but no theater jobs turned up, so he sold neckties at a department store. A co-worker organized a stock company to play in Astoria, Oregon. Clark joined up. The venture was a flop, but in the company was a girl named Franz Doerfler, and Gable fell in love with her. She refused to marry him; it was obvious that Gable had all he could do to support himself.

Brushed off by Miss Doerfler, Clark went to work in Portland as a telephone company linesman at $16 a week. In the spring of 1924 the telephone company got a call from the Little Theater: a wire was out of order. Clark repaired the wire and, while doing so, told the stage director, Miss Josephine Dillon, that he was an out-of-work actor who belonged in her stock company.

Miss Dillon hired him and, later, helped him join the Forest Taylor Stock Company. An actress who had played Broadway, she started tutoring Clark. She taught him about timing, correlation of muscular action; she taught him how to walk, how to speak, and how to make an entrance. Although she was older than he by many years, he had never known a more fascinating woman. When she returned to her home in Los Angeles, Clark rushed impetuously after her. Less than a year after they met, they were married.

Josephine earned a little money coaching drama students, and Clark occasionally got a job as an extra for $7.50 a day. In 1925, he played a bit in The Great Diamond Robbery. Then followed a fruitless round of the studios.

At last, he landed a job carrying a spear in Jane Cowl's stage production of Romeo and Juliet, which ran for twelve weeks and toured San Francisco, Portland and Seattle. When the show closed, Clark got his first break—the role of Corporal Kiper in What Price Glory. He was hired because—at 152 pounds and with hollow cheeks—he looked hungry. It had always been his ambition to play New York, and now he finally did. But he was not a sensation; his reviews were only fair. He and Josephine, touring the road separately, had drifted apart, and she filed suit for divorce.

"Give it to the March of Dimes!"

From New York, he returned to Hollywood to play in the stage production of The Last Mile. In the bitter, harsh role of the prison plug-ugly, he was a smashing success. Hollywood came to with a start. Pathé listened to him read lines and offered him the part of a cowboy in The Painted Desert, starring William Boyd. After this cowboy epic, he signed a two-year contract with M-G-M, at $350 a week, and was given a bit part as a milkman in The Easiest Way. But part or not, people began asking, "Who is that?" By the time he was slapping Norma Shearer around in A Free Soul, the women of America were out of their Valentino daze, and a new type of screen hero was born.

After that, it was one success after another. In 1931, Clark married Rhea Langham, a woman ten years his senior with a Park Avenue background. She wasn't the woman for a man who had come up from the oil fields. They had been living apart for two years when Clark asked for, and got, his divorce in 1938. His parting gift to Rhea was $286,000, plus taxes—their seven years together had been flush and fabulous. He had appeared with the most scintillating sirens on the screen: Garbo, Crawford, Jean Harlow. He had won the Academy Award for his acting in It Happened One Night. He was the unanimous choice for the role of Rhett Butler in Gone With the Wind. He had steadily stayed among the first ten at the box office, and from 1936 to 1938 he was Number One on that select list.

In 1936, also, he met Carole Lombard at a party. He had made a picture with her in 1933, but they had fought like Comanches. They fought again that night in 1936, but the next morning a contrite Carole sent Gable a cage of doves. They were married in 1939 at Kingman, Arizona.

Carole, darling of the night clubs, became Gable's kind of girl. They bought a ranch. Carole went around in dungarees and Gable went around in a tractor. They went duck hunting together, and deep-sea fishing. She called him "Pappy"; he called her "Mrs. G," and no one ever had more fun being married.

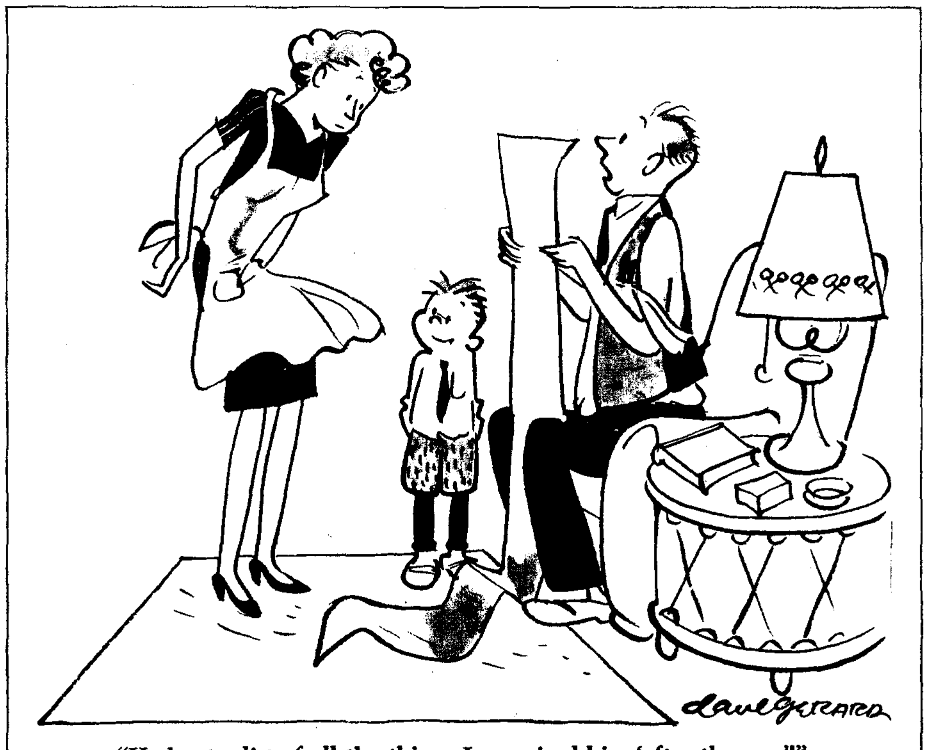
Tragedy Strikes Home

A month after Pearl Harbor, Carole set off for her home state, Indiana, to open the first War Loan drive. The plane bringing her back to Hollywood crashed near Las Vegas, Nevada. With her was her mother and the Gables' closest friend, Publicity Man Otto Winkler. All three were killed. Gable had to finish the picture he was working on or his studio would lose millions. Ironically, it was titled Somewhere I'll Find You.

In the summer of 1942, Gable enlisted as a private in the Army Air Forces. He qualified for Officers' Candidate School, and trained, at 41, with men who were fifteen and twenty years his junior. In a class of 2,600 he finished gunnery school No. 700. By the time he was shipped to England, he'd earned his captaincy.

When Gable first arrived overseas, the men in his unit eyed him with suspicion. They didn't open their arms and greet him with enthusiasm. The feeling was that here was a big-shot movie star who had joined up for the publicity. The boys expected him to manage special and lush quarters, but Gable, like the rest of the men in Colonel William S. Hatcher's unit, lived in a 12x5 room sparsely furnished with one bed and a cookstove. His almost constant companion was Major John Lee Mahin, an old friend who was assigned as writer for the training film Gable was making.

Then came the first mission for the group —the "milk run," as it is called, because it's an easy one. Gable started getting into his flying togs. The boys raised surprised eyebrows. "Oh, are *you* going?" they asked. Gable was going. The crew was very new. None of them had been out, Clark included. As gunner and photographer, Clark occupied the top turret. They had been out about twenty minutes, on their way to Antwerp,



"He kept a list of all the things I promised him 'after the war'!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Belgium, when a twenty-millimeter shell went through the top turret and missed Gable's head by inches. The mission was not the expected easy run; it was a baptism by fire. In the early days of the war there were no long-range fighter escorts for the bombers. If a ship was attacked, its only defense was its gunners. When Gable's plane limped back to the base, it was riddled by bullets.

The second mission was deep into the heavily defended Ruhr. Gable stood up for seven hours at an altitude of 30,000 feet, which wasn't easy on a man of his size and age. Again the ship was badly shot up. Again Gable didn't turn "movie star."

There were many missions after that, but from the second one on, he was one of the boys. They started kidding him and ridiculing him affectionately. Their name for him was "Pappy," partly because he was old enough to be the father of most of them. Once they understood Clark expected no favors, their reserve, distrust and suspicion dissolved. By the time he left, two years later, you could hardly get into his 12x5 room. At all hours it was jammed to capacity with kids.

The Londoners were very reserved and didn't bother Gable as a rule, except at Piccadilly Circus. Every time he went there, they mobbed him for autographs. Once, Clark went to Liverpool to take pictures of a rest home near the Irish Sea. A crowd gathered to watch, and a woman rushed through to Gable, threw her arms around him and cried: "Kiss me just once! Kiss me just once!" With colonels and other high-ranking officers all around, and the whole scene severely military, Clark was thoroughly embarrassed.

Tactful officers persuaded the woman to return to the sidelines while Clark busied himself with the equipment, his ears a bright red. The officers and the crowd howled. When he arrived back at camp, his boys had heard the story, and they came to his room, sighing wistfully, "Kiss me just once! Kiss me just once!" Clark, grinning and blushing, took them by the seat of the pants and threw them out.

He returned from Europe with 50,000 feet of film shot in five raids, and an Air Medal. Then began a year's work transforming the action pictures he had taken over enemy territory into a training film. It was called Combat America. Originally intended for the armed forces only, its excellence led to its general release by the Army, and a promotion to major for Gable.

Late in 1944, Gable was placed on inactive duty. From now on, he wants to make only one picture a year. "I'm getting to the age where I want to relax and enjoy myself," he says, and he intends to do just that.

Gable doesn't take himself nor his acting seriously. He has no desire to return to the theater. "The theatah," says Clark, "is a good place to be *from!*" He doesn't think he is a great actor. He thought the role of Rhett Butler should go to Gary Cooper. He never did understand what all the hullabaloo was about and didn't even read Gone With the Wind until after he was cast in the picture.

Clark looks in person just as he does in pictures. No make-up men pretty him up with grease paint or toupees. There are a few gray hairs on his temples, and they aren't touched up. Nine o'clock is nine o'clock to him. At twelve he wants his groceries. He's a guy who believes lunch should be eaten between twelve and one, not from two to four. He's an icebox eater.

One of the most remarkable things about the public reaction to Gable is the respect accorded to him by his fans. He has never been shoved around by crowds. No one ever tears buttons off his coat for souvenirs. He has never in his life had to duck out a back door to avoid a mob.

Fans Get Fair Deal

Once, in Nashville, a big crowd surrounded his train. Otto Winkler took a look out the window. "Don't go out there," he warned Gable. "That's a mob!"

"Why not?" Gable asked. "That's what they pay for. Let's go out there and ham it up!"

So Gable and the rest of the troupe went out to the platform and kidded with the crowd until it was time for the train to leave. They loved it.

He doesn't like to talk about art, literature, opera or socialism. He likes to talk to simple people about everyday things. He likes fishing, and sometimes goes with his father, who lives near by. He used to like duck hunting, but he's lost interest in it. "I'd rather go hunting at the Mocambo," he grins.

Never a great one for study, it used to be hard for him to memorize his lines. But now, after years of practice, he goes into his dressing room a few minutes before a scene and memorizes it. Beyond this, he believes an actor should understand the character he is playing. That's the extent of his preparation. "I'm no *artiste,*" says Gable. He's happiest in pictures that are just dramatizations of himself.

"I can't emote worth a damn," Gable says. "When I die they'll put on my tombstone, 'He was lucky—and he knew it!' "

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

up the Collier's, there by damn it is all written out by somebody."

AND from Pittsford, Michigan, Mrs. Frank M. Denman reports that her grocer, Mr. Bill Whaley, recently hung a sign on a case of fruit juice: "One to a customer please. Let your Aunt Emma buy her own."

ANYWAY, our favorite newspaper, the Laconia, N. H., News and Critic, just arrived and it has this to say: "Annie Sanders reports that George Curry who had one leg taken off at Laconia Hospital has got to have another. Jerry Sullivan is gone. Stick Aldrich says it was Eddie Sullivan and not Jerry who worked for him." But some editors waste a lot of space with stuff about lending money to Britain, what to do with surplus atomic bombs and what in the world to do with China. Give us our News and Critic and keep your New York Times.

MRS. HARRY ZACHETTE of Waco, Texas, reports that she made the mistake of asking her husband what sort of woman it was who made him so mad. "She's the kind of woman," said Mr. Zachette calmly, "who'd like to be cast away on a desert island with Joseph V. Stalin."

PLEASE notice how gracefully we ease ourselves into large world affairs. Mr. Ben L. Tolishius of High Point, North Carolina, has this to say: "I'll bet it is the old Grail Seeker in me but I would like to organize a few hardy knights like myself and find the Atlantic Charter. Nothing selfish about it. All I'd like to do is to send a copy to the British Foreign Office along with a newspaper article I've just been reading about the snatch Britain is trying to put on Siam and the job she's doing in Java. Nothing personal about it. I'm just trying to be helpful."

WE ARE writing a letter rejecting a piece about a man who bit a crocodile and won. But there's something about the love life of a moose which snatches at our imagination. The latter comes from Mr. Joe Kose of Chedter, Nova Scotia. It seems that not long ago we had a piece wherein the bull moose called to its mate or some other she moose, not that that's any of our business. But Mr. Kose informs us that the bull moose doesn't do the calling. He says it's the "cow or female" and that all the bull does "if he hears or feels interested" is grunt ungraciously a few times "knowing that he might as well save his breath because sooner or later she'll run him down anyway." W. D.

"Which oil?–Why I'd ask an expert!"

"Sounds reasonable," I agreed, "but just where do we find the expert?"

"That's easy," said the ever-helpful wife. "Just drive in and ask our dealer. He handles several different brands – he sees how they perform in dozens of cars. Must know plenty about oil. Ask him what he uses in *his own* car!"

"I use Macmillan Ring-Free," our expert said. "Throughout the nation, 3 OUT OF 5 of us independent dealers* use Macmillan in our own cars, even though we handle more than 800 other brands, too! Why? Guess it's because we see *proof* that this oil makes any car run smoother, longer."

"Deep in the heart of Texas, for instance" ... There's a rancher who whips his car around 60,000 acres of dust, ruts and open country. He switched to Macmillan oil and "at once, noticed gasoline mileage to be improved!" (His own words ... the letter's in our files.)

MACMILLAN
RING-FREE
MOTOR OIL

"Make mine Macmillan, too!" I decided. "What's good enough for the experts must be best for my car." Yes, and best for YOUR car. It's the only oil refined by the patented Macmillan process ... the oil that removes hard carbon, cuts down wear and repair. Look for the Macmillan sign. Ask YOUR expert!

Throughout the Nation 3 out of 5 of these dealers* say—

"I USE MACMILLAN IN MY CAR!"

Based on actual reports from thousands of independent dealers who sell Macmillan and more than 800 other brands of oil.

How to go after a cold

Take these 5 basic steps advised by doctors, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

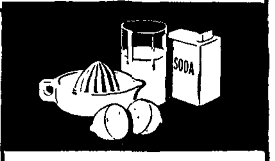
5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 **Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.**	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2 **Alkalinize your system.**	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3 **Insure regular elimination.**	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4 **Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.**	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 **Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.**	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

GET FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS—FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

How We Bought the United States

Continued from page 23

ceded territory more than twenty times this sum for such lands in their possession as they were willing to sell.

Furthermore, the Indian tribes were wise enough to reserve from their cessions sufficient land to bring them a current income that annually exceeds the amount of our payment to Napoleon.

One of these reservations, that of the Osages, has thus far brought its Indian owners $280,000,000 in oil royalties. Other Indian tribes, less warlike or less lucky than the Osages, fared badly in their real-estate transactions. But all in all, the account of our land transactions with the Indians is in no way niggardly. While nobody has ever calculated the total sum paid by the United States for more than two and a half million square miles of land (and any such calculation would have to take account of the conjectural value of a myriad of commodities, special services, and tax exemptions, which commonly took the place of cash) a conservative estimate would put the total price at a figure somewhat in excess of $800,000,000.

Until last April, there was one great area which had been taken by the United States from the Indians without compensation. It comprised most of the State of California, which various Indian tribes of that region had ceded to the United States in a series of treaties, executed in the 1850s, that called for a substantial payment in lands, goods and services.

The federal government took the land, but the Senate refused to ratify the treaties, which were held in secret archives for more than half a century. Eventually Congress authorized the Indians to sue in the Court of Claims for the sum promised under the unratified treaties, and that court found that the Indians were entitled to receive $17,053,941.98, from which, however, various past expenditures by the federal government for the benefit of the California Indians had to be deducted. The net recovery amounted to $5,024,842.34, which Congress duly appropriated in April of last year.

Awards Won by Indian Tribes

This is only one of a series of awards won by Indian tribes in the federal courts. In 1938, the Supreme Court awarded the Shoshoni tribe of Wyoming a judgment of $4,408,444.23 plus interest, as compensation for the loss of a part of the Shoshoni reservation which federal authorities illegally allotted to Indians of another tribe. The same session of the court affirmed a judgment in favor of the Klamath Indians for $5,313,347.32 plus interest, the value of lands which the United States erroneously conveyed to the State of Oregon. Only about a year ago the federal government paid $1,781,282.91, due under an 1854 treaty with the Menominees of Wisconsin, pursuant to a court decree.

Today we can say that, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, our national public domain consists of lands that we have bought from the Indians. Here and there we may have missed a tract, or paid the wrong Indians for land they did not own and neglected the rightful owners. But no one who looks at the record can say that we have willfully ignored Indian property rights in any part of our public domain.

Only in North Carolina and Massachusetts were there any significant departures from our just and honorable policy. In North Carolina, generally archaic conditions left individual settlers relatively free to deal with or dispose of Indians as they pleased. In Massachusetts, the Puritans asserted the right to disregard Indian claims to unimproved or uncultivated lands. Despite this claim, the Puritans prudently purchased large areas from the Indians.

Granted that the federal government bought the country from the Indians, the question may still be raised whether the Indians received anything like a fair price for what they sold. The only fair answer to that question is that, except in a very few cases where military duress was present, the price paid for the land was one that satisfied the Indians.

Hindsight is better than foresight in real-estate transactions. Some of the land sold by Indians is now valued as urban real estate, but a much larger area has found no private purchasers at any price and today brings the government a yearly return of less than one cent an acre.

On the whole, the government made little or no profit on its purchase and resale of Indian land. Indeed, it suffered a considerable loss if one takes into account the cost of surveying, road building, and otherwise making the land accessible to settlers. But our Congress put concern for fairness and decency above considerations of profit and loss when, in its first great legislative enactment, the Northwest Ordinance of July 13, 1787, it declared:

"Art. 3. The utmost good faith shall always be observed towards the Indians; their land and property shall never be taken from them without their consent; and in their property, rights and liberty, they never shall be invaded or disturbed, unless in just and lawful wars authorized by Congress; but laws founded in justice and humanity shall from time to time be made, for preventing wrongs being done to them, and for preserving peace and friendship with them."

Payments Still Being Made

As far back as 1794, Congress agreed to pay the Iroquois $4,500 annually forever, in calico and other goods, for a cession of land. The payments are still being made, with much ceremony.

In 1835, the federal government bought a tract from the Cherokees for $5,000,000, a very large part of the annual national budget in those days.

In 1904, the last tribe to cede land by formal agreement with Congress, the Turtle Mountain Chippewa, sold us a large part of North Dakota for $1,000,000. But to this day we are paying Indians for lands long ago conveyed.

Only occasionally does this payment take the form of cash. Far-seeing Indian chiefs knew that cash would soon be dissipated and leave later generations helpless. The old treaties regularly called for payment in goods, services and special privileges. The goods were commonly things that had a fabulous value to Indians on the frontier—wagons, guns, plows, sawmills, seeds, knives, axes, cattle, boats, woven cloth, etc.

The services promised by the government in exchange for lands, involved the furnishing of doctors, teachers, blacksmiths, millers and farmers. Often the compensation included the promise of such special privileges as the permanent protection of Indian ownership in reserved lands, plus exemption from land taxes. Because of these, the federal government now feels compelled to furnish Indians with many services that states and counties refuse to provide. We have already spent at least one and a half billion dollars on our Indian population; more than half of this is traceable to obligations based on land cessions.

This is not to say that our Indian record is without its dark pages. It would be miraculous if, across a period of 150 years, negotiations for the purchase and sale of 2,500,000 square miles of land could be carried on without some misunderstandings and inequities.

But, to the everlasting credit of the American people, whenever Congress has been apprised of any deviation from a pledge made by the United States, it has been willing to submit to court decision the claims of any injured Indian tribe. It has been willing to make whatever restitution was necessary for wrongs committed by blundering or unfaithful public servants. No other nation has set—and followed—so high a standard of dealing with a native aboriginal people as the United States.

THE END

Crisis in Clothes

Continued from page 15

looser constructions, which in most cases meant poorer cloth for civilians. Fine muslins, lawns, organdies and dimities almost vanished. And on top of that the textile mills—particularly the cotton mills—had great difficulty in holding the workmen necessary to keep production at a high level, because of the industry's generally low rate of pay. In consequence, production has been falling off for the past two years. Yet, in spite of this recent reduction in production, the total yards of goods available for civilian use even in 1944 was only five per cent less than in prewar years. Even cotton, the scarcest fabric, was only eight per cent less plentiful.

On the basis of the figures, such shortages as these should have made little difference. Actually, they were acutely felt for several reasons. For one thing, wartime purchasing power was far above that of prewar years. People who had been unable to afford decent clothing came into the market with billions of new dollars to spend. Men who had once been satisfied with one "Sunday suit" now bought a second and a third. Women and girls, with wartime pay envelopes, filled out their meager wardrobes. Mothers began to buy a hundred items they had never bought before. One curious instance of this was the insistent shortage of diapers, long mystifying to WPB officials, because production was increased far above that of any peacetime year. But the explanation, when finally found, was very simple. It was that millions of mothers, for the first time, could afford to buy or rent ready-made diapers for their babies.

The Shift to Higher-Priced Fields

As a result of the tremendous gap between supply and demand, the industry in general found itself in a seller's market. It was no longer necessary to manufacture low-priced goods; nearly everything that could be produced found a ready market at high prices. So many garment manufacturers quit making inexpensive house dresses, street clothing, men's shirts, pajamas and shorts. They shifted rapidly into the higher-priced, more profitable fields. By the spring of 1945, 75 per cent of all women's rayon dresses were made to sell for more than $7.95—not for less, as in 1942; 80 per cent of women's blouses were selling for over $2.50; and 75 per cent of all women's woolen suits retailed at above $25—the direct opposite of prewar practice.

This situation, so grossly unfair to the general public, should never have been allowed to develop. It should have been met vigorously and courageously in the early stages of the war by both government and industry. By the use of a little hindsight, we can see now that the problem of clothing would never have become so acute if the government, in spite of strong industry resistance, had taken these six major steps:

1. Nonessential production should have been eliminated or at least sharply reduced. The manufacture of luxury upholstery and draperies should have been prohibited entirely. The manufacture of high-priced evening dresses and other luxury garments should have been drastically reduced, and the fabrics thus saved should have been used in making low- and medium-priced apparel.
2. Tight price-line apparel controls should have been set up. This would have prevented the shift to high-price, high-profit lines.
3. Control over quality should have been established. Shoddy garments should have been banned. Basic standards for essential clothes should have been set up, with strong priorities to assure manufacturers of needed materials.
4. Constant changes in models and styles of essential garments should have been eliminated.
5. Production of necessary quantities of house dresses, children's clothing, underwear in the lower-priced ranges should have been required.
6. Apparel rationing should have been started in the spring of 1943, with high-point values in higher-priced clothing and low-point values on reasonably priced essential garments.

Some of these regulations would have called for more red tape and regimentation and would have been hard to take. But I believe they would have done the job.

And why was the issue not met in this fashion? In my opinion both government and industry must share the responsibility. As far as the government is concerned, the blame falls on both OPA and WPB.

From the beginning WPB and OPA divided the responsibility for the production and pricing of textiles. Only WPB had the power to eliminate the production of luxury fabrics, luxury evening clothes and expensive lingerie. Only WPB had the power to eliminate shoddy merchandise and to set minimum standards of quality. Only WPB could authorize OPA to set up apparel rationing. In my opinion the basic reasons why WPB failed to exercise these powers lay in the very nature of its operation. From the beginning the WPB considered itself solely an agency for war; it concentrated on the production of war equipment. The top men of WPB were not civilian-minded—perhaps didn't have time to be. At best they saw the civilian needs, as far as clothing was concerned, in total yards of cloth—not as so many shorts, suits, house dresses and pajamas at prices the public could afford.

And OPA certainly must carry its full share of blame. In 1942 and 1943 and through much of 1944, OPA failed to take sufficiently vigorous action to prevent the shift of manufacturers to high-price, high-profit lines. In fact, some of our early price measures very naïvely preserved high-profit margins and thus actually encouraged the disastrous shift to luxury goods. In addition OPA was slow in getting out simple enforceable dollar-and-cent prices for clothes as it had done for foods.

OPA's failures were, I believe, due to three main causes: The vast complexity of the job itself; the total lack of available people with experience enough to do a complete price-control job on apparel; and finally the terrific pressure of OPA's other price-control jobs, especially on foods and rents, in those early post-Pearl Harbor days.

Some Groups Fail to Co-operate

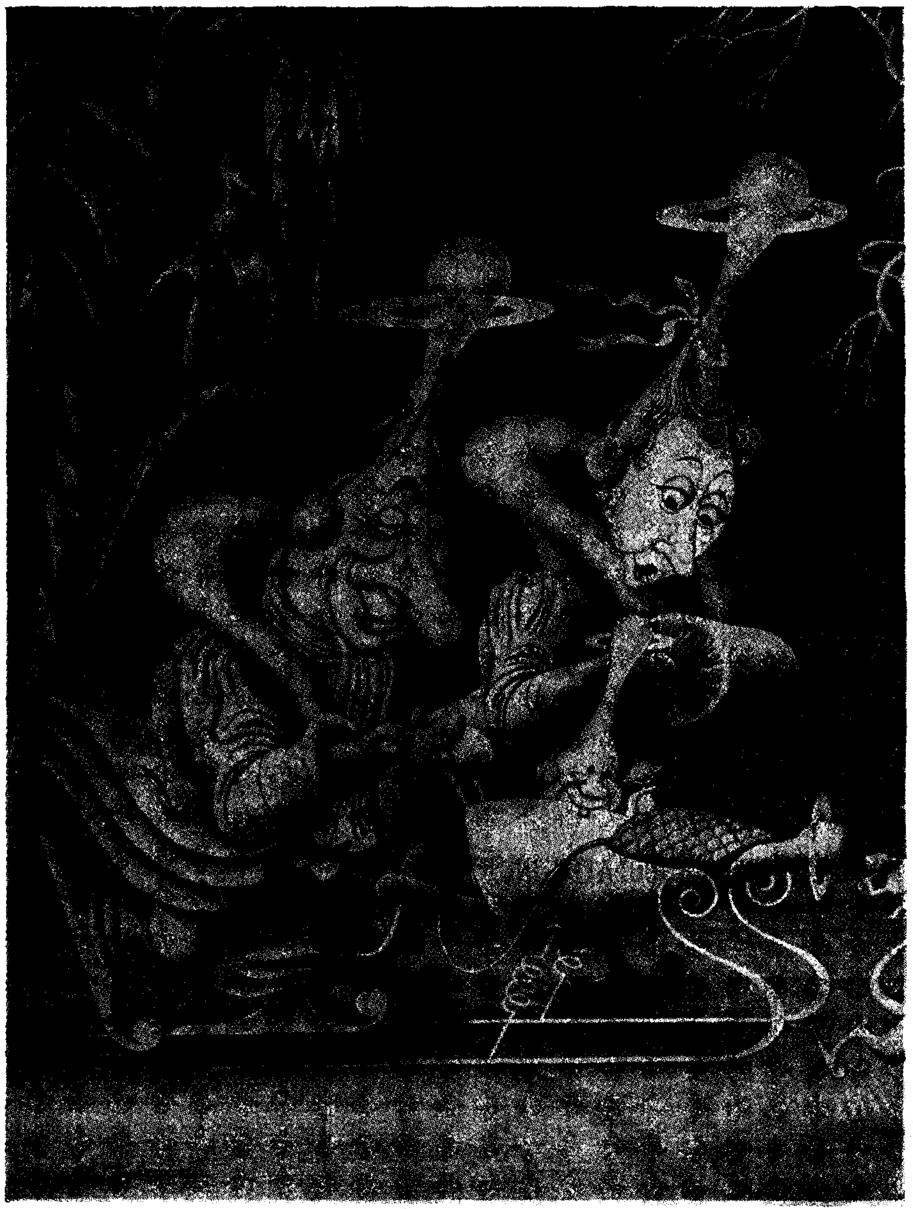
I must deal in equal frankness with the failure of various groups in the textile and clothing industry and the retail trades, in meeting a national emergency.

Both WPB and OPA have worked closely with all these industry groups to develop a broad apparel program which would work in the public interest. I believe that the great majority of our textile manufacturers, apparel manufacturers and retailers supported our efforts.

But certain leaders and association spokesmen from the textile mills, garment manufacturers and retailers frankly did not attempt to co-operate, and applied constant pressure against adoption of an effective clothing program.

This reluctance to make a clothing program work has not been due to lack of profits, for profits have been enormous throughout the war. From 1936 to 1939, the profits of the textile industry, before taxes, amounted to approximately $94,000,000. In 1944, the profits of this same industry, before taxes, totaled $675,000,000, about 600 per cent above the prewar level. After taxes, they amounted to $210,000,000. During the war the profits of the apparel manufacturers increased from less than $35,000,000 to more than $335,000,000, both before taxes. After taxes, these manufacturers still made over four times their prewar earnings. Retail profits also rose to record heights. For 1944, the operating profits of the department stores showed an increase over prewar profits of around 1,000 per cent.

But in spite of this comfortable profit position, some of the important industry and trade leaders did not throw the weight of their trade associations behind inflation control. Though not representing, by any means, the majority of their memberships, they conducted a consistent campaign of irresponsible lobbying,



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Meet Pa Gwolph. (And you may do it sooner than you think—via the new atom-drive space liner.) He's a good family man—the kind who always goes to the park on Sundays with the wife and kids.

Meet Ma Gwolph. She's an alert young modern. Trust her to pick up the latest wrinkle from earth—such as an electric heating pad for warmth, comfort and the relief of aches and pains.

Meet Junior Gwolph—he's the one who's luxuriating under that lovely blue electric heating pad. The temperature's always right—for there are not one, not three, but 30 fixed heats! No wonder Junior coos so beguilingly!

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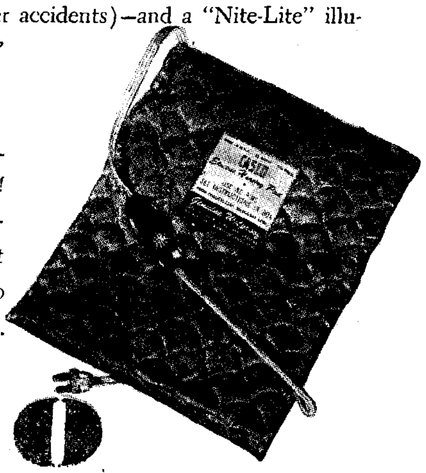

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Lightningpak, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

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of public pressure and propaganda for higher and higher profits and a minimum of controls. Here's an example: At a time when many children had to go without underwear, when many men were worrying about where their next shorts were coming from, and when many farmers and workers could buy no overalls and their wives no house dresses, some of the manufacturers and retailers who were making these exceptional profits protested violently against the allocation of fabrics to reasonably priced and essential clothing. They declared that their firms would go bankrupt, that their designers would go on the bread line, and that France and England would take away America's style leadership. Finally, they made the preposterous assertion that American consumers were not interested in "cheap" clothing, but wanted only high-priced garments.

Further, although most mills and manufacturers flatly refused to chisel and profiteer, and condemned such practices, a disturbing number of others violated ceilings and built up a vicious black market in scarce textiles.

All in all, counting up the failures and inadequacies of government and of industry, the clothing picture, as you can see, was by no means a pretty one.

During the last twelve months, however, I feel that the government, after so bad a start, has made definite progress in spite of continued strong opposition from some industry groups. With new, courageous men in both agencies, OPA and WPB have worked out the three strong lines of action to which I referred earlier.

The OPA and WPB Lines of Action

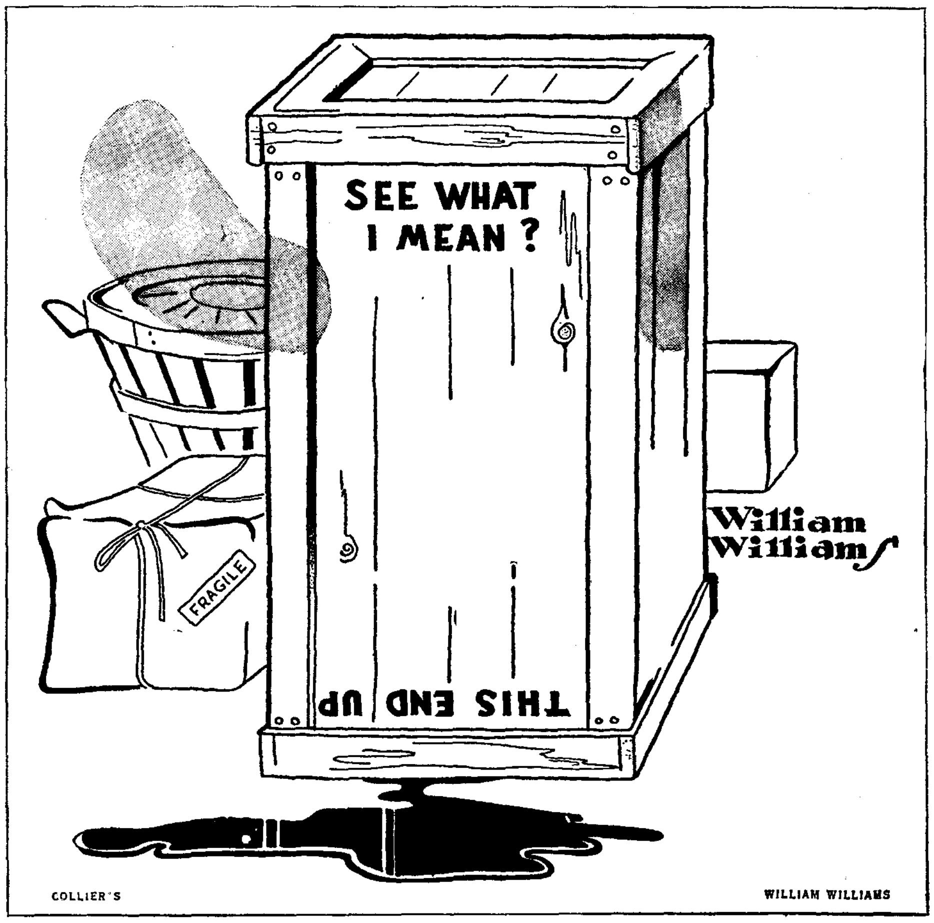
First. A thorough revision was made of the converter regulation, one of OPA's most inept early performances, which had encouraged fancy finishing of fabrics at fancy profit margins. A converter is the man who takes the unfinished or unbleached yard goods from the mill and bleaches it, dyes it, prints it with designs or patterns, or gives it some other finish. The more expensive the finish the greater the converter's percentage profit margin. The original converter regulation promulgated by OPA preserved these high margins, and very soon fancy finishes were being applied to many fabrics which didn't need them. In consequence, costs of finished goods skyrocketed. Manufacturers looking for simple percales to make into low-cost house dresses or children's clothing could find only fabrics with expensive screen printing or elaborate high-priced designs. Under the revised regulation, this practice has become a thing of the past, and reasonably priced plain fabrics in increasing quantities are becoming available to manufacturers.

Second. An exact dollar-and-cent pricing plan, like that which OPA has used successfully on groceries, has been launched to cover certain essential low- and medium-priced garments. This was applied first last spring to cottons. The majority of inexpensive house dresses and slips, children's clothing and men's shirts and shorts, has been given specific OPA retail prices at which they can be sold in any store. The manufacturer is required to mark the legal retail price on the garment by means of a label or a tag so both the retailer and his customer can see it—and stick to it. Early in the fall of 1945, the same pricing technique was applied to certain essential wool and rayon clothing in moderate-price brackets. Some typical ceiling prices set by both regulations are: men's shorts, 70¢; cotton house dresses, $3; toddlers' pajamas, $1.50; women's rayon dresses, $9; women's wool suits, $26. These are the *top* prices for garments produced for this dollar-and-cent program; most of them are retailed for less. But there are two minor flaws in this price picture: One is that since the OPA is not free to prescribe standards, some of the garments are of good quality, others are frankly poor. Another is that while large quantities are on sale, they are not coming into the stores as rapidly as we had hoped. This was because WPB, faced with an especially severe cotton textile shortage last spring and summer, could not provide enough fabric for low- and medium-priced clothes. But both the WPB and its successor, the CPA, have assured us that they will make every effort to divert more textiles into dollar-and-cent-priced clothing.

Third. A Maximum Average Price Plan was established. This, in general, requires manufacturers to produce goods at the *average* of their 1943 price lines, instead of at their highest price lines as many had been doing. Almost more than any other, this is an action that should have been taken long ago.

In the main, industry is now co-operating with the government in this belated but greatly strengthened program to check inflation and to protect the public's pocketbook. Some of our earlier opponents, like the cotton textile industry, have recently been helping hold prices stable. But leaders of certain groups, notably of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, are continuing their attacks with renewed vigor.

In early September of 1945 the National Retail Dry Goods Association circulated an elaborate report, which purported to show that its members—the same members whose profits were averaging 1,000 per cent above prewar levels—were faced with dark and disastrous days. This report said that retailers' costs were sure to increase, the volume of retail trade was sure to diminish and profits were certain to disappear. The report thereupon concluded that the OPA should not require the retailers to absorb any increased costs of manufactured goods in order to keep down the price to the consumer. It was contended, by implication, that the OPA should guarantee the retailers gross margins averaging around 40 per cent—and let the consumer pay the bill.



COLLIER'S WILLIAM WILLIAMS

Retail Sales Volume Rises

The National Retail Dry Goods Association spread the report throughout the land, and many retailers hailed it as "an atomic bomb which will blow OPA and its price-control program out of the water." But already the report's thesis has broken down, and very spectacularly. Instead of dropping to the miserable levels predicted in the report, retail trade volume has risen each month from 10 per cent to 12 per cent higher than the record levels of 1944. And the retailers had an even bigger Christmas business in 1945 than in the bonanza years of 1943 and 1944.

During the past few months the anti-price-control propaganda of the National Retail Dry Goods Association has been under the direction of a prominent executive of a large chain of low-priced apparel and variety stores. He recently set up in Washington a so-called "horror exhibit" which was photographed, and the photographs, with a press release, were widely distributed. This exhibit consisted of a few score items, mostly clothing, and in each case a good-quality garment with a low OPA price was displayed side by side with a shoddy garment at a higher price. The claim was made that the low-priced items could no longer be produced under OPA ceilings, and that our policies encouraged the production of shoddy clothing. The conclusion was drawn that the public would benefit if all the low-priced garments were marked up to higher prices.

I asked the Association three times for the names of the manufacturers so I could make a thorough investigation of each item. This request was flatly refused for weeks. We have been able, however, to get the facts about a few of the items shown. One example will suffice: A pair of good 39-cent shorts was labeled as out of production because of OPA policies. The truth is that the manufacturer is making almost 500,000 pairs of these shorts a week, and is selling them below the legal ceiling. Even making the major assumption that some of the items show actual OPA mistakes in pricing—and certainly we have made some mistakes—as a whole the exhibit represented a distorted, exaggerated and unrepresentative picture. It proved that the powerful group sponsoring it is still unwilling to accept its share of the responsibility of keeping down the prices the public must pay for shirts, dresses and other clothing items.

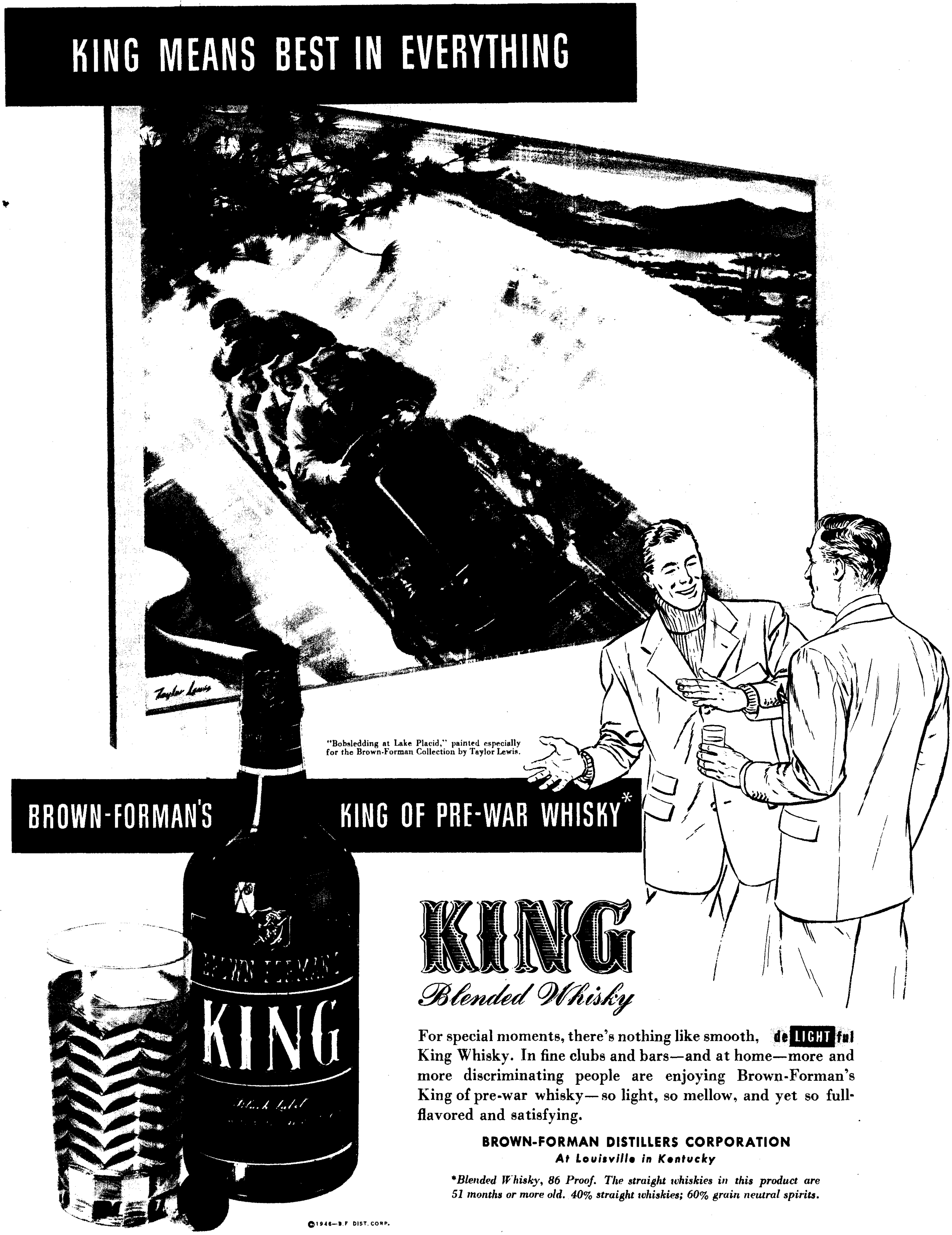
The apparel problem is and has been in many ways America's Number One civilian headache. All of us concerned admit we have made our share of mistakes. We all should carry our share of responsibility for the errors that have been made. But it is time now to forget past difficulties and differences and to pull together—industry and government—in a united effort to solve the apparel problem.

The Administration's policy of holding prices down cannot and will not be relaxed. I am confident that the program OPA has worked out with WPB and WPB's successor, CPA, will prevent a further rise in clothing prices and secure more essential reasonably priced clothing. I am confident, too, that that program will have the continued backing and support of all thoughtful members of the textile industry, the garment industry and the retail trade.

Working together, and together fighting for the measures we know to be necessary for the protection of us all, I know we can and will succeed.

THE END

KING MEANS BEST IN EVERYTHING



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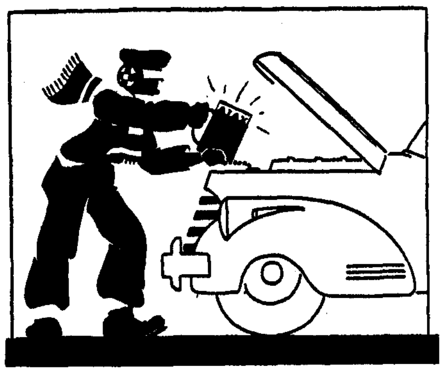

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The Counselor

Continued from page 58

say to the desk sergeant? Maybe, he thought, they'd already taken Sam to the morgue.

A picture of Sam Waters came clearly to his mind, and it was the day Sam won an acquittal in the Inez Jones case. In the gloomy old Criminal Courts building, where the walls were cracked and justice moved in dingy shadows, Sam Waters had whispered in the corridor that the verdict was acquittal. Charlie had telephoned in and his paper had been on the streets with the story almost before the jury had reported. It was one of many favors Sam Waters had done for him, and it was typical that Sam had known the verdict before the judge received it, probably through some friendly bailiff who had listened outside the jury room. Knowing too much about a jury's verdict had led to his disbarment, because he had bought the verdict in advance. There was no doubt he had done it. Charlie thought; he had positively bribed a juror.

THE subway slowed and Charlie saw that it was the Fourteenth Street station. One problem was decided for him; he would go to the house on Seventeenth Street first. It was nearer than the nearest police station.

Walking along Seventeenth Street, looking for the number, the fear returned more strongly, the fear he had always had of falling down on an assignment. Even in his best days he had felt that fear, even in the days when he could count on men like Sam Waters for the inside story, the exclusive tip.

The house was an old brownstone a few doors from the corner, a rooming house. Charlie knew it even before he saw the number because a radio patrol car was parked in front and a patrolman was stationed at the stoop. His steps slowed and he approached the house timidly. The cop looked him up and down as he hesitated at the stoop.

"What do you want, Mac?"

Charlie's voice stuck in his throat for a moment, then he mumbled, "I'm from the Star-Courier."

"Yeah? A reporter?"

"That's right," Charlie said.

"Let's see your press card, Mac."

Charlie put his hand in his pocket, and left it there. He shook his head. "I haven't got it with me."

He saw another man standing near the stoop, a young man with curious eyes. Charlie saw the double-folded copy paper sticking out of his pocket. The cop turned his head and said, "Joe, this guy says he's from the Star-Courier. You know him?"

"Bill Steel covers this district for the Star-Courier," the reporter said.

Charlie could have explained that Bill Steel had called in sick that day. He could have explained that he was a copy boy and had been sent down because he had known Sam Waters. Instead he turned and walked away. Both hands were jammed in the pockets of his coat and they were trembling.

"Okay, telephone in," his brain was saying. "You can't work without a press card. Telephone in. You're no reporter. You're a copy boy." Charlie walked on, clenching his hands in his pockets to stop their shaking. "Call in from the corner," his brain said. "From that *bar* on the corner."

He crossed the street to the corner bar. He paused just inside the door to look for the telephone booth, and the sense of failure oppressed him. The first obstacle had licked him, and he had failed. He walked up to the bar and ordered straight rye.

They shouldn't have sent him out without a press card, he thought. It wasn't his fault. It wasn't failure. If he called in and explained that would be the end of it. "Well, come on in," Stackpole would say. "Come in and run copy."

He wet his lips with the whisky, then drank it all down. It was this fear of failure that had always driven him. A drink usually helped. It was fighting this fear of failure, he thought in a moment of illumination, that had often got him into trouble. There had been the time he had been sent to ask Doctor Fordyce if it was true that he and his wife had separated. It was Doctor Fordyce's misfortune that he had become the fifth husband of a woman noted for her adventures in matrimony. His door had been closed to reporters, but he had been making a speech that night at a banquet. Charlie had been at the press table when Doctor Fordyce finished his address and the question period began, and Charlie had asked a question. He had pulled himself to his feet at the press table and called out: "Doc, is it true your wife has gone to Reno?"

It had cost him his job, and had sent him moving on again, to another city and another paper, but it was not because he was casual and irresponsible that he had asked the questions, nor was it entirely because of liquor. It was because of the drive that had been in him, powered by this fear of failure. The same had been true earlier in the Waters case. He ordered another rye.

The barman poured the whisky and moved down the bar to the only other customer. Charlie heard them talking.

"I'm gonna miss the Counselor," the barman said. "I liked having him around."

"He looked okay," the other man said. "To look at him you'd never pick him for a gas case."

"He was in here just this morning," the barman said. "I let him have a couple on credit. Guess I won't ever see that fifty cents."

"You'll get your fifty cents," a low voice said. Charlie turned and saw a woman at the door. Her face was pale and her eyes looked abnormally large.

"Forget it," the barman said. "I was just talking, Lottie. You know how it is."

"You'll get it," the woman said, and walked to a booth. Just before she sat down she called, "Send me over a bourbon, straight."

"Okay, Lottie," the barman said, and exchanged a quick glance with the other man at the bar. They spoke in whispers which Charlie barely heard. "The Counselor's girl?" the man at the bar asked, and the barman nodded. "In here with him pretty near every night."

Charlie glanced at the booth. The girl was sitting quite still, looking at the table, and her hands were clasped in front of her. A dim overhead light lit her bleached hair. Charlie remembered other girls of Sam Waters', and all had been blond. In his best days they had been handsome, expensive women.

He needed another drink. He ordered rye again and gulped it, and when he turned to the booth the girl was sipping her bourbon. He approached the booth slowly, and when she looked up he murmured, "Excuse me. I used to know Sam Waters."

Her eyes were brown and there were lines of strain at the corners. She said, "Yeah?"

"When he was a big-shot lawyer I knew him," Charlie said. "I guess it's the same Sam Waters."

She nodded. "Yeah, the same."

Charlie moved closer. "Mind if I sit down?"

She shrugged her shoulders, finished her bourbon.

"I'd like to buy a drink," Charlie said, and sat down.

The barman was watching them, and Charlie held up two fingers.

"You knew Sam when he was in the chips, I guess," the blonde said. "I never knew him then. He wouldn't of looked at me twice then."

"Oh, I don't know," Charlie said.

"I know how it was," she said. "He had a string of 'em then. He told me about it."

Charlie hesitated, wet his lips. "He used to talk about the old days, did he?"

"Some."

"He tell you how he got disbarred?" Charlie asked. It was an effort to say it.

She looked across at him and her brown eyes were distant. "Why bring that up?"

"I was just wondering," Charlie said. "You ever hear him speak of Charlie Edwards?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know. He talked about a lot of people. Why?'

THE drinks were there, and Charlie reached for his. He noticed that his hand was unsteady again.

"I only knew him the past three years," the blonde said, in a low, toneless voice. "He'd been on the bum out West some place and he was trying to get on his feet again. I didn't believe them stories of his at first."

"This Charlie Edwards used to know him pretty well," Charlie said. "I thought maybe he would have mentioned Charlie."

"Who the hell is Charlie Edwards?"

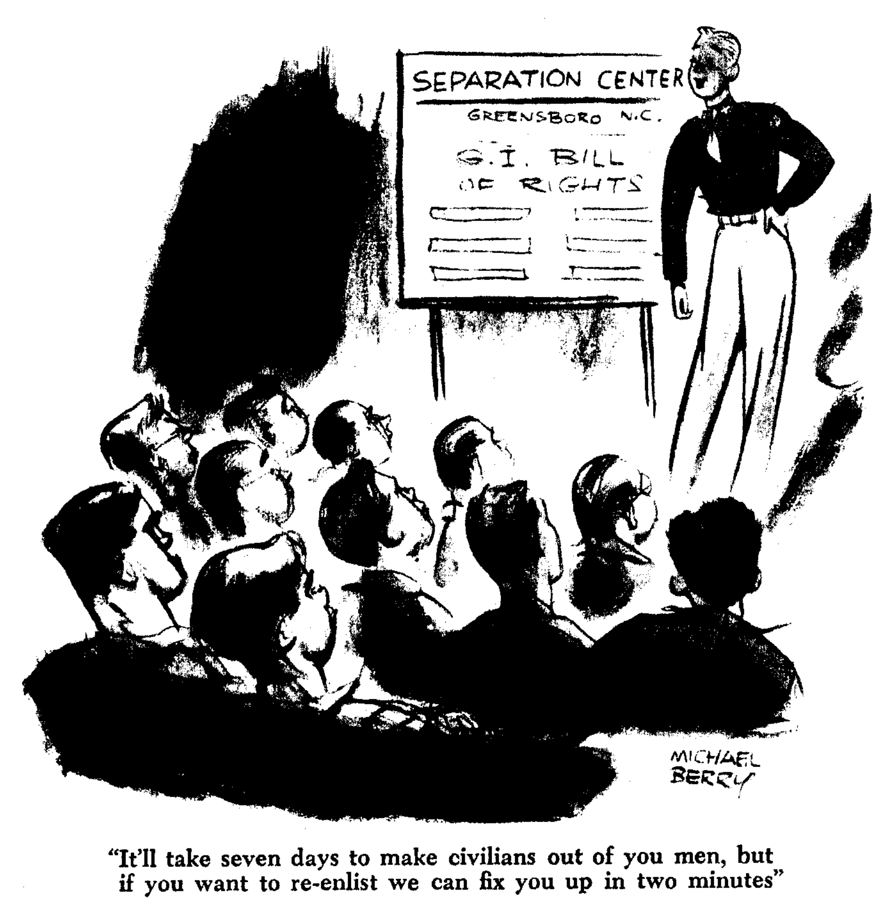
"He was a newspaperman," Charlie said.

"Oh, sure." She nodded. "He's the guy went after Sam, I guess. Yeah, Sam spoke about him. Plenty."

"I wouldn't say he went after Sam," Charlie said. "He was just doing a job for his paper."

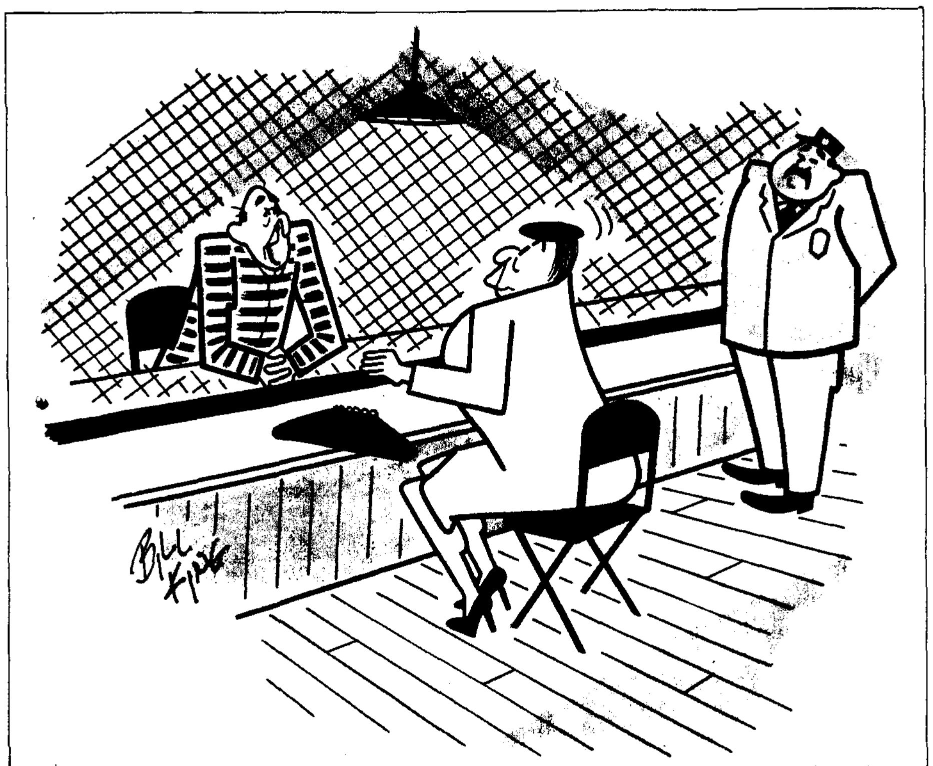
"It's over the dam now," the blonde said. "Sam don't care now."

"The paper wanted to get Sam," Charlie said, staring at the table. "It was politics, that's all. Sam signed his name to the wrong



"It'll take seven days to make civilians out of you men, but if you want to re-enlist we can fix you up in two minutes"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY



"Whenever I feel that I can't stand it any longer, dear, I just think of you"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

kind of petitions, and all that, and he was mixed up in a boycott against the paper, and they went out to get him. See what I mean?"

"They got him, all right," the blonde said. "He was on the bum after that, really on the bum. He had some dough but he run through it fast and you know, what can a lawyer do? He don't know how to work with his hands. What can he do, if he can't practice law?"

Charlie looked at the barman and held up two fingers again. His face was hot and his eyes burned a little, but he knew he wasn't tight. Not yet. He said slowly, "What did Sam do?"

"He had a job," the blonde said. "It wasn't much, but he was doing all right. He never went off Seventeenth Street and they knew him from Eighth Avenue to the river. They all called him the Counselor and they used to put legal problems up to him and he'd tell 'em what to do. He got a big kick out of it and he liked the way they called him Counselor. He used to say it was the best practice he ever had, right here on Seventeenth Street. I mean he didn't take no dough for it. Just a drink here and there. But Sam liked it that way. He was happy."

THE barman brought the drinks, and as he put them down he said, "Say, Lottie, I don't want you getting the wrong idea. I thought the world of the Counselor. I was just talking. You know how it is."

"Okay, Pete," the blonde said.

Charlie picked up his glass, then put it down again. "If he was happy," he began, "why did he . . ." He broke off.

Her chin came up. "Listen, Sam didn't turn on the gas. His coffee boiled over, that's all it was. Honest to god!"

"Okay," Charlie said.

"Sam wouldn't of turned on the gas," the blonde said. "He was as happy as he ever was, he used to say so to me. He'd take me over all them other blondes, he used to . . ." She smiled. "He didn't mean that, of course, but he used to say it."

"I know how Sam was," Charlie said. "He was a great guy. Trouble was he—well, he took chances."

"Yeah," the blonde said. "I guess he took chances."

"He didn't need to do it," Charlie said. "He was a first-class lawyer."

"Lay off Sam," she said harshly.

Charlie had begun to sweat. "I want to tell you how it was," he said. "Sam knew this Charlie Edwards pretty well. Sam used to give him good stories, the best that came out of the old Criminal Courts building. They were pretty good friends in those days, but he was a funny kind of guy."

"What's so funny?" she said sharply.

"This Charlie Edwards, I mean. He was what they called a trained seal. What they told him to write, he wrote. You see what I mean? That's how it is on a newspaper. They give you an assignment and you got to carry it out. But he was always scared he was going to fall down on a story and he worked overtime because of that. The paper sent him out to find a way to get Sam Waters up before the Bar Association on charges and he worked at it like hell, afraid he was going to fall down and afraid they'd think it was because Sam was a friend of his. That's why he dug and dug until he turned up this juror to swear that Sam bribed him."

"You mean Sam was framed," the blonde said.

Charlie's forehead was slick; he rubbed his palm across it. "No, he wasn't framed. He bribed that juror. It was proved on him."

"Okay, Charlie," the blonde said. "Forget it."

Charlie's lips tightened. "What do you mean?"

"That's what Sam would say. He'd say, 'Okay, Charlie, forget it.' " She looked across at him, and some of the tightness had left her lips. "Who are you kidding?"

"I wish I'd heard Sam say it," Charlie said. "I'd feel better."

"I'll say it for him," the blonde said. "Sam never bore a grudge. If he was here he'd sit down and buy a drink." She shrugged her shoulders. "Look, I'll do it for him. —Pete, send over two more. On me."

Charlie bent his head and moved his empty glass back and forth and around and around in a wet space on the table.

"You're like he was when I run onto him," the blonde said. "Kind of washed up. Ain't that it?"

"That's it," Charlie said. "I'm washed up, all right. I'm burned out."

"You forget about Sam," she said. "He wasn't that kind of guy. He never held a grudge." She studied Charlie as he sat with his head bent, teasing the puddle with his glass. There was a hungry looseness around his mouth and his shoulders sagged. "I don't mean he didn't hate your guts for a while," she said. "But he got over it. What he'd say was what I said. Forget it, Charlie."

"I can't forget it," his hoarse voice said.

The barman brought the drinks, took the empty glass from Charlie's hand, and put the full one down in the puddle. When Charlie glanced up he saw her looking at him. She asked quietly, "What are you doing down here today?"

He hesitated an instant. He avoided her eyes when he spoke. "My paper sent me."

"To write a story about Sam?"

He met her eyes this time. "I'm just a copy boy," he said. "I'm just a drunk. They sent me down to make sure it was the same Sam Waters."

"It was the same Sam Waters," she said in a flat, hard tone. "Like you're the same Charlie Edwards."

"Yeah," Charlie said.

"But Sam got hold of himself," she said. "He was doing all right. You ask anybody about the Counselor."

"Yeah," Charlie said. He fumbled in his pocket for a nickel. "Excuse me, I got to telephone."

He knew the blonde watched him as he went to the telephone. He felt better, and his brain seemed more clear, in spite of the drinks. As he dialed the number of the Star-Courier he thought that he had something to hang onto, too. He had completed his assignment. He was a reporter again.

"Yes?" the voice of the assistant city editor said on the telephone.

"This is Charlie Edwards," Charlie said.

"Who?"

Charlie cleared his throat. "The copy boy," he said tonelessly. "I was sent down here to check on Samuel Z. Waters."

"Oh, sure," the assistant said. "Well, never mind. We've got the identification. The local A.P. sent it out."

"Okay," Charlie said, and remembered what the blonde had told him. "Say, it wasn't suicide. A coffeepot boiled over."

The assistant's tone became impatient. "The cops call it suicide."

"Well, I heard . . ." Charlie began, and stopped. "Look, I've got some other stuff here. What Sam Waters did after his disbarment. He was out West for a while and then he came back here to Seventeenth Street and built up a new kind of life for himself."

"Oh, hell, who cares what happened after his disbarment?" the assistant said. "The story will only run a half-column. Come on back to the office."

"Okay," Charlie said, and hung up. He closed his eyes for a moment. He had been dreaming when he entered the booth, hearing Stackpole saying, "Great work, Charlie. Come on in. We want you to write it." But it was true no one cared what Sam Waters had done after his disbarment except Charlie and the blonde outside.

HE WENT slowly out of the telephone booth, and turned toward the door. He had taken only a few steps when a voice called, "Say, Charlie."

He turned and saw the blonde beckoning to him from the booth. He went toward her, looked down into her brown eyes.

"Sit down," she said, and her voice was gentle. "You still got a drink."

Charlie sat down and looked across into the brown eyes. They were kind, and there was a little curve to the lips that had been so tight at first.

"Something wrong?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I guess not."

"Drink your drink," she said. "Forget it, whatever it is."

He looked down at his glass. "I was just dreaming, that's all," he said. "I should have known better. I'll never get back, any more than Sam Waters could have got back to the courtroom."

"You ought to get yourself another job," the blonde said. "Start over again."

"Yeah," Charlie said.

"Sam Waters did it."

"I know," Charlie said. He looked at her and thought that he could not tell her the police had called it suicide, that she had also tried but failed. He said softly, "I can see you were a big help to Sam."

"You can do the same," she said, and her hand touched his. Her eyes had brightened, and she was smiling now.

"Sure," he said. He wanted her to keep what she had, her sense of fulfillment in the life of Sam Waters. "Sure, I guess I can do it."

"You can if you try, Charlie," she said.

"Sure," Charlie said. "I'm going to try."

"Call 'em up," she said. "Tell 'em you quit." She opened her handbag. "Here's a nickel. Do it now."

She put the nickel down on the table, beside the jigger of whisky. Charlie reached for the glass and drank the rest of the rye, then he looked at her. Why not do it, he thought, for her as much as for himself? He grinned and picked up the nickel.

THE END

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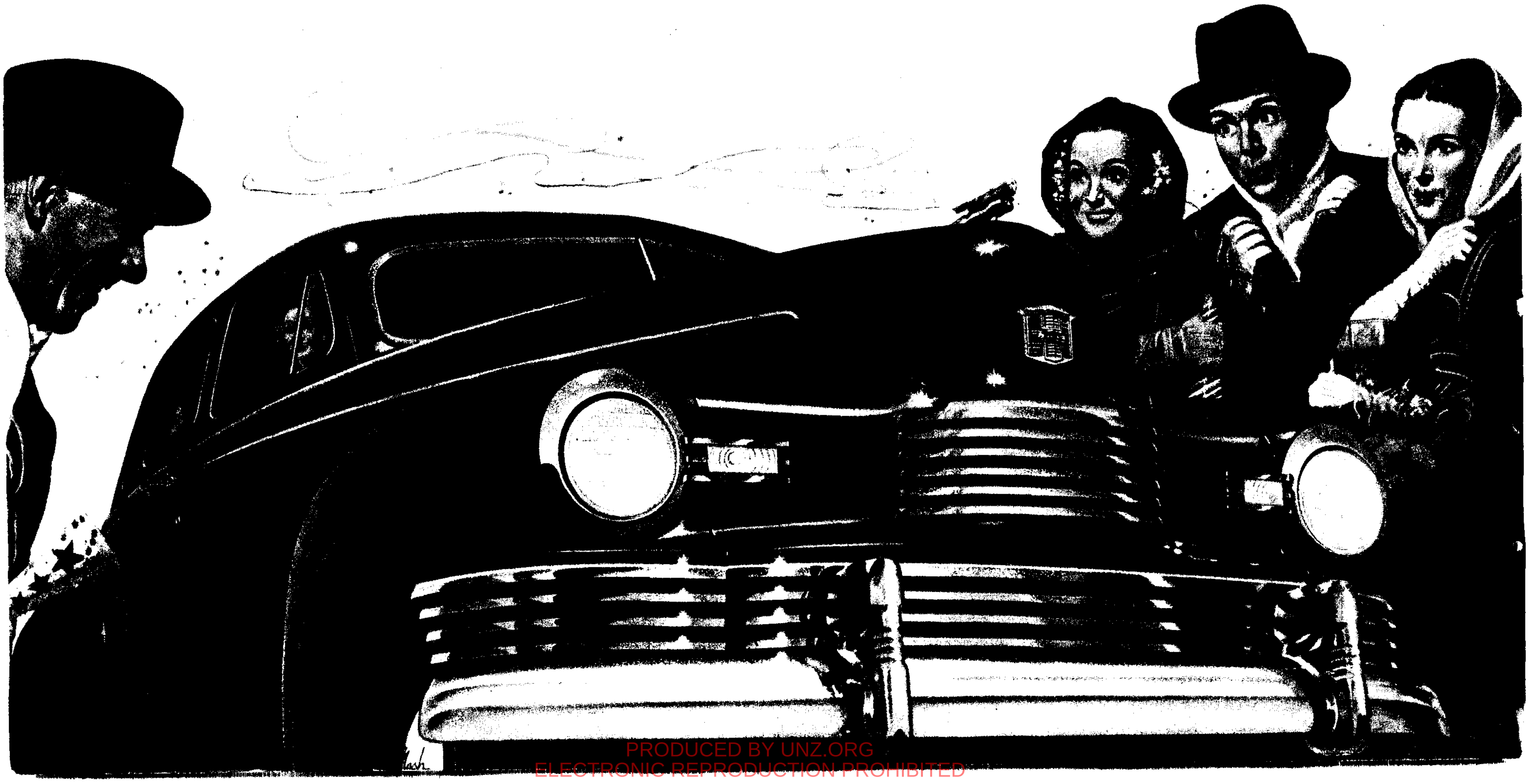

Lacking two and one-half inches of being seven feet tall, Harry Boykoff towers over the opposition on a basketball court as he does over average-size people

HARRY THE REACH

By Milton Gross

Harry Boykoff, center of St. John's University, was regarded as the nation's greatest basketball player before going into the Army. He didn't play for two and one-half years and now the question is whether he can tear up the courts again

WHEN Harry Boykoff's neighbors in the Brownsville-East New York section of Brooklyn learned that the Army had discharged the six-feet-nine-and-a-half-inch center, who immediately resumed playing basketball at St. John's University, the sum total of their comments amounted to: "Oh, murder!" And what they *meant was simply this*—Harry would murder the opposition.

This may be strong talk for other neighborhoods but not for Brownsville, which sometimes is called the toughest section of New York. It is the home of Murder, Inc., and many of its gentry have ended in a pseudo-blaze of glory on the hot seat at Sing Sing. A kid in Brownsville can choose between basketball or homicide. The result is that some of New York's greatest basketball heroes come from that section, along with its thugs.

So when Brownsville mentioned "murder" and Boykoff in the same breath, it meant only that Harry would now proceed to murder the opposition. Even about that there was some argument. Before the war Boykoff was generally regarded as the greatest basketball player in the country. He is the only man who has been selected twice for the annual All-Star game played in Chicago. He was picked in 1943 and again this season after coming out of the Army. The question now is whether he can regain his old form after being out of competition for two and a half years.

Boykoff is the kind of person who looks like a caricature of himself. His face isn't pretty, being long, seamed, leathery and elderly looking. He carries his huge hands limply at his thighs. His voice is low and hoarse. When he walks in the street he appears to be moving slowly, his head and shoulders stooped as though he had just finished speaking to a normal-sized person and hadn't straightened up.

This 23-year-old ex-soldier is tremendous in size. He is one of those rare G.I.s for whom the government had to tailor-make uniforms. For a month Harry sat at Fort Dix following his induction owning no other items of government issue except ties and handkerchiefs. All else had to be made special, since the quartermaster had nothing to fit him.

As a matter of fact, the Army didn't want Boykoff, since Selective Service regulations automatically classified any man over six feet six inches in height as a 4F. For months Harry wrangled with his draft board. He wanted in, but unless he could force a change in his classification he was out.

After several futile visits to the board its members finally agreed to allow the Army itself to be the judge of his classification. The board members reclassified him 1A with the warning that he would necessarily have to be declared unfit at the induction station. Harry, however, reasoned that at Grand Central Palace in New York, where thousands of inductees were being hurriedly examined, he could bluff his way through.

When the time came for his height to be taken, Harry straddled the scale instead of standing on it. The befuddled private checking heights and weights agreed to record Harry's height as six feet five inches.

Boykoff has never appeared as a professional basketball player. He had innumerable opportunities during his service days. During his first varsity season he could have named his own figure.

"I never took any pro offers," Harry explains simply, "because I didn't want to do anything which could possibly interfere with my finishing my course in accountancy or threaten my studying law later on. I've had one thought in my mind for many years: I'm going to become a C.P.A. no matter what.

"If there is still a chance for me to play pro ball after I've gotten my bachelor's degree I'll take the best offer, but only to earn money enough to pay my way through law school. I don't want to be an athletic bum. I'll have to support myself and my family long after my playing days are over and I'll only be able to do it if I can make something of myself."

If for no other reason, Harry will be remembered as a player who brought about a change in basketball's code of rules because of his knack of preventing other teams from scoring while he poured heaping handfuls of points through the hoop. When Boykoff played as a sophomore it was still legal for a defending player to "goal tend" an opponent's shot out of the basket. The ball could be batted away from the basket on its downward arc.

Boykoff had the faculty of timing his jump so that he became a definite detriment to the opposing team's scoring. There was the night at Madison Square Garden when he batted away no less than eleven certain field goals.

Forcing the Issue

When Harry began making a habit of the business, opposing coaches began making noises in the direction of the rules committee. After a year of such protests the committee ruled that a player cannot touch a shot after it has started on its downward flight.

The coaches should have begun their protests two years earlier. If they had, perhaps some way could have been devised to stop Boykoff's scoring, something the opposition found extremely difficult to do. Harry is no Hank Luisetti or Stutz Modzelewski in the offense department but he does well enough for a guy who once was accused of having two left feet by a rival basketball coach in high school.

Harry tossed 326 points through the basket in 20 regular season affairs in his first varsity year, averaging better than sixteen a game. In the National College Invitation Tournament, against the country's top-ranking competition, he scored 56 in three games, or just better than eighteen a game.

Boykoff is fully aware that his greatest value to his team lies in his being underneath the baskets where his height can be put to greatest advantage. Yet he feels so strongly about wanting to be treated like the other boys that quite often he can be seen in midcourt initiating an offensive maneuver rather than being on the receiving end of it.

There was one night at the Garden, though, during which Harry had little time to do anything other than toss the ball through the hoop with monotonous regularity. For some

(Continued on page 76)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY NELSON MORRIS

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Welcome, Stranger

Continued from page 21

That pokeful of gristle in your lap is a he-dog. Do you understand what I'm saying to you? You can't name—"

"I don't care," Octavius said stoutly. "He's my dog." I can remember to this day how he gawped into the mongrel's bleary eyes with a look of worship.

Then I recollected we were straying away from the feathers. "Who gave him a chicken to eat?" I said sternly.

"Nobody," Octavius purred. "He caught it."

I was really shocked. One of Mother's hens—precious hens, too, because there were only barely enough of them to keep us in eggs. Hens so carefully, lovingly tended. I was speechless. But Octavius patted the dog's bony, bony skull and said, sounding almost proud, "He chased it and caught it and ate it. Except the feet. Except maybe the beak, too." He looked around the ground for the beak. Then he looked up at me. "You won't tell Mother?" he said.

Naturally, what I should have done was go tell Mother right then. But I knew instantly I wouldn't. I knew it would make her feel awful—it would upset her, I knew it would. And the harm was done, you couldn't bring the hen back. So I said, ferociously, "Octavius, you haven't got the sense of a crippled goose. Listen to me! I won't tell Mother now—but if that ratty animal of yours touches just one feather on one more chicken, I *will* tell, and you won't have any dog at all. Understand?"

I was plenty mad. Octavius, sitting there fat in the gravel with his yellow hair curled up like fresh-planed wood shavings, seemed worried for a minute, and then nodded and said all right, he understood. He'd give Doris bones to eat, and sweet potatoes and table scraps. "See that you do!" I said.

It was in my mind, uneasily, that the sorry starved hound would turn out a troublemaker. He was a bad breed, you could see that. I'd heard about chicken-stealing dogs before, natural-born thieves. But for the time being, I said to myself, I'd forget it. I hated to upset Mother. Maybe Octavius could be trusted to keep the beast out of mischief. Maybe.

I wasn't happy about it. I went slowly to the house to wash up, thinking that anyhow it was Father's problem, not mine. It was Father told Octavius he could keep the dog. Nobody ever asked my opinion.

This was the day before Mother got appointed to the school board, and just one week before Mr. Mifflin came smiling down our lane with his two-color expensive shoes and his fine jolly manner. I liked Mr. Mifflin the minute I saw him. Everybody liked him—he was that kind. He drove Octavius' miserable dog right out of my head. But before long I found out I didn't know a thing about troublemakers.

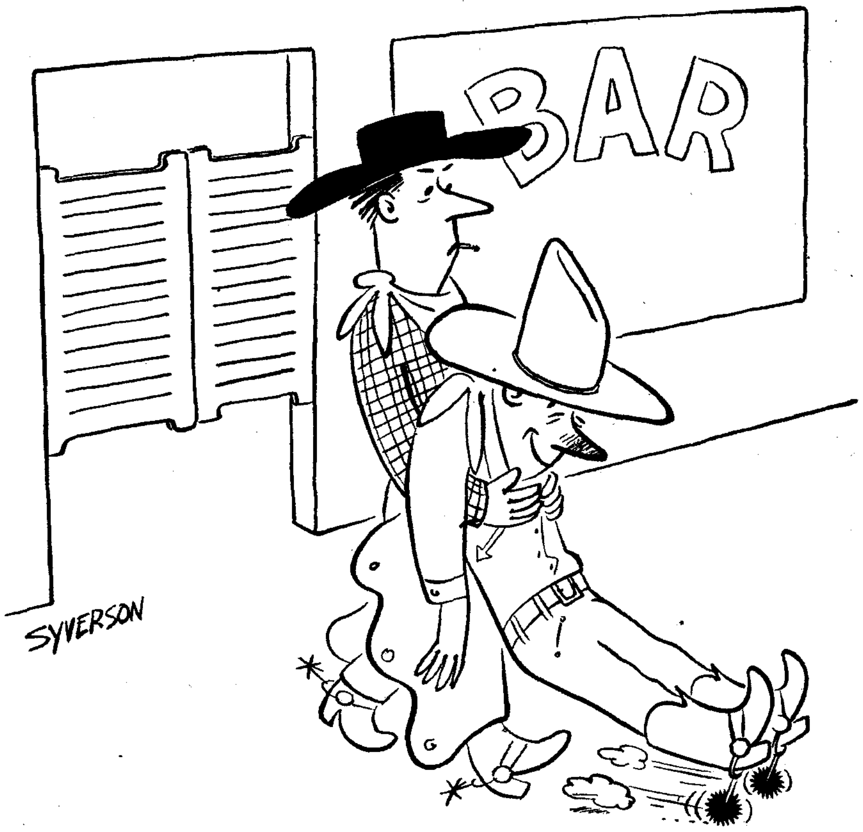
Mother's appointment to the school board made us all proud as kings—herself and Father and me, that is; Octavius didn't care. Octavius didn't know a school board from a teeter-totter. It happened when Mr. Bell drove up to our porch in the late afternoon with Mr. Kroll and Mr. Mahony in his double-seated carryall. They were the three members of the Virtue Township school board. They sat. Mr. Bell cleared his throat and said this was by way of being an official visit.

I could see how flustered Mother and Father were by an official visit. I squirmed small in my chair so I wouldn't be sent packing.

THE three board members, Mr. Bell said, had unanimously agreed that Mother be appointed to fill a long-standing vacancy; for the first time, he said, it was decided there ought to be a woman member, to represent the mothers' point of view. Mother listened with serious attention, a little smile of pride on her lips; then she touched her high-piled hair with her fingers and was sweet and dignified, rocking slowly in her chair. "It's an honor," she said. "But I can't honestly say I think I'm qualified."

"Tush, ma'am," Mr. Bell said. "You leave us be the judge of that." So they insisted, and after a while Mother accepted—as she had intended to do all the time, if you ask me. And then she went in the house to get glasses of sweet cider for the men, and it didn't need half an eye to see how bucked up she was about the appointment.

There was, for her, a special meaning in it. We'd been on the farm a year and five months. When we'd moved out from Richmond, Mother had, for the first few weeks, been dismal about the lack of good neighbors, the lack of friendliness. She had been lonely, and I guess a little frightened by the risks of changing from city to country. But we worked hard—all except Octavius, who couldn't get out of bed in the morning without stumbling into mischief—and Mother and Father made friends; there was old Colonel Lewis, our nearest neighbor, and the Bells and the Krolls and Reverend and Mrs. Coffman. We were no longer strangers in the valley. And now the appointment as school trustee meant Mother was being recognized and accepted as an important, a valued, member of the community. I wasn't too young to understand that the appointment gave our family a kind of established position; from now on we'd *belong,* right on a par with the Bells and Krolls and Coffmans.



COLLIER'S HENRY SYVERSON

It was a good, solid feeling.

Toward dusk the three board members, full of cider and Mother's famous plum cake, drove off in the carryall. "Good night, Trustee," they said to Mother, solemnly shaking her hand. Father beamed.

On the way to the barn to do the milking, Father said to me, "Your mother's a wonderful woman, son. Don't you forget it."

I said I wouldn't. "Where's Octavius?" I asked. "I want to tell him about the appointment."

"I reckon he's in the barn somewhere," Father said.

But he wasn't. Just before supper I scouted around the woodyard and chicken run to find him. Then I heard Father's voice raised in righteous wrath inside the house. I hurried in. Octavius, tearful, scrubbing his eyes with a grimy paw, stood in the center of the parlor rug clutching the mongrel Doris. On the floor at his feet were Father's mail-order leather slippers—or what was left of them. They were Father's first luxury since we'd left Richmond, since we'd come to the farm; and they'd been chewed to the point where you could just barely identify them.

Father was saying, using his stern voice, "If I find that dog in the house one—more—time, Octavius, I'll get rid of him for good and all. Is that perfectly clear?"

"Yes, sir," Octavius said, blubbering.

Father picked up his slippers and stared at them in anger and sorrow and unbelief. It was hard to credit that one small dog could do such a thorough job of wrecking anything. He dropped what was left of the slippers in a wastebasket. "One more time!" he repeated.

OCTAVIUS kept shifting his eyes nervouslike toward me, wondering whether I might talk about the dead and eaten hen—and I guess I should have. But I didn't, and the minute passed, and Father herded Octavius out of the room, instructing him that hereafter the dog was to stay in the barn and nowhere else.

I shook my head and sat in a chair and whispered to myself that we hadn't seen the last of that bony creature's troublemaking. *If anybody asks my opinion* I said under my breath, *that dog'll bite one of us someday and we'll have to shoot him. The smart thing would be to shoot him before he bites.* But nobody wanted to know what I thought about it.

On Thursday week, in the afternoon, Father was mowing the patch of lawn in front of the house, and I followed him around raking up the bright green clippings, singing to myself a little song I'd made up about Mr. Bell's daughter Faffy. That's the kind of a moony I was that summer, going on thirteen. But I was happy. The day was fine. The clouds were like marshmallows and the sun sweetly warm. I was thinking that Faffy had eyes like—like deep little pools of water under a shady willow, and I reckoned I'd tell her so someday. Work up my nerve and tell her, touching her hand. Someday. I felt fine and I recollect the grass smelled like perfume.

Then a man walked down our lane.

He was dressed in the kind of clothes you see in the colored ads. He had a nice face, sunburned, clean-shaven. When he took off his hat you saw that his hair was cut neat and close, as if he'd just an hour before come from the barber's. There wasn't a speck of dust anywhere on him.

He was carrying a small brown suitcase. He unlatched the gate and walked across the lawn toward Father, who stopped mowing and stood waiting. "Good afternoon," Father said.

The first words the man said were, "This *is* Hungry Run Farm? This *is* Mr. Blake?" He sounded as if he was terribly surprised about something.

"That's right," Father said.

The man put out a hand for Father to shake. "Well, now, sir," he said, "my name is Mifflin. Frederick W. Mifflin. I've been traveling around this country for close onto ten years—and I remember Hungry Run Farm the way it used to be. I say the way it *used* to be." He swept his eyes across the lawn and over the house and toward the barn. "Mr. Blake," he said, "you're a farmer! You've put this place back on its feet. Do you mind if I say I haven't seen a better looking farm in the entire valley?"

His voice was hearty and genial. Father smiled modestly with pleasure; his chest puffed out just slightly.

"And I'll venture to assert this husky fellow's been a great help to you," Mr. Mifflin said, tousling my hair with a big friendly hand.

"Why, sure," Father allowed. Father looked at me as if he were seeing me for the first time that day. "Won't you step up to the house, Mr. Mifflin? Might be you could use a glass of water, or maybe a taste of cold cider?"

"Cider, now!" Mr. Mifflin said, in the tone most people would use if you handed them a hundred-dollar bill. "Well, sir, I should say I could—"

I trailed them up to the house. Mother came onto the porch and was introduced. Mr. Mifflin gave her hand a long, warm shake. "So this," he said, "is the new school board member I hear about. I congratulate not you, ma'am, but the school board. And," he went on quickly, with a sort of rich chuckle deep in his throat, "I've been hearing conversation in the valley about a certain special recipe for cake—let's see, *plum* cake, if memory serves and you can wager it does! I shall tell you frankly, ma'am, I've been secretly hoping I'd be offered—"

MOTHER blushed like a girl. Naturally nothing would do but she should go into the pantry and cut Mr. Mifflin a slice of cake.

I'd never heard of Mr. Mifflin. I don't think Father had either. He wasn't a man from our valley. I figured, from the way he looked and talked, he must be a college professor at least. When he'd finished the cake and praised it up some more, until Mother could hardly contain herself, Father invited him out to look around the barn, at the improved watering trough and all; and later on Mother urged him to stay for supper with us.

"You don't need to ask me more than once, ma'am," Mr. Mifflin said. At table he took two helpings of everything. He even remarked what a bright boy Octavius was. I figured this was stretching politeness a mite far, but it pleased Mother. After supper it came out what Mr. Mifflin's business was.

Mr. Mifflin represented the Bornson-Esker Publishing Company of Norfolk. He sold school books—arithmetics, geographies and such. He had been advised that mother was textbook chairman for the Virtue Township board. Was that so? Mother said it was. And had the board decided, just a few days ago, to buy five hundred dollars worth of books before the opening of the new term? Yes, Mother said; so many readers, so many spellers, and so on, up to the amount of five hundred dollars. I sat off in a corner out of the range of lamplight and listened while Mr. Mifflin, smiling from Mother to Father and back to Mother, explained how reliable his company was, and what a bargain he could arrange for Virtue Township school.

"Maybe they won't thank me down in Norfolk when I report to them about the prices I'm going to give you, Mrs. Blake," he said. "But I like to temper business with friendship, and this is the friendliest house I've been in since I don't know when—yes, and the best-run farm, too." He got a pen and paper and a catalogue out of his suitcase and drew Mother and Father up to the table. For an hour

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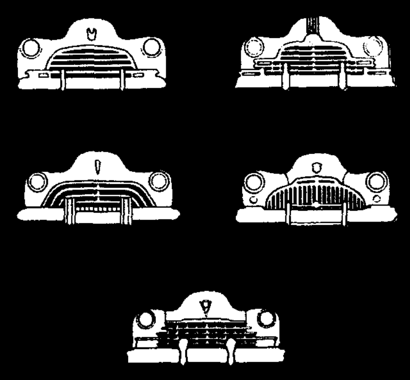


they talked about certain books and special prices. Mr. Mifflin totted up a list. The upshot seemed to be that for five hundred dollars the Virtue Township board was going to get a lot more books than they'd expected for the money.

"Looks pretty good to me," Father said in his cautious voice.

Mr. Mifflin passed a contract and his pen to Mother.

"Oh, no," Mother said. "I'm afraid I can't sign the contract tonight. You see, for any purchase the approval of two other members of the board is required—"

Mr. Mifflin looked pained—a little flash of pain crossed his face. "But of course," he said. "I understand there is some such technicality. Not that the board really holds to it, in my experience. You know as well as I do," he said, turning to Father, "how much faith Mr. Bell and the others put in Mrs. Blake's judgment. But of course if it's a matter of not quite trusting me—"

Mr. Mifflin was hurt. I could see the smile fade away from his face. Mother saw it too. He was such a nice man and had tried so hard to arrange the best bargain for Mother. It did seem a shame.

"Well—" Mother began. She looked at Father. "Looks pretty good to me," Father said, as he'd said before. Then Mother picked up the pen and wrote her name on the contract. Mr. Mifflin pumped her hand cheerfully. The big attractive smile was back again.

"You'll stay the night with us, Mr. Mifflin?" Mother said. "It's after eight o'clock and a far piece to town." Mr. Mifflin bowed low from the waist. He would be charmed.

Father showed him to the east room, next to the room Octavius and I slept in. He said he'd like to be up early in the morning, he had to make an early start for town—he might, too, be able to help us with the milking and the chores, he said in his friendly way. And, as it happened, he was up early in the morning. But not before Mr. Bell and the others arrived. Not before Mother learned what she had let herself in for.

THE morning sky was like a great red bruise in the east. I heard Mr. Bell's voice as I came down the stairs. I thought to myself, it was mighty odd that Mr. Bell should be calling on us practically at sunup. Then I got to the parlor door and saw Mr. Kroll and Mr. Mahony too.

Mr. Bell was talking fast. What he was saying included, "Swindler. . . ."

"The company is not merely untrustworthy, it's a deliberate swindling concern," Mr. Bell said. Mother was in her chair. Father stood beside her, his hand on her shoulder. "No one of their textbooks has ever been approved by the state board," Mr. Bell went on. "And we've had trouble with that fellow Mifflin before. Naturally, when I heard this morning that he'd been seen coming out the road late yesterday, I hurried over to warn you. He's a convincing talker, regular honeytongue."

Mr. Bell pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead. Mother said, in a small voice, "He's here, Mr. Bell."

"Here? In the house?"

"Yes, Mr. Bell," Mother said. "He slept here last night."

"Ha!" Mr. Bell said. "I guessed right. He figured he'd unload some of his claptrap books on you—on us. Refer him to me, ma'am!"

Mr. Bell narrowed his eyes fiercely. Mother's small voice raised up again. "It's too late," she said. "I signed a contract last night—five hundred dollars worth of books."

Octavius clattered down the stairs behind me and headed through the summer kitchen and out toward the barn. Then I heard other footsteps and I knew it was Mr. Mifflin coming down. I got out of the way. I stood in the dining room, where I could see but not be seen. Mr. Mifflin said, "Good morning, ma'am. Good morning, gentlemen." His eyes moved around. "Is this a special meeting of the school board?"

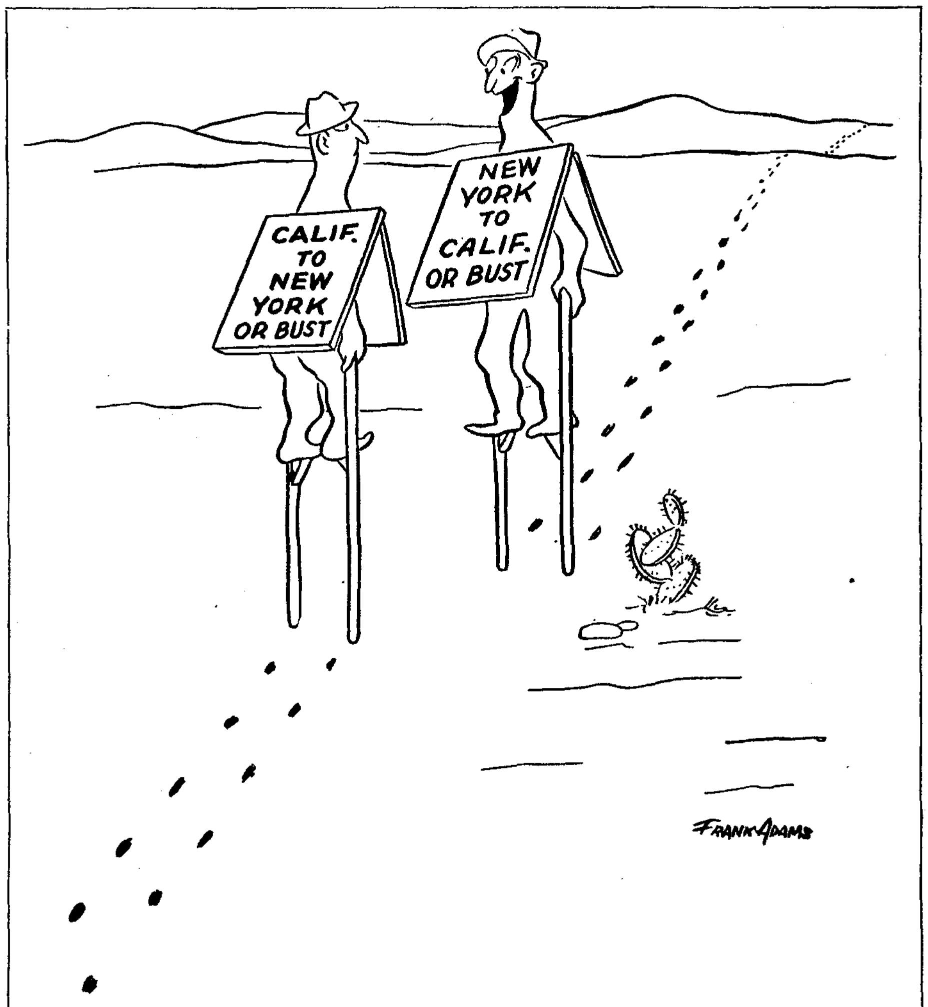
He sounded as cool and fresh as spring water. His voice fairly tinkled. Mr. Bell walked stiffly across the room and faced up to him. "Mifflin," he said harshly, "this is inexcusable. Mrs. Blake is new on our board, without experience. You deliberately took advantage of her. The board will not accept your textbooks!"

"So?" Mr. Mifflin said, and shrugged. His face was different now—suddenly hard and grim and unpleasant, not at all the face he wore when he came down our lane the afternoon before. He said, slow, "I have no interest in what you do with the textbooks. You can burn 'em or bury 'em. But you'll take 'em, all right. There's a signed contract in my suitcase."

"Prior approval by two other members of the board—"

Mr. Mifflin broke in. "The contract's signed. And legal. If the board won't accept the books, they belong to Mrs. Blake. She bought them. Somebody's going to pay for them."

THERE wasn't going to be any arguing with Mr. Mifflin. My eyes blinded up with anger, and I couldn't bear to be there in the house, within sight and sound of the man who had taken such sneaking advantage of my mother.


CALIF. TO NEW YORK OR BUST
NEW YORK TO CALIF. OR BUST
FRANK ADAMS

COLLIER'S "Well, well—small world, isn't it?" FRANK ADAMS

For a moment the walls whirled sickeningly around me, and I was afraid I'd do something foolish, something desperate—run into the room and beat him with my fists! I had to get away; I rushed out across the yard to the barn, and up the ladder into the haymow. I buried my head in my arms, and I guess I was sobbing.

Because I was afraid. I had, often enough, heard Father and Mother talking about money—about how much was needed for building up the farm. They couldn't afford losses. A clear and terrible picture raced into my mind—Father would have to sell our cows and the old white horse and the little carriage he'd found at such a bargain. Even these wouldn't make up the money he'd have to pay Mr. Mifflin. He'd need to sell his tools. We'd have to give up the farm!

I knew clearly in that instant that we'd have to leave the farm and go back to Richmond, to a dark small house in a side street. All Father's hopes would be broken. The fear and the anger were mixed up inside me; and a sense of awful helplessness drained the strength out of me and left me weak.

So I just lay there, frightened, trying to catch my breath against the sobbing, until I heard the rustling in the hay at the head of the ladder. Then I came to my elbow. It was Octavius.

He stared at me. He said, "What's eating you?"

I said go away, nothing was eating me. Octavius thought this over. "But you're crying."

"It's none of your business," I said. "Anyhow, I'm not."

Octavius nodded. "All right," he said, in the tone that meant he didn't have time to debate about it now but would come back to it later. "I was looking for you. Have you seen Doris?"

"No. Go away."

"I can't go away." Octavius wrinkled up his face. "You got to help me find Doris."

Doris! At a time like this. "I hope he's drowned," I said. "Or hanging." That was unkind. Octavius sniffled as if he'd been struck. I sat up. Octavius was right on the edge of bawling. We had enough trouble without Octavius in a tearful fit. "Where'd you see him last?" I asked.

"Around," Octavius blurted. He was hedging; the way he said "around," it was suspicious. I fixed my eyes on him.

"Around where?"

"Well," Octavius said, looking at his bare toes in the hay, "he slept in the barn, like Father told me. But I had to feed him, didn't I? He had to have breakfast! So I took him in the kitchen, just for a minute—"

"You took him into the house!"

"Just for a minute—"

"And left him there?"

"No! Well, yes. I just stepped out to get him a pan of water at the pump—"

I GOT up and started for the ladder. "Come on!" I said. I had a vision of the mongrel chewing up the dining-room rug while Mother and Father and the others went on with talking in the parlor, unknowing. But the mongrel wasn't in the dining room, or in the kitchen, or in the pantry.

Octavius and I moved fast and quiet, looking into corners and under tables. There wasn't any Doris, not a hair of the creature anywhere in sight. Octavius hissed, "I'll look upstairs," and scuttled off while I poked into the mop closet.

In three minutes or less Octavius was back, peering around the foot of the staircase, the skinny dog dangling in his arms. Then I was mad. "You know what Father said—" I whispered fiercely. But I broke off. Octavius' eyes were wild. He looked scared to death. "Where'd you find the dog?" I said.

"Next room," he said, which was what he always called the room next to his bedroom and mine—the room Mr. Mifflin had slept in. His voice was so low I could hardly hear his words. I shoved his shoulder, spinning him around. "Get out of here," I said, and ran up the stairway two steps at a time. I was prepared for the worst.

And the worst had happened.

Mr. Mifflin's suitcase lay open on the bed. I reckon it had been neatly packed, ready for going away. But it wasn't neatly packed now.

One of Mr. Mifflin's shirts was on the floor. It was in rags. One of his slippers was on the floor. The heel was chewed off it. On the floor, too, was a green notebook, most of the pages shredded out of it and great raking tooth marks in the cover.

My eyes bugged out and I felt my shoulders shaking. This was awful! I swung around and if Octavius had been there I'd have hit him. Then I saw the billfold in the corner of the room, where the dog had dragged it. It was chewed almost in half, and ranged around it was a scattering of paper, a hundred little ripped, slashed pieces no bigger than a penny, all mixed up with what was left of a blue necktie.

I knew there was only one thing to do. The sweat was standing out on my forehead, but I had to do it. I went down the stairway and into the parlor and I caught Father's arm. I told him, quietly as I could, what the dog had done.

THAT was the way the mud-colored mongrel Doris got invited to sleep in a box in the kitchen, behind the stove. After a while he became pretty well housebroken and didn't often chew up things that mattered. I'm not sure that Father ever became really fond of him, but Mother did and I know I did. He had a good, sweet, affectionate nature; a heart of gold, in Mother's own words.

Of course, Mr. Mifflin probably would have done murder if he could have laid his hands on Doris. But Mr. Mifflin never came back to our farm after the morning that Doris got into his suitcase.

I recollect how white with fury he was, standing there in the bedroom. You could see what a mean, ugly soul he had. He shouted at Father, "You'll pay for this! You'll pay—"

"Sure," Father said, cold and steady. "I'll pay. Let's see—one shirt, a pair of slippers, a necktie—"

And the notebook. And the billfold. The billfold had three one-dollar bills in it, torn in half; but they could be pasted together. Father said, "About twelve dollars' damage, isn't it?" Then he bent to the floor and picked up some of the scattered bits of paper. Everybody was silent. Father glanced around, slow. "Looks like this used to be the textbook contract," he murmured.

Mr. Mifflin's voice came harsh, loud. "Your wife," he said, "signed the contract. She has a moral obligation—"

Father looked with level eyes at Mr. Mifflin. His voice was low, but it bored in. "We take a kind of pride in being honest people. I don't think we need a lesson in moral obligations." He paused. "When in good faith we order a loaf of bread," he said, "and receive a stone, we don't feel obliged to break our teeth eating it."

Then Father closed his ears to all disputing and moved firmly toward the door; and that was the way Mr. Mifflin left our house that morning, with twelve dollars and his suitcase tossed onto the porch behind him. I watched from a window to see. He picked up the twelve dollars.

Mr. Bell had the last word. He patted Mother's hand. "It was a natural mistake," he said, kindly. "Shall we agree to charge it to experience? The fault's really ours for not having warned you against Mifflin." Mr. Kroll and Mr. Mahony were nodding their heads. Mr. Bell looked around at me. "And you'll keep this under your hat, sonny. Private business of the school board, you know."

So help me, I've never breathed a word about it until this day.

THE END

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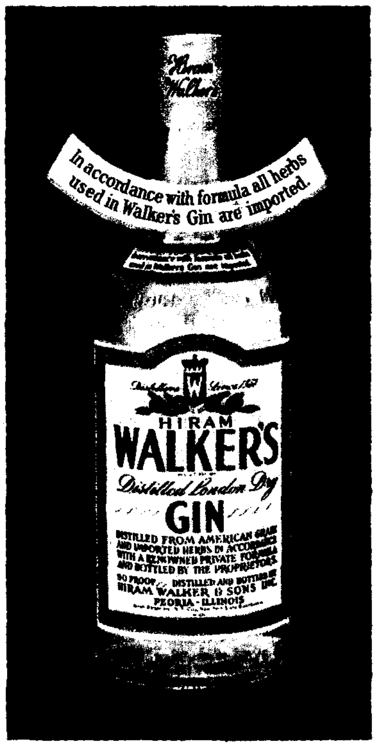
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HIRAM WALKER'S *Distilled London Dry* GIN

Jap Underground in China

Continued from page 19

said, "our people will be living in a land transformed into a prison. Here in China where we never lost a single battle and where we are so few among so many, they cannot imprison us all for a long time."

Evelyn said it was not true that her Japanese friends had never given thought to the possibility of defeat. They had ridiculed their German friends for giving in and had said that they would never surrender, that if they all died, each would take with him at least one Allied life. But in the six months that preceded the Emperor's surrender they had spoken, Evelyn said, of what they might do. Evelyn was sure that the ranking officers were not surprised by the surrender. She wondered why the Allied people had been so stunned by it.

One Japanese had said, "We lose this war. But watch us in twenty years." She didn't think he was typical. The kind of thing that had impressed her was when one officer friend put it this way:

"China is the Achilles heel by which we can come back one day. It will go hard with us for a long time. There will be shame and anger. But we have seen Western anger melt in the years after the first war and if we have the moral strength to suffer, to hide our feelings, to await our time, we can come back."

The masses of Japanese civilians in China have always been well organized and supervised. Their actions have always closely paralleled those of the Japanese military.

Despite facile directions on how to tell a Jap from a Chinese, it isn't always possible. On November 1st, for example, the Chinese authorities themselves had to order all Japanese nationals to wear white arm bands so they could be readily identified. But it would be impossible to estimate how many Japanese soldiers had become peaceful civilians, with or without arm bands, by November 1st.

The situation in China at present would seem to be ideal for the organization and growth of a Japanese underground. China was loosely administered and controlled before; the government is completely unprepared to take over and control vast new areas. It is in this soil that the Japanese underground expects to escape detection and grow, fitting itself into China, keeping alive—with, perhaps, a changed vocabulary—all the old Japanese aspirations for China. And it will even be possible for the soldiers to keep their old trade of soldiering.

In Shanghai, Americans saw regiments of puppet troops, previously employed, trained, equipped, and indoctrinated by the Japanese, being sworn en masse into the armies of the Central government. Officials admitted a thorough checkup on all the puppet troops and their officers would be impossible. Query: If a Japanese who cannot be told from a Chinese is an officer in a puppet regiment lately sworn to loyalty to the Central government, is he now a loyal Chinese?

"Give it to the March of Dimes!"
FB.

Even in December, Japanese troops were still employed in Indo-China and the Netherlands East Indies by the Allies to "maintain order." In China large units of armed Japanese were being used by the Central government for "bandit suppression"—a convenient phrase that can be broadly translated to mean suppressing the Chinese Communists. And there are indications in China now that trained, capable Japanese senior officers, will be able to make deals with contending and unreconstructed war lords as personal military advisers, experts and commanders.

But suppose that the two million troops which the Japs sent to China could all be identified, rounded up and properly interned. There exists no plan as yet by which these soldiers could be sent back to their homeland. A good deal of nonsense has been said about getting the Japanese out of China. General Ho Ying-Chin, the Generalissimo's commander of ground forces, said two months ago that all Japanese would be removed from China in six months. In October, however, General MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo had been able to find only 31 Japanese ships to begin the repatriation job presumably of troops all over the Pacific.

Soon afterward the U.S. Navy announced in Shanghai that it was allocating 100 LSTs to the job of returning Jap troops from China. It doesn't take much arithmetic to divide a few small ships into two million-odd passengers and see that General Ho was being optimistic. For on the basis of any plan which now exists, few Japs who want to stay on in China will have any trouble.

Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer, American theater commander in China, has confirmed that there may be as many as two million Jap civilians in China. Getting the civilians out won't be easy, and there may be some discussion in China as to whether all should be returned home, anyway.

In their years of occupation the Japs seized control of virtually all of China's industrial resources. In many instances they alone can run the factories they built, so that for many years Chinese industry may have to depend on them.

This situation has another aspect too. For years, as a deliberate policy, the Japanese had been encouraging the use of opium by the workers of China. They paid the workers in money and in dreams. Who will give them the stuff their dreams are made of now that their factories have been liberated?

Freeing China from the iron clutch in which the Japs have held it will be a long difficult job. The Japanese have dug deep and have even been able to cloak their ownership of property with fake transfers to neutrals, to Chinese and, frequently, to unscrupulous persons of Allied nationality. To protect themselves and their holdings, we can expect the Japs to spread confusion in whatever attempts China makes to bring order out of economic chaos.

Perhaps the most ominous of the new Japanese plans is the one which aims to create a deeper mood of distrust between the Chinese and the Western world. Japanese newspapers, still printing in Shanghai, were being very correct at this writing. They speak of "the new Japanese democracy." They employ very large concepts. But if you read the papers carefully, you may perhaps be excused for feeling that though the "Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere" and "Asia for the Asiatics" is now clothed in the raiment of "universal brotherhood," it still adds up to the same old thing.

Agents Spread Distrust

When they do not have the responsibility of committing their words to print, the Japs and their Chinese agents are more overt in spreading distrust in the idea of a United Nations Organization. In the south they preach distrust of American intentions toward China and they have even said the Americans had come to occupy the port. In the north they are telling the Chinese to distrust Russia's intentions toward Manchuria. They are also telling the Communists that Russia let them down.

Brigadier General Haydon L. Boatner, American chief of staff of the Chinese Combat Command, and a professional officer with years of experience in China, put it this way recently in talking to correspondents:

"We have reason to believe, and evidence to show, that the Japanese have begun a long-range program in China designed to pit Oriental against Occidental. Their new idea is to grow fraternal with the Chinese and to turn our Allies against us."

The Japanese will tell you that the break-up of Allied unity was what finally provided Germany with her chance to come back after World War I. They compare the weakness of France to present-day China.

America, on the other hand, has every interest in keeping China united. U.S. foreign policy in the Orient has been to foster a strong China; most recently this has taken the form of bolstering the Nationalist government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Civil war in China is a blow to the success of our policy. Thus the primary job of the new U.S. Ambassador, General George C. Marshall, must be to try to heal the split between the Kuomintang and the dissident elements, including the Communists and the Democratic League.

If he fails, the Japanese long-range program for the reconquest of China will stand a much greater chance of ultimate triumph. If he succeeds, a united and therefore strong China may be able to root out or assimilate the now-indigestible lump of four million scheming Japs.

THE END

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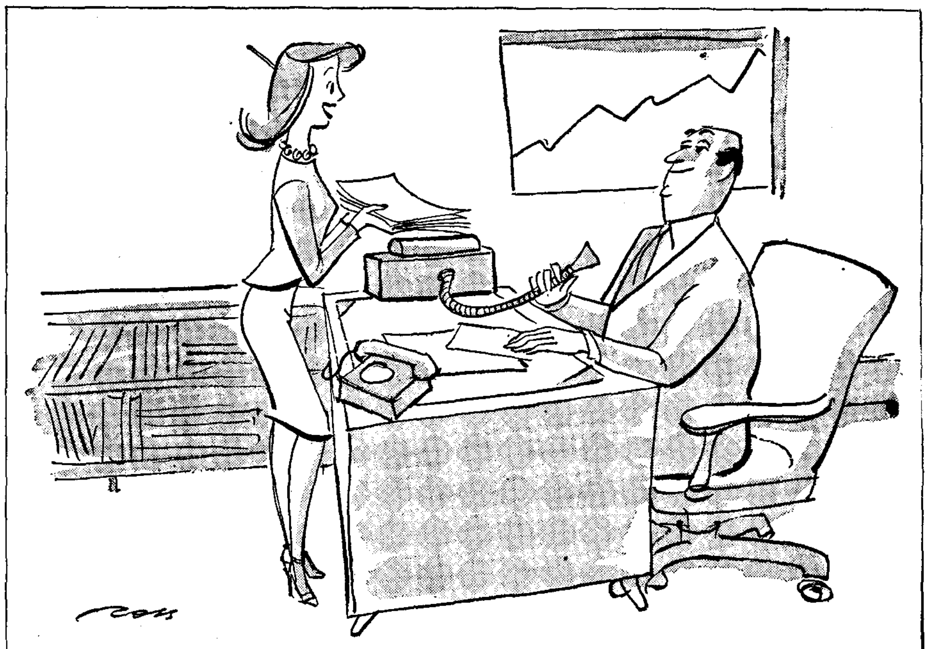

COLLIER'S

"You sure missed your true vocation, Mr. Fink. I play your cylinders over and over"

AL ROSS

Harry the Reach

Continued from page 69

strange reason the big fellow winces perceptibly when the night is mentioned. Yet that evening he scored forty-five points against St. Joseph's College to break five Garden scoring records and tie a sixth. In his next game, against Temple at Philadelphia, Harry smashed the Convention Hall record with thirty-one.

Hot was the word for Harry. His teammates sensed it immediately and began to feed him in assembly-line fashion. After Boykoff had riddled the St. Joseph's defenses for some twenty-five points he began to beckon to Lapchick to be taken from the game.

Lapchick, in turn, motioned to Boykoff to remain under the basket and score. As the game progressed and Boykoff neared the record his gesticulations became even more forceful. None in the audience of 18,000 could fail to see Harry wanted no more of this nonsense. When Boykoff hit forty-five and had smashed all existing Garden records, Lapchick acceded.

"That was the most humiliating experience of my life," Boykoff later explained. "All those people came to see a game, not just me. There were nine other players on that floor. What kind of a game is it if our fellows keep passing only to me? That record shouldn't belong to me but to the other fellows. They're the ones who fought for the ball. I'm only the one who put it through the hole."

When Harry's parents, who, incidentally, are of normal size, moved to East New York their apartment was across the street from Public School No. 174. There in the outdoor schoolyard on early fall Sunday mornings Harry and other kids watched some of the outstanding college basketball players of the day oppose one another in pickup games. Certainly the feeling he developed for the sport was born in that playground.

When the older fellows were through for the day, the younger boys took over the court. But not Boykoff; not until one of his young friends insisted that he join the others. The friend, one Dave Salzer, never was talented enough to make his school team but because of his tutelage, Harry finally worked up enough courage to answer the call for basketball candidates at Thomas Jefferson High School.

When Coach Mac Hodesblatt, a former City College player, saw Harry line up with the other candidates, his eyebrows went up like window shades. He virtually had to teach Harry to walk in basketball shoes. The lad's long arms and knobby elbows and two left feet presented dangerous weapons to the rest of the squad. Harry had to be tutored in fundamentals for months before Hodesblatt would chance letting him scrimmage with the others. All this required individual instruction, taking countless hours out of the coach's private life. As Boykoff puts it, "He really gave me the business."

One of Boykoff's teammates at Jefferson was little Hy Gotkin. They're still inseparable buddies and present a strange combination as they walk up the street, for Hy is a big five feet six after a deep breath.

At every spare moment Hy would hustle his big friend into the gymnasium where he would instruct Harry in shooting from all angles, particularly from the pivot. Hodesblatt and Gotkin worked on Boykoff through four high-school years before the two players were graduated and received scholarships to St. John's. It's significant that St. John's was interested in Boykoff alone, but Harry wouldn't say yes until Gotkin was included in the deal.

Lapchick, who played professionally with the Original Celtics, claims Harry made his coaching job a sinecure. Harry insists that's not so. "I thought I knew something about basketball when I came to St. John's, but I soon learned differently. Even at his age the coach could make a monkey out of me. Sure, I was a high scorer and all-scholastic in high school, but I was so much taller than the other players. In college it was different. They didn't have to shinny up my legs to reach the ball.

Credit to the Coach

"Joe showed me how to roll on a pivot play," says Harry. "I felt like a bump on a log when I wasn't in the pivot area and probably showed it. The coach taught me how to move around the court and draw my guard away before coming back for a pass. He showed me how to feed the other fellows when I was being double-guarded. And most important, he encouraged me to shoot anytime I thought I had a legitimate shot."

This mutual admiration society Lapchick and Boykoff have formed is natural enough. Harry is the kind of player all coaches dream of but rarely have. Like most big men he is even-tempered, good-natured to a fault and rarely angers. Most people who meet Boykoff take to him after the first shock of encountering a Goliath wears off. Harry has learned to go easy on handshakes, for this should be used for nothing else except a tourniquet.

Miss Lee Goodman, Harry's fiancée, a lovely girl of five feet eight inches, claims he is the most gentle person she has ever met. "I love to sit at his home and watch while he fusses about making bookcases and such," she says. "Carpentry's sort of his hobby and making bookcases his specialty."

Harry demurs politely. "I just mess around with carpentry. My specialty is hanging drapes for my ma. I don't have to stand on a chair to do it," he explains, his smile brimming with humor.

THE END

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mike

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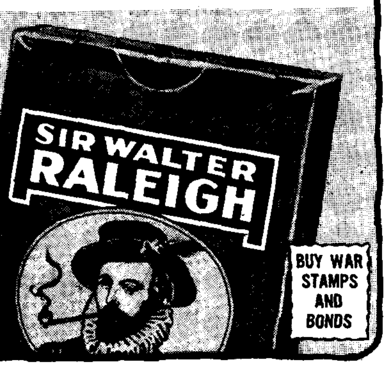

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The Week's Work

Walter Duranty

FELIX S. COHEN, author of How We Bought the United States, p. 22, is an executive in the Department of the Interior, and for the last twelve years has been responsible for handling many Indian problems.

In 1934, after legislation was passed permitting self-government to American Indians on reservations, he talked with members of various tribes, explaining to them the advantages of self-government. One elderly Indian, a Crow, would not be persuaded. "In the old days," this Indian told Cohen, "we had buffalo, and the buffalo provided our food, our homes, our weapons, our clothes. Then the white man came and killed the buffalo. Now the white man is our buffalo. Let him continue to be." However, more than 100 of the 130 tribes in the country so far have accepted the responsibility of self-government.

Cohen would like to dispel our numerous misapprehensions about Indians. We did not cheat them out of their lands, he says, but we sometimes do shortchange them on their rights as citizens. It isn't true that the Indians sold the island of Manhattan for a few strings of beads. Cohen says that the Indians received 60 guilders, or about $40, a fair price at the time for an insignificant piece of rocky, infertile land. "If the Indians had invested that money at 6 per cent," he goes on, "they would now have enough to buy Manhattan back, at current real-estate price, with about 400 million dollars left over." As wards of the government, our 334,000 Indians are reasonably well provided for, but only two tribes are rich. Oil brought wealth to the Osages of Oklahoma, and timber did the same for the Klamaths of Oregon.

Indians showed up well in the war. They volunteered at a higher rate than the general population, and they bought more War Bonds, too. Many were heroes. Yet in Arizona and New Mexico Indians cannot vote.

Vance Locke

Cohen studied law at Columbia University and at Harvard. In the Department of the Interior, to which he came in 1933, he is associate solicitor and chairman of the board of appeals. His Handbook of Federal Indian Law, now in its fourth edition, is a standard reference work.

WE HAVE, in this issue, a rare Walter Duranty—the fiction story entitled The Traitor, p. 20. Duranty generally is too busy interpreting facts to write fiction. Although a factual theme sometimes can be presented most effectively through fiction, as in this story of the career of a collaborationist in Spain.

Duranty has won honors in both fiction and journalism, with the O'Henry short story prize and the Pulitzer prize—plus enormous sales. But he is best known for his work on Russia. A native of England, he has been a foreign correspondent since 1913, writing for the New York Times, the North American Newspaper Alliance, and magazines. He has been a frequent contributor to Collier's. His right to speak on Russia is grounded in his twelve years of continuous residence in Moscow. His latest book was U.S.S.R.

Duranty has just completed a lecture tour and now is living in California.

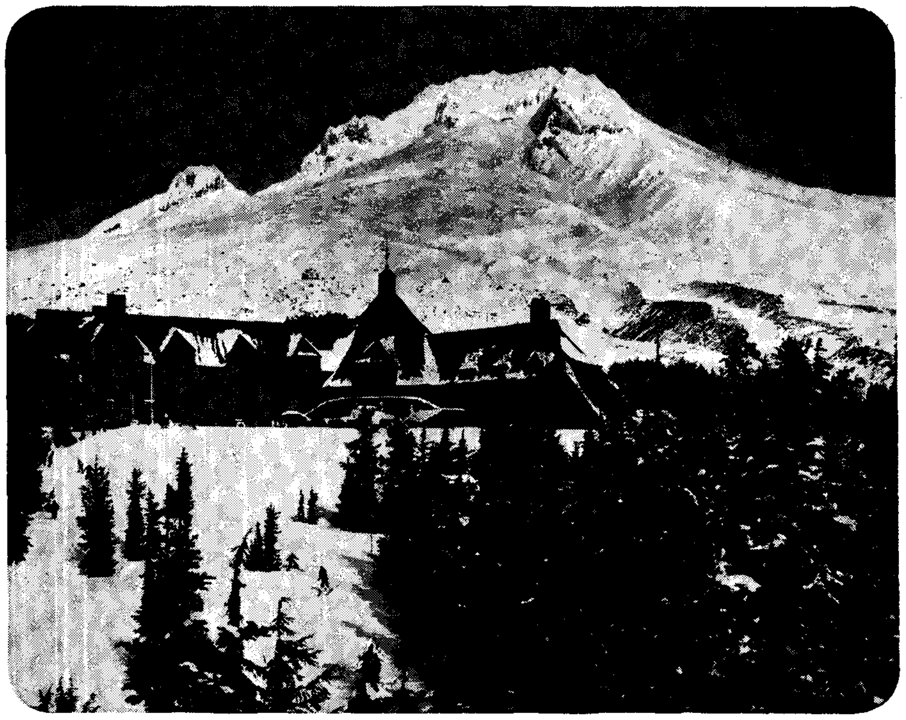
WE RECEIVED a gratifying letter concerning the recent Collier's article about the John Tracy Clinic for deaf children entitled New Hope for the Deaf Child. The clinic director, Louise Tracy (wife of Actor Spencer Tracy), wrote: "Forty-two parents (of deaf children) are taking the course as a result of the article. In addition, we have had many, many nice letters . . . expressing interest . . . and occasionally enclosing a little check—yes, most of them were little but all added up to about three hundred dollars. It's a new idea to most people; a whole new world they never dreamed existed. . . ."

This week's cover: In the absence of exact figures, we would guess that not more than one tenth of one per cent of the population ever gets a crack at a wintertime vacation in a southern resort. That doesn't include us, so the girl on the cover has all our sympathy as she shivers past a department-store window depicting the leisurely life on tropical sands.

The artist, Vance Locke, first suggested such a cover to Collier's on a shivery day in December, 1941, but Pearl Harbor happened about then to put a quietus on such frivolities. Now the leisure trades are back at their old stands, and the one tenth of one per cent are having a big time, prewar style, and the rest of us can envy them in the usual prewar way.

The model Locke used for the painting is Frances Antrim, daughter of a Long Island neighbor of his, Doron K. Antrim, who is another Collier's contributor. Antrim will have an article in next week's issue. . . . A. P.

Victory Vacation...



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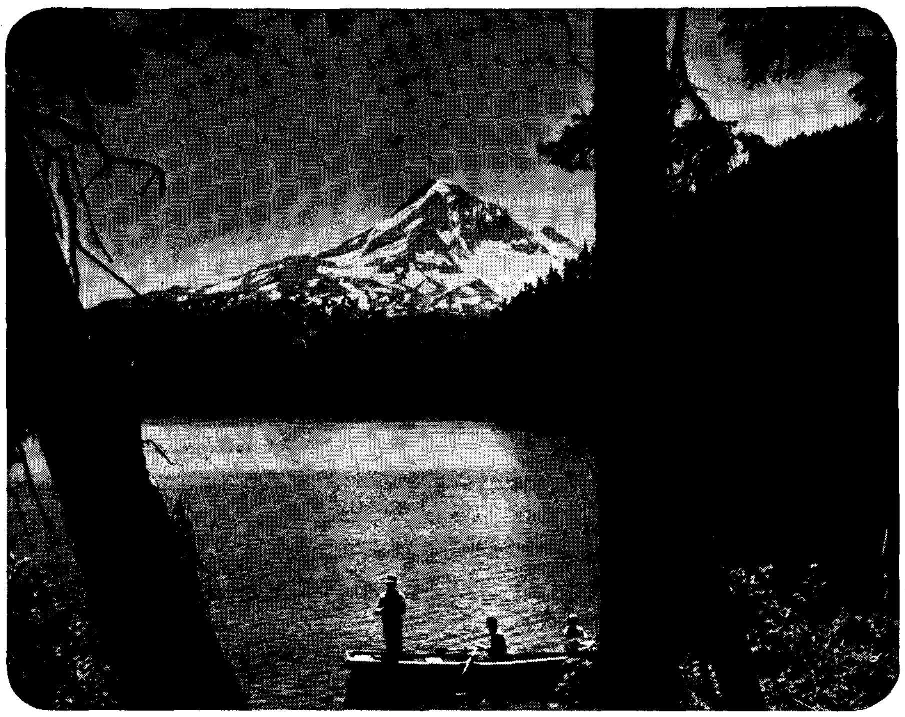

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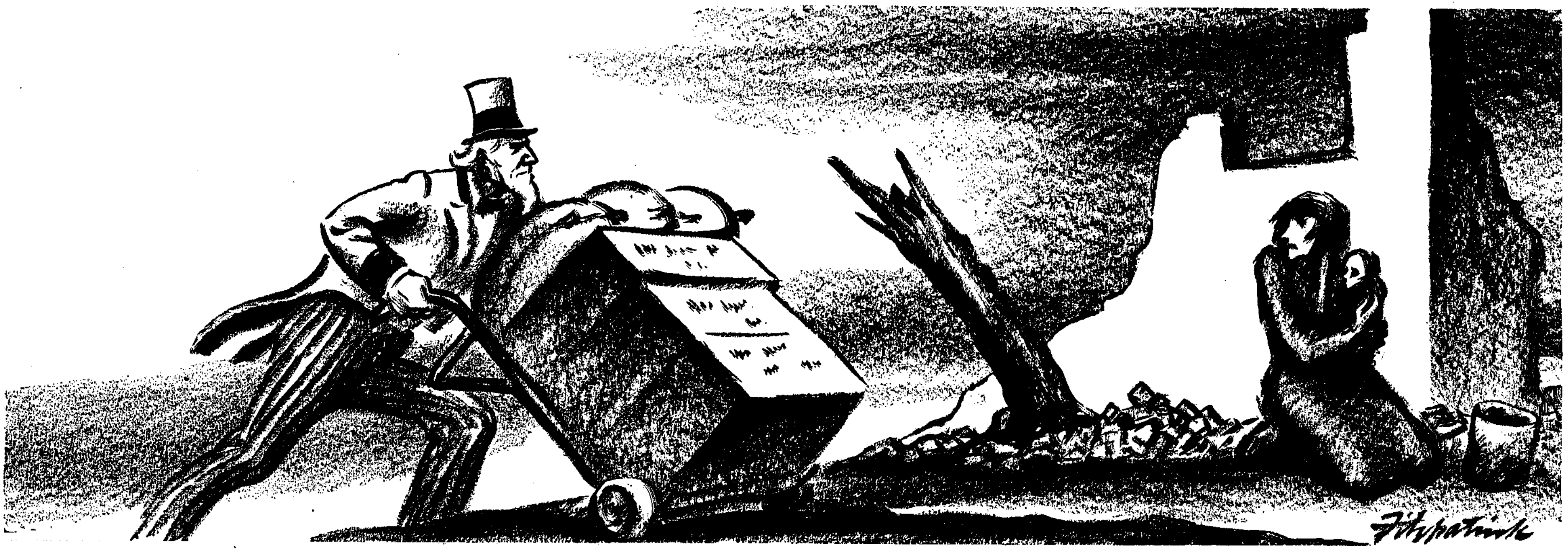


ROLL OUT THE FOOD

FROM a source which we consider thoroughly reliable, we hear that some high Washington officials hesitate to give or sell to war-ravaged nations as much food as the United States could conveniently spare, and that this hesitancy stems from fear that the voters won't like such generosity. Congressional elections are coming up next November.

From what we know of Americans, such fears seem about 98 per cent baseless. Scratching industriously in memory, we can't bring up a single case of Americans refusing direct and concrete help to any group of distressed people anywhere. We've fought three major wars in the last 30 years mainly to help other people. In and after World War I, we heavily financed and approved Herbert Hoover's far-flung relief activities. We are currently putting a lot more money into the UNRRA's kitty than is any other nation, and there is very little complaining about that.

It is well known that Europe's plight in this first postwar winter is frightful—as reported, for one example, in W. B. Courtney's horrifying pair of Collier's articles, Europe's Hungry Winter.

We, on the other hand, have and are producing enormous quantities of food; so much so that all foods except sugar were taken off the ration list weeks ago. It is estimated that 12,000,000 tons of grain sent to Europe this winter would, if properly distributed, avert the actual death by starvation of a number of persons estimated into the millions; and we have more than 12,000,000 tons of grain in surplus supply.

True, the UNRRA is badly infested with inexperienced do-gooders, and hampered by a crowd of bosses from the participating nations. True, too, there are countries whose governments believe in letting their political opponents go hungry—yes, we're thinking of Marshal Tito's Yugoslav regime, and of various Russia-dominated lands in eastern Europe and the Balkans. Squawks on these subjects are proper and should be loud and persistent.

We should, nevertheless, roll out all the food we can possibly spare to every distressed nation that needs it; and that goes for the former Axis nations, too. We should give the stuff away, through UNRRA and Army channels and private relief organizations, in countries which cannot pay for it; we should sell to countries which can pay (France, Belgium, Holland) as much food as they want to buy.

That is the main object to keep in mind as the world staggers through its first peacetime winter since 1938. We owe it to ourselves and our national traditions, as well as to humanity, to help to the limit of our ability. Any politician who fears to espouse that policy is badly underestimating, we believe, the generosity and the general decency of the American people.

FEEL SORRY FOR YOURSELF?

ECHOES are still popping from Hannah Lees' recent Collier's article on psychosomatic medicine, Sick of What? As you doubtless remember if you read the piece, psychosomatic medicine proceeds on the theory that many a person who has asthma, high blood pressure, ulcers, or some other nongerm trouble really worked up the ailment in his or her subconscious mind to compensate for some old, half-forgotten grief or frustration. What most of these cases boil down to, as we get it, is exaggerated self-pity. Certainly your correspondent, during a long and fascinated contemplation of the human species, has seen self-pity hobble more people than any other single emotion with the possible exception of ancestor worship.

You're handicapped in some way (who isn't?), or you weren't fully understood when you were small, or the breaks went against you on some important stretch in the road of your life. There is a sensible way to react to such misfortunes, and there is a foolish way.

The sensible way is to make the best of them; make them work for you somehow. It can be done, and often has been. For just two examples, consider Helen Keller, struck blind, deaf and dumb by scarlet fever at age two, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, crippled by infantile paralysis in his prime.

The foolish way to react is to acquire a warm, wet sympathy for yourself and your sad case, and let that sympathy color everything you do and say. You will then take to excusing yourself for every failure, every mistake, every shortcoming. People who baby themselves in that manner are among the world's worst ineffectuals, quitters, mental and moral second-raters. Nobody likes them much, and there is no reason why anybody should. They never give; they always take—without gratitude.

Twice in the last 30 years, we've seen mass self-pity overtake the German nation, with disastrous consequences to Germany and to the world.

We could go on for pages, but you get the idea. The idea is: Avoid self-pity as you would avoid poison, because that is exactly what self-pity is.

UP TO OUR EARS IN RUBBER

THE above title pretty accurately describes the condition in which we are likely to find ourselves in the very near future, even though new tires for the car and rubber balls for the baby or the dog are not yet being overproduced.

Here is the world rubber picture, as sketched at a recent meeting in London of rubber experts from Britain, France, Holland and the United States. World consumption of rubber for the next few years is expected to be about 1,500,000 tons a year. But we can produce 1,055,000 tons of synthetic rubber per year; other countries can produce a total of about 450,000; and world natural rubber production, when it gets back into stride, will be another 1,500,000 tons. That will mean a yearly rubber surplus of about 100 per cent for the world, if all sources of rubber are worked to capacity.

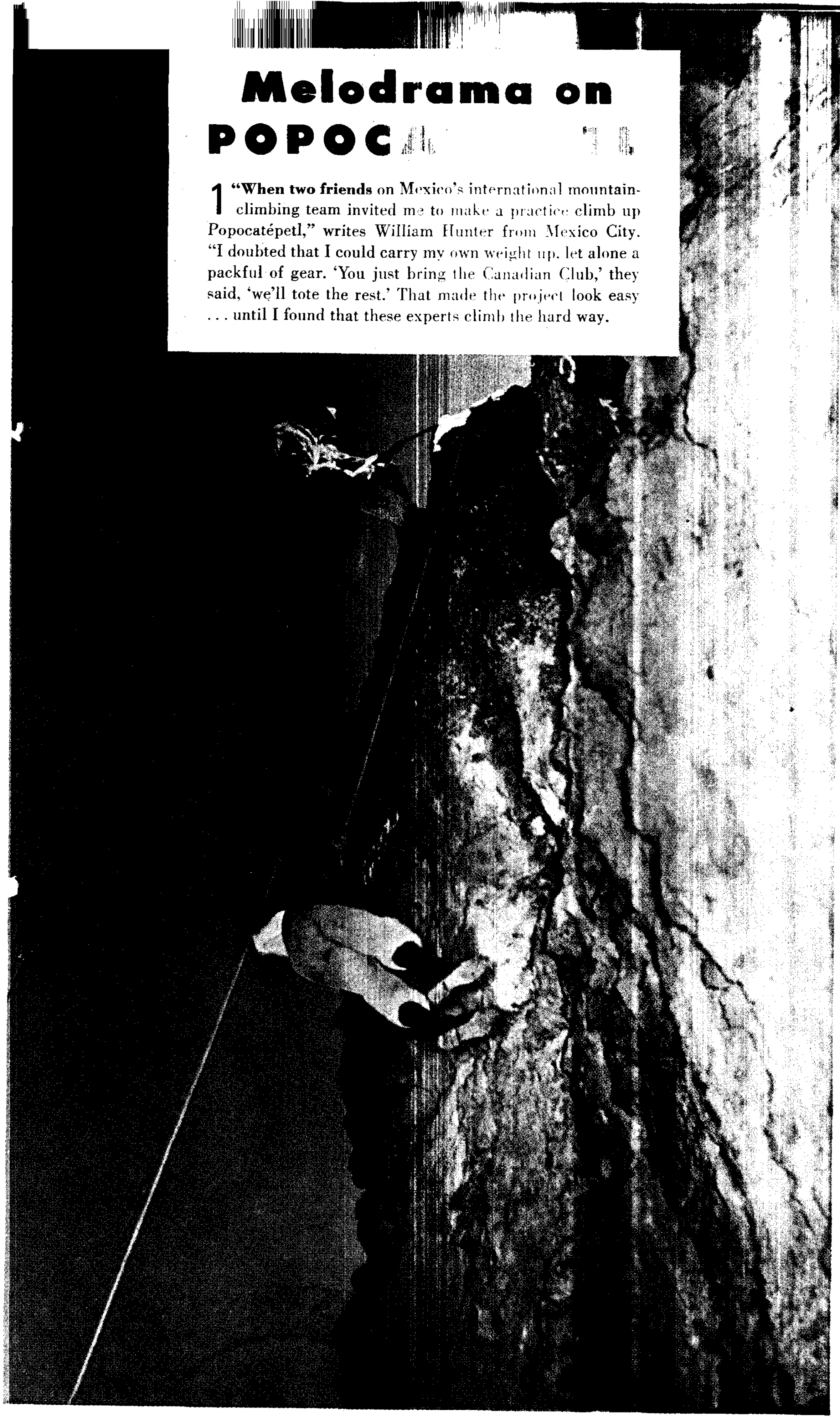
What can we do about it? Well, we can keep our $700,000,000 synthetic rubber industry running full blast, making more rubber than we can use, and trying to sell the excess elsewhere. Or, as some idealists have suggested, we can scrap our synthetic rubber plants and go back to depending entirely on overseas sources of natural rubber.

The sensible course seems to lie somewhere between those two extremes. Governing all our decisions on rubber, it seems obvious, should be the determination that never again will we take a chance on being cut off from foreign rubber with no apparatus of our own to fill the gap immediately and adequately.

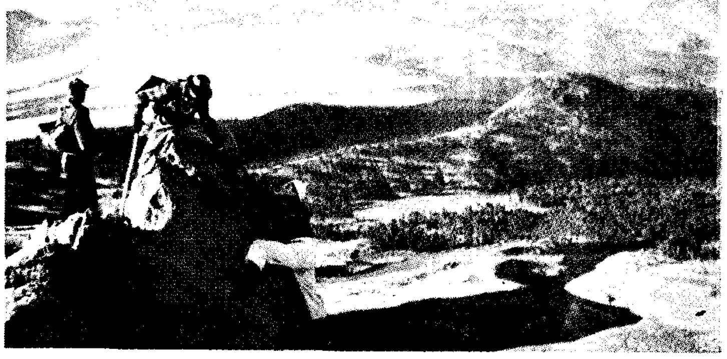
Why not, then, keep our synthetic plants in stand-by condition for the most part; make around 300,000 tons of synthetic a year for our own use, and buy another 300,000 or so tons of natural rubber from the old sources in Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, Ceylon, South America and Africa? And why not aim to keep world rubber prices down around 12 cents a pound, so as to encourage the widest possible use of rubber and the development of new uses for it?

With a sensible U.S. rubber policy in operation, we can cope with the coming superplenty. We'd better adopt such a policy pretty soon. Undue delays will only muddle and complicate the whole problem.

Melodrama on POPOC



1 **"When two friends** on Mexico's international mountain-climbing team invited me to make a practice climb up Popocatépetl," writes William Hunter from Mexico City. "I doubted that I could carry my own weight up, let alone a packful of gear. 'You just bring the Canadian Club,' they said, 'we'll tote the rest.' That made the project look easy . . . until I found that these experts climb the hard way.



2 **"For endless hours** I panted, gasped for breath and froze. Then I viewed a spectacle that blotted discomfort from my mind. The indescribable beauty of Popo's neighbor volcano – Ixtaccihuatl, called 'The Sleeping Woman' because of its profile.

3 **"Somewhere above** snowline, where we changed to warmer gear, I had a brilliant idea—a Canadian Club hot toddy. But at that altitude the water boiled before it was really hot. So no hot toddy. We settled for a cold toddy and a sandwich.

4 **"The downtrip** was nearly my undoing. A slip, and I was body-sledding down an almost perpendicular 2,000-foot slope. For several blood-chilling seconds terror paralyzed me . . . then I came to rest in a volcanic ash deposit, soft as soot.

5 **"After all that**—what a relief to be back in Mexico City . . . with a leisurely Canadian Club and soda. Even in these days of shortage, this whisky with the unmistakable flavor is often to be found at Mexico's smart spots."

• • •

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth—often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

• That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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